

APRIL 1980, \$1.50

Atlantic Insight



As Marilyn Monroe,
a nice kid
from Nova Scotia
wows show-biz world

In New Brunswick:
Yvon Durelle recalls
fight of his life

In Newfoundland:
Will prosperity
spoil St. John's?

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First-anniversary issue



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Atlantic Insight



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Cover Story: Rarely has a small-town girl made good so fast. She's Lenore Zann, 20, of Truro, N.S., but in Canadian show biz, she's also Marilyn Monroe reborn. Next stop, Broadway?

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID NICHOLS



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Travel: Harry Bruce goes to the biggest, most southerly, mysterious and historically bloody of all the Greek isles—and gets gloriously lost



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Art: Do you want superb reproductions of most of the works of Newfoundland artist Christopher Pratt—plus one of his latest silkscreen prints—all wrapped up in a book bound in goatskin? You can have the whole package for a mere \$2,100. Why not take two?



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Publisher's Letter

On our first birthday, here's how we're doing

With this issue of *Atlantic Insight*, we are one year old. *Atlantic Insight* first appeared in April of '79 (with Frank Moores, the former premier of Newfoundland and Labrador, on the cover) and, though even that already seems a long time ago to us, the research and development that gave the magazine its birth go back into 1978.

Our first year of publishing has been both exciting and gratifying to us and, we hope, to our readers. After just nine issues, the *Edmonton Journal* said *Atlantic Insight* was "the best magazine of the year." Rob Wilson of *Marketing* magazine said, "There have been few books that have had the kind of success that *Atlantic Insight* is having. Even *Harrowsmith*, everyone's favorite magazine phenomenon, didn't start with a bang." The *Vancouver Sun* said we had the look of "a *Time* special report on eastern Canada," and *The Financial Post* looked us over and predicted "calm seas ahead for... *Atlantic Insight*."

Accolades from away are satisfying but what's more important to us is the obvious approval of our own region. The editor of the Doaktown-Boiestown Miramichi *Mirror*, for instance, said, "Beg, borrow or steal a copy [of *Atlantic Insight*] and read it carefully. This magazine, devoted to Atlantic Canada, is something that fills a long-standing need. You don't have to take my word. Buy a copy and see for yourself."

In the Antigonish *Casket*, Brian O'Connell described *Atlantic Insight* as "a slick, well-edited magazine in an attractive format that deserves the support of every Maritimer. Unlike many of its predecessors, it is neither narrow nor parochial. It simply treats the Canadian scene from the Maritime [Atlantic] viewpoint and highlights the achievements of Maritimers [Atlantic Canadians] in well-done profiles.... I'd like to see a copy in the hands of every expatriate... who would show it proudly to other Canadians."

Ray Guy, our Newfoundland columnist, volunteered in his December piece for *Atlantic Insight* that, "I never did sink into Canadian magazines. They were always overshadowed, I fear, by the glamor of the American and the fascination of the British journals. Now,

of course, we can stop being overawed and buy local without having to force ourselves. It's about time. The first Canadian magazine I'd have dreamed of sending to either the U.K. or the U.S. for Christmas happens to be the one you're holding now." We didn't ask Guy to say that, but we're glad he did.

But maybe that's enough back-slapping from editors and writers, even for a birthday. I'd like to tell you something about the business end of our operations: That's what'll determine the number of our future birthdays. Our first issue, the one with the Moores cover, had 12 ad pages, and a total of 64 pages. By September, advertising had jumped to 31 pages, and by November to 51. The issue you're holding now has 55 pages of regular advertising, plus a 36-page advertising insert. With a total of 152 pages (including the insert), it's the fattest issue we've ever published.

During our first year, our per-issue average was 30 pages of advertising. According to figures from *Magazines Canada* this meant that, with respect to per-issue advertising, we already ranked 10th among all Canadian magazines. We're forecasting an average of



50 ad pages per issue in 1980, and that should rank us about seventh. We're confident we'll make our forecast come true. We may well better it.

Our subscriber/newsstand performance is happy proof that it's not only advertisers and editors who think we're on the right track. Last April we launched our first issue, sight unseen, with 12,445 subscribers. By January, 1980, we had more than 52,000 paid subscribers and, along with newsstand and supermarket sales, that means more than 65,000 people will be buying this first-anniversary issue. Since it's our conservative estimate that four people read each copy, that's 260,000 readers. On a per-issue basis, we are now the third-biggest, paid-circulation magazine in Atlantic Canada, and the competition is from all over North America. One year ago, our paid circulation was zero.

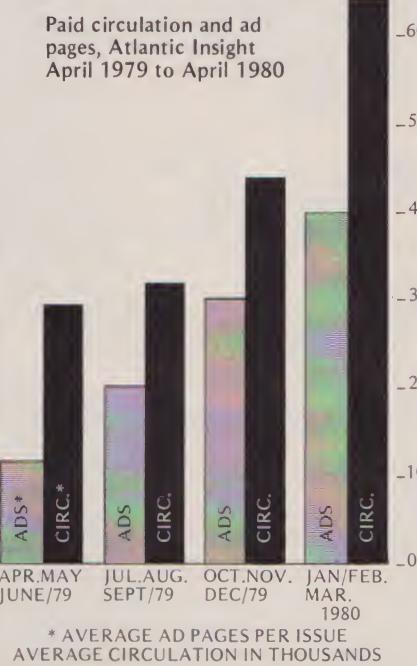
Now, Impact Publishing Ltd. is celebrating not only the first birthday of *Atlantic Insight* but also the birth of our new inflight magazine for Eastern Provincial Airways—*Eastern Provincial Inflight*—and the *Atlantic Insight Guide to Atlantic Canada*.

From the beginning, *Atlantic Insight* chose to pit itself, not just against local or regional rivals, but against national, North American, even world competition. I believe there's a message in our success. It's that, no matter what the business happens to be, Atlantic Canadians should regard the real competition as the great world beyond the region. Atlantic Canada cannot stand back in unsplendid isolation. Its fisheries, forests and energy resources can be world competitors, and they're far from the only industries we've got. Or can have.

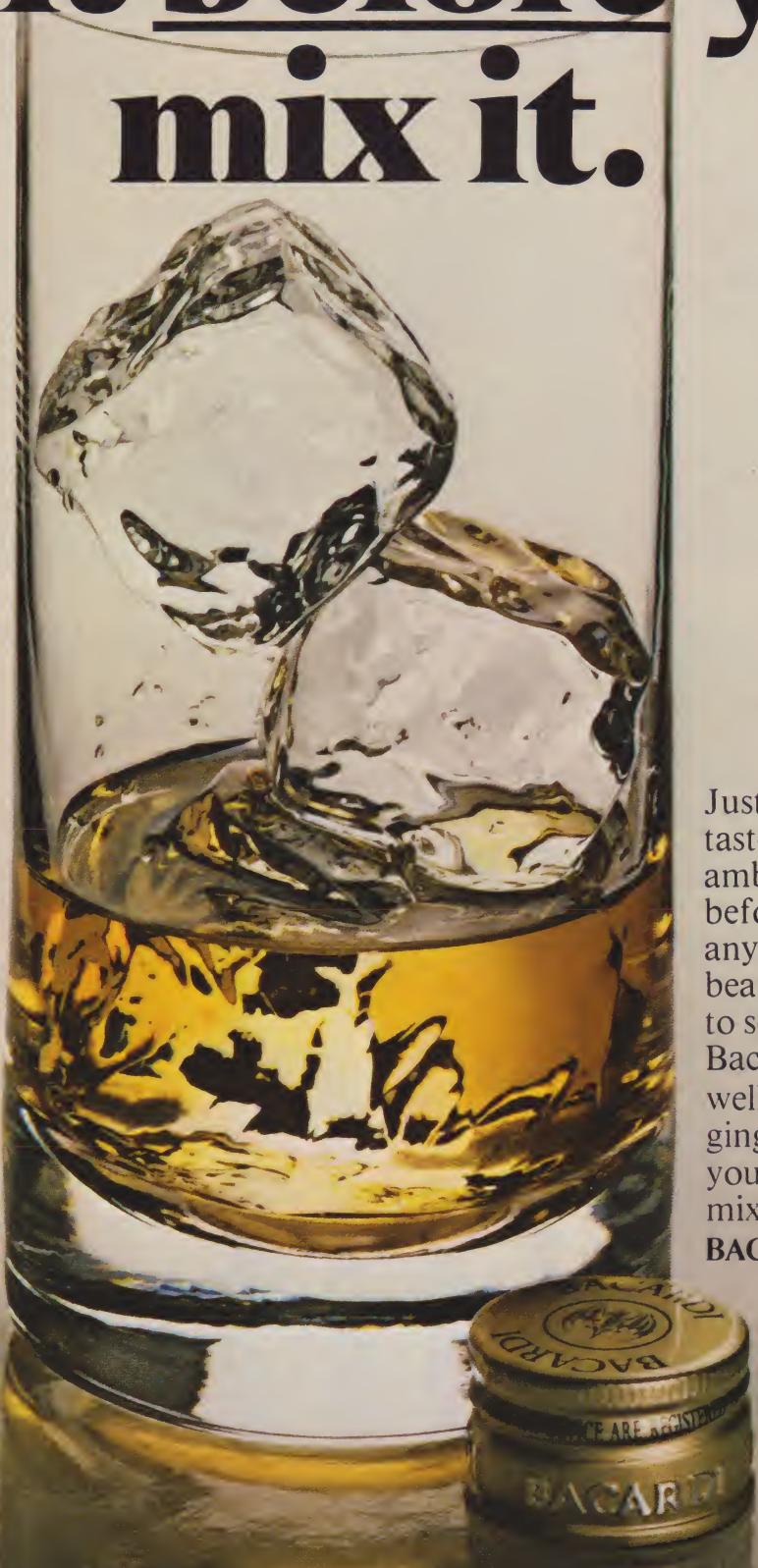
All of us at Impact Publishing Ltd. thank you for supporting *Atlantic Insight* in its first year.

W.E. Belliveau
Publisher

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Editor's Letter

How future's gremlins sabotage magazines

Every magazine holds its breath during a queer time between the moment an issue is printed, bound, and ready to go, and the moment it's actually in readers' hands. This is the time in which an editor is both helpless to change content and helpless to stop the sudden news that makes that content ludicrously wrong. It's the time in which we'd rather the world would just stop turning. Since it won't, magazines occasionally get caught with ugly gobs of scrambled egg on their faces. The business is full of horror stories about editorials that celebrated the glorious victory of a political party that's just gone down to defeat; about flattering profiles of business leaders who've just been charged with stock manipulation; about splashy features on "honest" politicians who, as TV has just told everyone, have been taking bribes for 10 years.

Brilliant hockey teams plunge into inexplicable slumps. "Stable" countries burst into flaming revolution. "Doomed" peace conferences suddenly come up with historic treaties. A man falls on a ski slope. A statesman ups and dies. All at the wrong time. Always at some moment that makes some magazine look as though it has never had the faintest idea what's going on in the world. The world is forever refusing to co-operate with us.

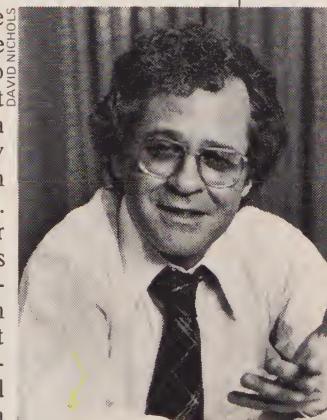
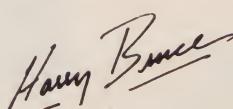
Take the case of the Liberal leadership in Newfoundland and Labrador. The province's top political reporter, Bob Wakeham, had sold us a knowledgeable story about the sagging fortunes of Liberal leader Bill Rowe but, by the time the magazine was in the mail, Rowe's fortunes had sagged so drastically he was no longer leader. Don Jamieson was. Our piece failed even to mention him. Pass me a napkin, please. There's this bit of egg on my chin.

Our near-misses outnumber such terrible misses but nevertheless confirm the paranoiac conviction among us editors that events lay in wait to make our lives miserable. (On page 54, incidentally, managing editor Marilyn MacDonald explores other reasons for misery among journalists.) *Atlantic Insight*'s nearest near-miss—one that still shakes us every time we remember it—

occurred after the November issue was on its way to the printer. That issue featured a piece by Kennedy Wells on the tough position P.E.I. Health Minister Fred Driscoll was taking in a medicare squabble with Island doctors. But around the Thanksgiving weekend Wells phoned, in a responsible panic, to tell us Premier Angus MacLean had shuffled his cabinet. Driscoll was no longer Health Minister, Jim Lee was. Within hours, Wells whipped us up a piece on Lee and, to our surprise, we found we still had just enough time to scrap the first story and slam in the second one.

Such adventures are one reason why magazines feature so many stories on the absolutely predictable. I call these "gearing-up" stories. If you know that the world curling championships will occur in Moncton during a certain week in a certain month, you do a story on how the city is gearing up for the occasion. We did just that in our March issue. Barring a natural disaster so horrible that no one will care about magazines anyway, the odds are excellent that your gearing-up story will stand up nicely.

Anniversaries, of course, are simply wonderful. As long as the world turns, you can safely run stories that observe anniversaries. There, you deal with the reliable past, not the fiendish future. It wouldn't surprise me if half the general-interest magazines in North America were already planning stories to mark next May's 35th anniversary of VE-Day. And speaking of anniversaries, the one *Atlantic Insight* likes best these days is our own. Now, we are one year old, and there is nothing tomorrow's gremlins can do to spoil that fact.



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Feedback

Million-dollar monkeys

I would like to ask why Dr. Love wants the monkeys to "do it"? (*Birds Do It. Bees Do It. But Will Monkeys in N.S. Do It?* January-February) The article indicates that the Rhesus monkeys are needed for the production and testing of polio vaccine. I'm sure Dr. Love must realize that since 1954, vaccine has been used and made in WI38 (a strain of human diploid cells). As a taxpayer, I feel that the millions of dollars this primate centre would take to build plus its upkeep could be put to better use finding and developing and teaching more alternatives which could give faster results at far less cost.

Carole L. Long
Middleton, N.S.

Watch that waste water

After reading Special Report (*Windmills, Wood Stoves and All That*, January-February) I find it my duty to speak out on the heat reclainer being developed by Don Finch of St. John's. One must understand that the waste water contains billions of very harmful bacteria and if a small leak develops in the cold water supply pipe and there is a sudden drop in water pressure, often due to fire department demand, the vacuum created will draw the waste water into the fresh water supply. Result: Contamination!

Frank G. D'Argent
Wolfville, N.S.

New look for old Saint John

Go for it, Barbara Schermerhorn! (*At Long Last, Live Theatre May Return to Saint John*, January-February.) And while you're at it, perhaps some of the other businesses on the square could be asked to "shape up or ship out." With 1983 approaching, a suitable tribute to the landing of the Loyalists would be appropriate. You might even get some of the "local money" to cough up.

Patricia Donovan Lawrence
Calgary, Alta.

More than just memories

Marilyn MacDonald should have her mouth washed out with soapy water (*Smutty Songs from WWII Had Social Meaning. Sure*, January-February). It's not the quotes from smutty songs that bother me. What really sticks in my crop is that "People who lived through the war are reaching the stage where memories become a primary source of entertainment." Just what do you mean, Marilyn MacDonald? I'll race you

around the block, paddle a canoe with you in summer, and race you on skis in winter. I'll permit you to join me on camping trips, nature hikes, photographic expeditions. I'll dance you off your feet and (if my wife doesn't object) I'll even wine you and dine you. I still enjoy that, too!

Andy Dean
New Minas, N.S.

Porter's impossible dreams

Harry Thurston's article on Brian Porter, *He's Not a Surrealist, He's a*

Dream Machine (January-February), was commendable in that it went a little further than the usual "Brian paints his dreams." It would be difficult (perhaps impossible) to say how the desolate but inspiring atmosphere of Yarmouth, St. Ambrose, Yarmouth Memorial High and Mavilette Beach influence Brian's painting or his dreams. Nevertheless, an excellent attempt to get into one of the most abstruse minds in the province.

John D. Irving
Pictou, N.S.



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Our abortion law doesn't do what it's meant to do

All over Atlantic Canada, its application is a mess

By Marilyn MacDonald,
research by Suzanne Babin

Rachel is 30. Three years ago, out of work and living with a man who was also unemployed, she got pregnant. She saw two doctors, the second of whom agreed to recommend her case to the therapeutic-abortion committee of the Victoria General Hospital in Halifax. "It was a bureaucratic bungle," she says. There was a two-week delay when the doctor sent the recommendation to the wrong address. Rachel waited another week to see a gynecologist, and two more to get into the VG's heavily booked operating room. As she was being wheeled into surgery, a doctor discovered she'd eaten breakfast that morning: No one had told her she shouldn't eat for 24 hours before her operation.

They sent her home to wait. Ten days later, her doctor told her it would be impossible to schedule her for an operation before her 12th week of pregnancy—the deadline for performing abortion by dilation and curettage. (D and C involves widening of the cervix, followed by a scraping of the inside of the uterus.) She would have to wait until her 18th week and undergo a saline abortion (an injection of a salt solution into the uterus which kills the fetus and induces labor). Frightened and furious, Rachel raised hell, and got her abortion. "If I ever need an abortion again," she says, "I'm going to Montreal."

Marianne, 31, is married with two children and lives near Summerside, P.E.I. When she got pregnant 18 months ago, she knew her situation was impossible: "My youngest was just one, it was too soon for another, and we just couldn't afford it." She was sent to a psychiatrist, a procedure required for abortion referral on the Island, and for three hours she had "to try and act a bit strange...to show him my inability to cope. After this long interview he announces me very capable of coping and asks me what I'm going to do. I told him I'd go to Montreal for an abortion. So then he decides to sign my request recommending me for an abortion here.

It was all very demeaning."

Marianne had her operation a few days later, paying \$160 in advance because government medical insurance doesn't always pay for approved abortions in P.E.I. "The hospital staff were nice to me," she says, "but never once was the operation mentioned, or the reason why I was in the hospital. I was also given no post-care instructions. It's very rare to do abortions here on the Island. Most women don't even try."

Nancy, 21, lives alone and works as a waitress in Halifax. When she got pregnant a year ago, she couldn't believe it and waited too long before seeing a doctor. A gynecologist told her she shouldn't have got pregnant in the first place: "He said I was too late for a D and C, too early for a saline abortion and I would have to wait another month. By that time I'd be 4½ months pregnant. I was so scared I was going to show."

Nancy had her abortion at the VG Hospital last April. "They stuck a big long needle into me, just below my belly button, and the stuff in the needle caused me to have cramps. The next morning I was sick and started going into labor, then all of a sudden the whole thing came out and I had no pain after that." She never told the baby's father. "He would have been upset. He really loves children, but you see there was no way I could have afforded a child."

Rachel, Marianne and Nancy wanted to tell their stories, but didn't want their real names used. Their cases, different in some ways, have one thing in common: They're evidence of the failure of existing federal legislation to provide a standard—and equitable—control over legal abortion in Canada.

"The federal law on abortion has a number of disadvantages," Halifax lawyer Margaret MacCallem says. "It doesn't give any rights to abortion.

There are only a limited set of circumstances in which abortion is legal. The law also doesn't impose any obligation for a hospital to perform an abortion, even if it would be legal."

More important, the law is just too broad, too loose. "The law says a woman can have an abortion if a therapeutic-abortion committee finds a pregnancy would threaten a woman's life or health," MacCallem says. "That's very broad and it's interpreted differently from province to province, even hospital to hospital. Every hospital's therapeutic-abortion committee sets up its own abortion policy. Some hospitals make it very difficult to get abortions."



MacCallem: Every hospital sets up its own abortion policy

The recent case of Janet Hulme brought the issue of hospital abortion policies to a head in the Atlantic region. Hulme, a 19-year-old Cape Breton woman, separated from her husband, was referred to the VG for a therapeutic abortion. When her husband learned about the case, he threatened to sue the hospital and asked for an injunction to stop the abortion. The hospital's committee stalled and Hulme passed the time when a safe abortion would have been possible.

In Halifax, an angry group of women picketed the VG. "In this case the hospital placed more emphasis on legal action than on the life of the woman who needed an abortion," Margaret MacCallem says. After the demonstration, the women formed a volunteer group they call Pro-Choice.

"At the moment we're trying to set up an information phone line," MacCallem says, "and we plan to put out a pamphlet containing information concerning abortion."

Information is a problem. Many women in remote areas of the Atlantic provinces don't even know that abortion, under certain circumstances, is legal. If they do, they're often far from sources of information like planned parenthood groups, or from a doctor sympathetic enough to consider abortion referral. But even when information and referral are available, the variation in standards and practices on abortion make the procedure a mess.

Nova Scotia has the largest number of abortions in the region: 11.9 for every 100 births, compared to 4.8 in Newfoundland, 3.9 in New Brunswick and 3.1 in P.E.I. In 1978, Halifax's VG performed more abortions than P.E.I. and Newfoundland combined (959)—a figure undoubtedly inflated by the fact that it's the only hospital in the Atlantic region which will do an abortion after the 12th week of pregnancy.

In Newfoundland, most abortions are performed at St. John's and Corner Brook. In P.E.I., which has the strictest interpretation of federal law among the four provinces, only two hospitals, Charlottetown and Summerside, perform abortions. In New Brunswick, only eight hospitals have therapeutic-abortion committees. If a N.B. woman is unable to have the operation in N.B., however, the medical insurance system there will pay a portion of the cost of an out-of-province abortion. That's more than the insurance systems in the

other three provinces will do.

For a woman who's far from a hospital which performs abortions, or sensitive to pressures and lack of privacy in smaller communities, there are options—for a price. Many go to Dr. Henry Morgentaler's clinic in Montreal where a D and C costs \$175, plus travel and accommodation expenses. Other alternatives are Toronto, Bar Harbor, Me., or Boston, where the saline operation alone costs more than \$500. Information on where to go can come from a doctor, a local clinic, if there is one, or—touchiest issue of all—a planned parenthood group. What makes the matter touchy is the strength across the region of a strong anti-abortion lobby, often called the pro-life movement, though it consists of several organizations.

larly strong in Prince Edward Island. "We have a strong group," says Mary Pepin, past president of the P.E.I. Right to Life Association. "The Catholic and Protestant hospitals in Charlottetown are to be amalgamated and the construction has already started. We're actively lobbying the government for no therapeutic-abortion committee to be set up in the new hospital."

In Halifax, Marge Henman is director of Birthright and her husband, Charles, president of Nova Scotians United for Life. Mrs. Henman denies use of shock tactics on girls who come to Birthright considering abortion. She never uses the word kill in reference to abortion and would not show girls the book in her office which contains pictures of aborted fetuses. Sometimes,



Mary Pepin and family: P.E.I. has strictest interpretation of the federal law

Dependent on public funds and well aware of the political pressures pro-lifers can impose on them, the planned parenthood associations are cautious on the subject of abortion. "We are not an abortion referral centre," says Donna Pacey, executive director of New Brunswick's Planned Parenthood Association. But, she concedes, "We are willing to provide a girl with information on abortion."

In Newfoundland, pro-lifers vigorously lobbied to have the provincial government reject Planned Parenthood's request for funding on grounds that it provided abortion counselling. The government acquiesced. "It's definitely an abortion referral centre," says Vera Fedorik, a consultant to Right to Life groups across the province. "I've seen some of their sex education films for teen-agers and some of them could be considered pornographic."

The pro-life movement is particu-

however, she shows the book to a companion, often a boyfriend, who comes with the girl.

Opposition to abortion across the region is far more consistent and better organized than the application of the abortion law itself. Groups such as Pro-Choice attack the problem with information blitzes. But others, like the Canadian Association for the Repeal of the Abortion Law, feel they must attack the law itself.

"Our group formed a year ago," says Cathy Dawe of CARAL's Nova Scotia branch. "We are trying to educate the public and open up access to abortion. We strongly believe there should be a standardization of hospital policies." Until there is, the burden imposed by the law will continue to fall most heavily on women who lack the knowledge, and the money, to find another way out of the present confusion.



Henman: Anti-abortion lobby is well organized

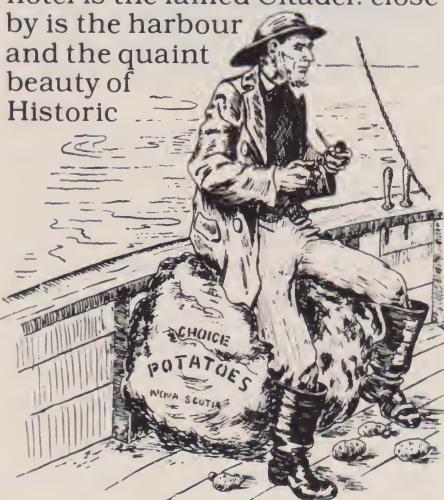
How the Bluener and the Barringer

... which is Delta Hotels' typically colourfully beautiful new hotel in Halifax. And

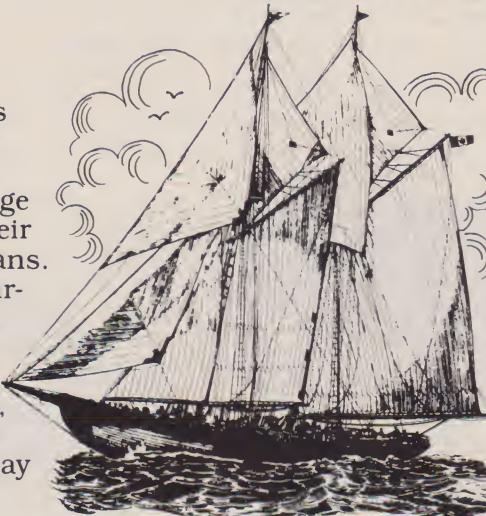
Ask three Nova Scotians about the nickname Bluenoser and chances are you'll be spun three totally different yarns. And why not? Few folks have as rich a heritage or as keen an awareness of their historical place as Nova Scotians.

We learned all about that during the early days of planning the Barrington Inn in downtown Halifax.

The location, at Barrington, Duke and Granville Streets, is perfect for business and holiday traveller alike. Joined by skywalks to Scotia Square and The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce Buildings, close to the 9,000-seat Metro Centre, the Barrington Inn stands at the heart of Halifax's government, financial, and business institutions. overshadowing the hotel is the famed Citadel: close by is the harbour and the quaint beauty of Historic



Bluenoser: can it be this colourful moniker stems from a variety of potato?!



Bluenoser: a romantic explanation, perhaps; but where'd the schooner get her name?

Properties. And in the middle of it all, Granville Street.

Granville Street is... well, it's Granville Street! Like Toronto's Yorkville, or Quebec's Bas Ville, or Vancouver's Gastown. Buildings here are almost all at least a century old. Many are architecturally important: all of them have a place in the history and lore of Halifax. Tearing these buildings down was not done without second thoughts. But...

Today the hotel is a lovely structure that gets along just famously with its neighbours. On the north,

west, and south sides, the style though modern, is obviously inspired by the early grandeur of Granville. But on the east side... why, it's Granville Street! Just as it was! Because when we dismantled the buildings, we numbered all the pieces for the entire facade, then reassembled it. Brick by brick. Stone by stone. It took a lot of time and money.

And a lot of Little daubs of yesteryear determined effort by local citizens. But it was worth it.

Outside is a beautiful building that perfectly complements the restoration work underway across the street. Inside is a marvellous hotel that subtly but surely reminds one of older, more decorous times.

Our restaurant, for example, was inspired by an original



The Barrington Inn from Granville Street. Inside, inner courtyards, indoor pool

Barringer

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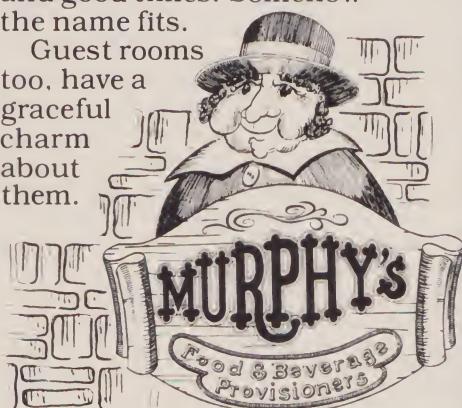
ton got his name ton got its bricks.

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hat makes us coast-to-coast. Hurrah!

shop named Shaw and Murphy. Murphy's Food and Beverage Provisioners is a charming eatery filled with live greenery, homey woodwork, and a relaxed atmosphere.

Not far from Murphy's is our Teddy's... and a tale. In 1862, the building at Duke and Granville was named the Prince of Wales Building in honour of a visit to Halifax by the *bon vivant* who became King Edward VII. Teddy's is our lounge: a corner of the Inn devoted to conviviality and good times. Somehow the name fits.

Guest rooms too, have a graceful charm about them.



Murphy's—quaint, comfortable, a thoroughly charming eatery.

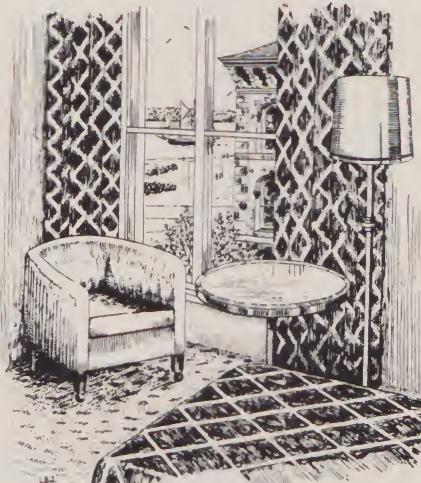


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Guestrooms are tasteful and comfortable. Many of the windows framed the original Granville Street buildings: others are gracefully bowed.

Typical Delta Hotels' touches are Campaign-style furniture, comfortable sofa chairs, soothing colours: just the right touches in just the right places. People are already calling it Halifax's nicest hotel.

Of course Delta Hotels is hardly new at this business. We have ten hotels, six of which have been opened in the past few years. Toronto's Chelsea Inn, for example, is one of North

America's great hotel successes. And others, like Ottawa's Inn of the Provinces, Victoria's Laurel Point

Inn, and Winnipeg's Marlborough Inn, are the nicest hotels in their cities. And now, Halifax, and the Barrington Inn. Come and stay with us soon.*

Oh, yes. If you're wondering when we're going to tell you how the Bluenoser got his name, relax. And seriously: you didn't really expect that we'd dare try to resolve that one, did you?!

*Reservations: From Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island (800) 565-7708; from Ontario and Quebec (800) 268-9227; from British Columbia and Alberta (800) 663-3397. Elsewhere in Canada and the Continental United States phone, collect, (902) 429-7410.



Illustrated by
L. B. Jenson

Barrington Place Shops on Granville Street.
It's easy to imagine another era.

The law that cancelled Maryanne's motherhood

Only on the Island? No. N.S. and Newfoundland have similar legislation

Maryanne Martin had just given birth to the first child of her second marriage and, when she went to her mailbox in rural New Brunswick one February morning in '78, she expected letters of congratulation. Instead, she found an adoption order from the Supreme Court of Prince Edward Island that cancelled her parentage of the two children of her first marriage. "It was an incredible shock," she says. "I was notified after the fact." (Maryanne Martin, incidentally, is not her real name.)

The news shocked her New Brunswick lawyer, too, and the Charlottetown lawyers to whom she turned for help. How could it be that the natural mother—whose whereabouts were known—was not consulted about the adoption of her own children? It turns out that the P.E.I. Adoption Act gives no consideration at all to the non-custodial parent. It says that "where the parents are separated or divorced, the parent who has legal custody of the child" is the only one whose consent is required for the children's adoption. Moreover, when the law refers to the distribution of the adoption order, it makes no mention of the parent who has not got custody.

Maryanne Martin, it appears, was lucky even to have received notice that her children had ceased "for all purposes to be the children of the person who was (their) parent before the adoption order was made"; and that she had herself "ceased for all purposes to be the parent" of two kids whom she deeply loved. Her lawyers, however, did discover that, if you give notice within 30 days, you can appeal an adoption notice. Maryanne had three days left.

The objectionable features of this bizarre law are not unique to the Island. While New Brunswick's adoption legislation does require the consent of "parents or surviving parent," Nova Scotia's allows the court to dispense with the need for consent from a parent who is "divorced and neither has custody nor is contributing to the support of the child at the time of application." Newfoundland's law requires the con-

sent of the "guardian or guardians" but that might exclude a divorced or separated parent who hasn't custody.

Such laws may simply have failed to keep up with the times. Almost invariably, it used to be the mother who got custody. Sometimes the father disappeared. If she remarried and her new husband wanted to adopt her kids, it might be impossible to find the natural father to get his consent. Even if the law did not require his consent, however, a judge might be inclined to rule against the adoption. "The judge would grab at the name change," says family lawyer Daphne Dumont, Charlottetown. "Don't



Lawyer Carr: Parental rights? No such thing
forget, most judges are men."

Adopted children normally get the surname of the adopting parents but, on the Island, their names can't be changed without the permission of both natural parents. But if the man were to remarry and had custody, and if his new wife were to adopt his children, the matter of change of name obviously wouldn't come up at all. Again there'd be no legal requirement to inform the natural mother of what's happening. It appears then that you can legally steal someone's motherhood, but not a father's right to pass on his name.

The director of child welfare investigates proposed adoptions to make sure

each situation is good for the child, but Jim Mair, Department of Social Services, Charlottetown, says, "It's not our job to ensure the rights of extended parties. If we stumble on someone being abused, we'll alert the judge. It's up to him." Mair's department rarely recommends against an adoption.

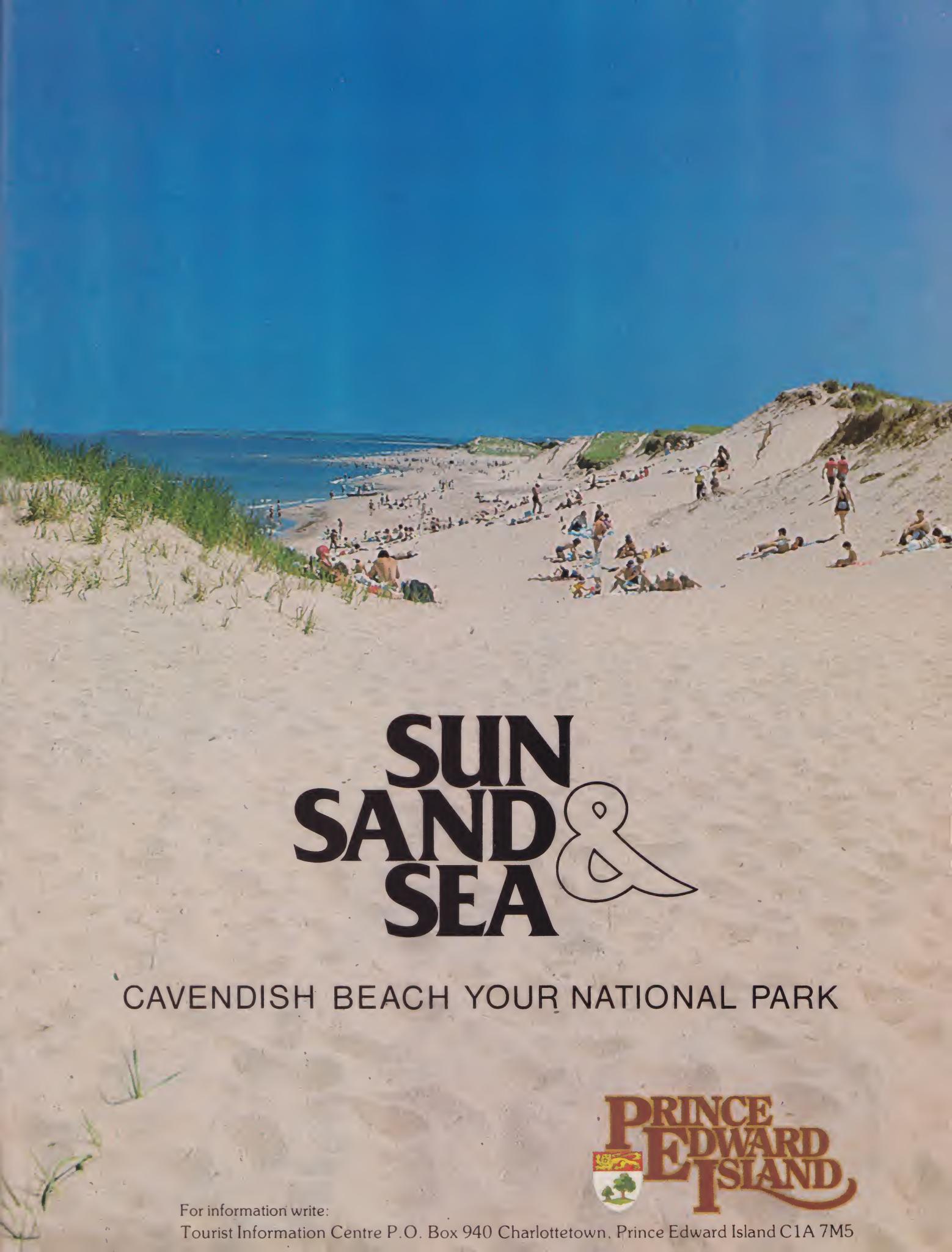
Maryanne was divorced in 1973, and had custody. But in '74, she left her children with their father for a while. He failed to return them and in Ontario, where he was then living, started custody proceedings of his own. By '75 he had remarried, but she had not. He convinced the court his situation was more stable for the children than hers, and Maryanne came away only with reasonable rights of access to her children. But the adoption order she got in '78 ignored even these rights. It simply declared their father's second wife had adopted the children. (It's true that the order didn't *deny* Maryanne's right to see them, but neither did it *confirm* it.)

Told about the case over lunch, an American lawyer screamed, "Never mind the custodial rights, there's such a thing as parental rights!" But John Carr, the Charlottetown lawyer who handled Maryanne's appeal, says, "Not in Canada. There is no case law to back up parental rights. The judge in this case did absolutely nothing wrong." Early on, Carr had realized he'd have to make his case on grounds of natural justice, arguing that since the law was never meant to hurt anyone Maryanne should have some recourse.

The Appeal Court ruled the adoption stood, but confirmed that "said children's natural mother shall have reasonable access..." Maryanne says, "I find it very difficult to take that it has been legally stated that I am no longer the mother of my own children. I don't accept it. I don't accept it *as if I accept it*." Two years later, she has still not told her own mother what happened.

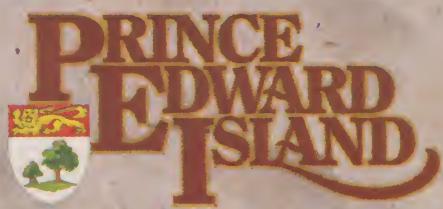
Back in '78, lawyers and officials never thought to ask, "And what about the children's mother?" Their father and his second wife never mentioned their plans to her, and it's reasonable to assume this was deliberate. That the law allowed such an oversight is frightening. That law still stands. In honor of the International Year of the Child, the Island expected new legislation on children's issues as far back as last spring, but by February the omnibus bill was still in the works. If it's any good, it'll make sure that, so far as Island jurisdiction goes, the case of Maryanne Martin was the last of its kind.

—Elaine A. Zimbel



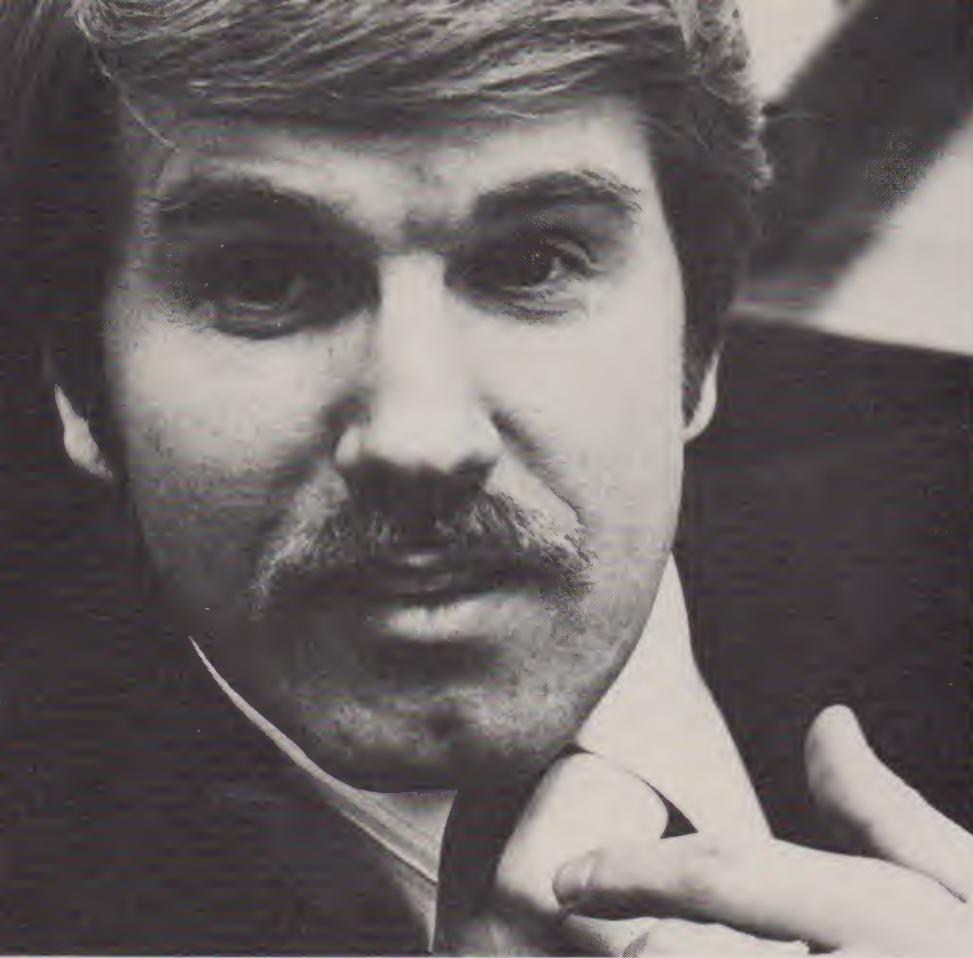
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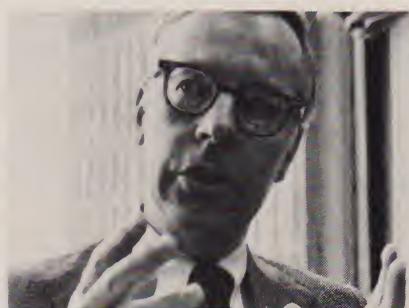
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Will St. John's share Aberdeen's sad fate?

Not if John Duncan can help it. He likes St. John's, but does St. John's like him?

John Duncan left his native Aberdeen early this year because he didn't want to bring up his children in the insidious atmosphere of materialism and mistrust which is the ugly underside of North Sea oil's legacy to Scotland. He came to live in Newfoundland, where it could happen all over again. But not if he can help it.

"I'm talking about people becoming obsessed about the depth of the pile in their stair carpets, about kids worrying about how many overseas vacations they have." Sometimes Duncan sounds like a disaffected American kid of the Sixties. He's not. He's 31, married with three children (9, 7, 2½), has just bought a comfortable home in St. John's, and doesn't at all mind commanding good pay. Right now he's getting good pay as a consultant to the City of St. John's on the impact of offshore oil development.

What Duncan wants to sell the capital is 15 years' information, computerized into "the most comprehensive data bank" on the effects of offshore oil on North Sea communities, on everything from job training and business opportunities to housing and transportation planning. But underneath, he's got a more personal mission: "St. John's is a fine blend of humanity and enterprise. I'm here because I see a wonderful society which has many things my own has lost. That means I have a vested interest in seeing that it avoid the kind of change Aberdeen has suffered. Developing an oilfield can become a dehumanizing process."

Duncan insists he is no doomsayer. "The effect of oil on a community is like that of a greenhouse on a plant," he says. "The good and bad things just happen faster. It accelerates change, magnifies a tendency. You can even take it down to human greed." He wants to emphasize the good things—such as business growth, higher incomes, the chance to turn economic power into long-lasting benefits for the community—but not without warning of the destructive side of the coin.

He's surveyed the city's industrial sector, compared it to offshore require-

ments to identify gaps that could become opportunities. He's helping business groups and private companies make contacts in Europe so they can go there to see the good and the bad things about doing business with oil. Meanwhile, he's also speaking to nurses, lawyers, teachers, real-estate and construction groups "to give them a perspective from the horse's mouth." Most important so far, he says, is the



BOB CROCKER

Duncan: Nfld. should be "magnanimous"

formation of a Northeast Avalon mayors' committee by which St. John's and surrounding towns can work together, and avoid being played off against one another by cagey speculators and developers.

Duncan is far from alone in anticipating the onshore impact of Newfoundland's offshore industry. Everyone is in on the act: Municipal leaders, businessmen, academics and journalists are crowding flights to Scotland and Norway to film, prod and absorb the changes that the 10-year-old North Sea oil boom has wrought. In the grandest gesture yet to the coming problems, the Peckford government established OPIC (The Offshore Petroleum Impact Committee), a co-ordinating, watchdog agency that includes top politicians and policy advisers. The wit behind the acronym has not escaped satire, but Peckford called the step toward controlling oil's shockwaves "a very significant act." The more the merrier, Duncan says, but he feels his personal experience with an oil-struck community is specially valuable.

Since Aberdeen became the UK's offshore oil capital ("the minions now

fly in from London to see their bosses") it has "lost a lot of its coziness," Duncan says with a bitter smile. St. John's is grappling with plans for office towers as developers speculate on the boom, but he says the problem is not so much with the outward trappings of new wealth: "In terms of physical environmental planning, northeast Scotland is an ideal to be aimed for. But I'm talking about social cul-de-sacs, the loss of humanity, and I have quantitative and qualitative data on that kind of impact." Housing is a key area. Rising prices drive families away from the working centre to find homes they can afford, compounding growth problems for rural towns near the centre. Or high prices drive families into financial stress. Drilling-rig jobs require men to be away from home for long periods, and that's another point of stress. "There is a far, far greater degree of marital discord and counselling requirements than ever before," Duncan says of his home town. Aberdeen also has a "physical dispersal policy," to ensure the integration in the community of new housing and residents. Somehow it failed. Introversion and a resentment of outsiders has crept in. "Aberdeen has not been open," Duncan says. "Churches, sports clubs, the community itself must actively welcome new families coming into St. John's. Otherwise you set up barriers, ghettos you will live to regret. No government can legislate on that, but Newfoundland should be magnanimous in victory."

Ironically, St. John's greeted Duncan with a bout of the very suspicion and hostility he came to escape. "He snuck over," deputy mayor Raymond O'Neill says bluntly. He questions Duncan's qualifications: "Nobody is as well informed about our needs as we are." O'Neill also accused the new consultant of being in a conflict of interest because he intends to set up a private company—his contract with the city lasts only one year—and called immigration officials to question his legal status in Canada.

Duncan is as mixed a character as is the blessing of oil. He's an idealist who wants to help people remain good and gentle and kind, but he can also act like a hard-edged insider with secrets for sale. He's applying himself to the first part with the cold determination of the second, trying in a systematic and calculated way to make the next oil-boom town see for itself. And what if the boom should bust? Duncan says he'll stay in St. John's, find something else to do, because "it's still a nice place to live."

—Amy Zierler

Watch your school, and your office Watch your cottage. Watch your house

Vandalism: A Halifax task force found 28 causes. Solutions were harder to list

Vandalism, mainly in the form of broken insulators and damaged meters, costs the Nova Scotia Power Corp. \$500,000 a year. That's 60 cents for every Nova Scotian. More in resignation than pique, the corporation recently refused to replace two large plate-glass windows in its Amherst headquarters; twice, rocks had been thrown through them, and the corporation said it would keep them boarded up till Amherst provided better police protection.

In Cape Breton, a man who wants neither himself nor his area identified "because of fear of seeing our place burned or pillaged," says that "every come-from-away summer resident has been broken into at least twice." Similar reports come from cottage areas all over the province. In suburban Halifax, a rampage at Sackville High School caused \$9,500 damage to doors, windows, soft-drink machines and calculators. Principal George Doucet says, "It would have been a lot worse if they'd gotten into the science labs." In Halifax itself, wanton destruction to school property runs to \$50,000 a year.

No one knows the precise costs of vandalism in Nova Scotia but an Ontario study estimates vandalism costs Canada \$100 million a year. To arrive at the true costs, add

both the incalculable value of the wastage in the lives of the vandals and the psychic costs to the victims. A Halifax woman, whose house was mildly vandalized during a family vacation, says, "I'll never feel really safe knowing that people may break into our home at any time." Consider, too, the enervating effects on society as a whole: A threat of reprisal that often prevents both victims and bystanders from co-operating with the police; a warped code of youthful honor that sees "ratting" as a worse offence than

vandalism; a legal system that comes to be looked upon as ineffectual or, worse, hostile; a community whose pride dissipates and in which trust gives way to fear and suspicion.

These are just a few of the findings of the Special Task Force on Vandalism that Halifax city council established. Its report is almost as demoralizing as its subject. Vandalism, it appears, is nothing less than a symptom of society's shortcomings. The task force identified 28 reasons for vandalism, ranging from "a lack of recreational facilities, to excessive use of alcohol, to lack of parental control and a permissive society, to the breakdown of the family, to the problems with the Bail Reform Act, to the boredom and the lack of employment opportunities." Thus, the report's unwritten conclusion seems to be that to solve vandalism, we must first save the world—or at least that small portion of it we call ours. Temporal saviors are scarce these days.

JACK CLUSAND

Doucet: Vandals should work



After 18 months of labor, the task force had to admit it drew a blank in many areas. Fewer than a tenth of all vandals are caught, and therefore it could not draw a well-defined profile of offenders. It could only list some fairly obvious characteristics: Most vandals are youthful males; their intelligence is in the normal range; there's a high incidence of vandalism in single-parent families; most vandals have already had previous trouble with schools, the law or social agencies; alcohol is often a factor. In the end, however, the task force could only conclude that "a vandal can be of any age, sex, religion, ethnic or socio-economic background" and that vandalism can take place anytime, anywhere and assume a variety of forms. One of the few optimistic notes was cold comfort. Dr. Robert Kaill of Dalhousie University's sociology department said that, because the proportion of youth in the overall population is dropping, "it may be predicted that an observable decline in property offences will become apparent in 1980."

The task force nevertheless came up with 48 recommendations. They cover everything from the pedestrian (more street lighting, replacing school windows with unbreakable glass), to well-meant bafflegab ("the School Board undertake to encourage instruction in values education utilizing either the values clarification or cognitive moral development techniques, taking into consideration the multicultural nature of the City of Halifax"), to the innovative (an incentive system whereby 50% of funds saved through reduced vandalism be returned to the community by the city).

One recommendation, extension of the Neighborhood Watch program, is already faltering. Neighborhood Watch encourages residents to work together to keep an eye on a neighbor's house when no one's home. But since the program began in the Halifax suburb of Clayton Park last year, housebreaks and vandalism there actually increased. Too few people were co-operating with the police.

Although the task force stressed that heavier fines and sentences to reform schools were not the answers to vandalism, it strongly urged greater use of restitution. George Doucet of Sackville High supports the principle of making vandals work off the cost of their damage but adds that speedy apprehension by the police is important.

Within days of the pillaging of Doucet's school last October, the RCMP arrested four youths, one 16, two 17 and one 18. They each received 18 months in jail and were ordered to make restitution of \$2,300 apiece within three years. Had Doucet not ejected the four from a school dance just a week before the vandalizing, they might never have been caught. The code of silence is strong. "There's a lot of peer pressure that you don't squeal," Doucet says. "We've got to educate the kids. As for the community, they were shocked and pleased at the severity of the sentences." Sackville High has since had no problem with vandals.

In Halifax, the Atlantic provinces, in all Canada, vandalism is, in the words of the task force, "a problem to be faced by the whole community...no one solution can be identified which will eradicate it."

—Harry Flemming

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Thoughts on the chairman of good, old Irving Oil

His name is Savage. He's a Californian. How come New Brunswick didn't know?

When the *Sussex Kings County Record* (of which I am editor) broke the story that R. Thornton Savage, a San Francisco-based executive of Standard Oil of California, was chairman of Irving Oil—and not K.C. Irving, nor any of his sons—I thought for a moment of Peter Stanton, a former policeman in Rothesay, N.B. Stanton fired five shots at the tires of a car speeding toward him in a parking lot in 1976, and then had the misfortune of testifying about it on the same day the union at the Irving refinery in Saint John announced it was taking a strike vote. But more about Stanton in a moment.

The Savage story arose when the *Record* tried to investigate why Irving Oil and Chevron, a Standard Oil subsidiary, were moving a drilling rig from Cape Breton to Titusville, N.B. Knowing that the Irvings, who own five English-language dailies in New Brunswick, are rarely forthcoming about their activities, we called Chevron about the rig.

"I called a Chevron number in Los Angeles," reporter Steve Belding says. "I told a secretary what I wanted, and she said she'd get the Irving file. She then asked me if some of the Irving officers could help, and, 'How about the chairman of the board?'" This turned out to be Savage. He came to his phone in San Francisco, answered Belding's questions and, a few days later, even went on New Brunswick radio. Within a week, however, he adopted the usual Irving stance toward the media. To repeated inquiries over several days, his switchboard said he was either out or at a meeting. No one returned our calls.

The news that Savage was Irving Oil chairman—and had been for six years—surprised even Irving employees. It was well known that Standard owned roughly half of Irving Oil operations, but one employee said, "No one at the refinery ever heard of him [Savage]."

Julian Walker, editor of the weekly *St. Stephen Saint Croix Courier*, believes the Irving stranglehold on the daily press in English is the most important factor "holding the province back." The biggest fault of the Irving press is that it puts Irving interests ahead of

everything else. Newspaper management used to state this policy blatantly but, since a federal monopoly prosecution about a decade ago—it was unsuccessful—the pressure has been more subtle. Frank Withers, editor of the weekly *Woodstock Bugle*, recalls the bad old days: "I was city editor of the *Telegraph-Journal* in the early Sixties. One time, an Irving tug came right through the Reversing Falls. It made a good story and I ran it. I was called in and told I shouldn't have because it was bad for insurance [for the tug company]."
Later, Withers was fired.

He went to the Fredericton *Gleaner*. "This was in the late Sixties," he recalls. "Log drives down rivers had been discontinued, except for Irving on the Nashwaak. I handed in a feature on the log drive. I couldn't understand why it wasn't being used. Then Irving's deadline for the log drive expired, but the drive continued. Some logs got hung up and fishermen were complaining. So I told the editor we should run both a new story and an editorial. Finally, my original story, now out of date, was carried. There was a big blowup. I was fired. A few days later it was announced that Irving had bought the paper."

When Irving interests established Canaport, there was little public debate. It's a deep-water oil terminal at Saint John. Red tape and controversy have tied up a proposed Pittston terminal at Eastport, Me., for several years, but the main difference between it and Canaport is the more difficult approach at Eastport. The potential risks to the Bay of Fundy, and the benefits, are much the same. But after publication of rezoning ads, Canaport breezed ahead.

Then there's the *Irving Lake*, a tanker abandoned 17 years ago in the Baie des Chaleurs. In 1971, the Bathurst Chamber of Commerce mounted a campaign to have 22,000 tons of oil taken from the tanker, and the vessel removed. Thanks largely to national publicity, J.D. Irving Ltd. did order crews to burn off the oil. Some of the superstructure was cut away, but a semi-submerged junkheap remains in the bay. Mute testimony to a mute press.

Mark Pedersen, a CBC reporter in

Saint John and former Irving newspaperman, remembers when Common Council rezoned some central Irving land to heavy-industrial. The land was so close to hospitals the planning board had recommended against the rezoning. Pedersen says, "If ever there was a glaring example of a situation that called for public discussion, this was it. But not one editorial appeared."

Jacqueline Webster, of the New Brunswick Information Services, remembers the feeble play the Saint John press gave to the Fredericton *Gleaner's* firing of most of its news department in '77. This was a big story nationally but in Saint John, Webster says, it was only a small item that recited "the *Gleaner* line that it had had to cut costs. And this, just after my daughter had been offered a job there."

Doug Milander is a CBC *Information Morning* producer in Fredericton who once worked for the Irving press. He says that, one time, after Irving-refinery pollution had peeled paint and ruined foliage in east-end Saint John, he wanted to drop a boxed item into *The Evening Times-Globe's* coverage to inform readers that, since provincial laws protected the refinery, they could not successfully sue. He was discouraged on grounds the item "might be misunderstood." Later, he worked in a few paragraphs at the tag end of another story.

But back to Peter Stanton. When I was city editor of the *Times-Globe* in 1974-76, I ran afoul of management twice. The Irving refinery was part of both incidents. The first occurred while it was under expansion. Gary Hunter wrote a feature about a shantytown—home of many of the tradesmen working on the refinery. The piece was killed because, we were told, it might "inflame" the tradesmen.

Then came the strike vote at the refinery. We had already run a string of labor stories involving big Saint John industries and, in the same period, reports on periodic police car-chases in which shots had been fired. We had never sensationalized these chases. On the day in question, the strike vote occurred and, also, Stanton testified about his firing shots at a car's tires. I played the strike vote as the top story. Wrong choice, I was told. The next morning, *The Telegraph-Journal* blew up the Stanton story, effectively overshadowing any follow-through about the refinery vote. The overwrought publicity about Stanton may, or may not, have had anything to do with his dismissal, but he himself observed, "I can't understand why I'm being persecuted."

—Jon Everett



"And they said
I'd never get her going."

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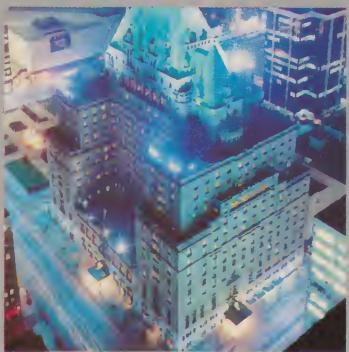
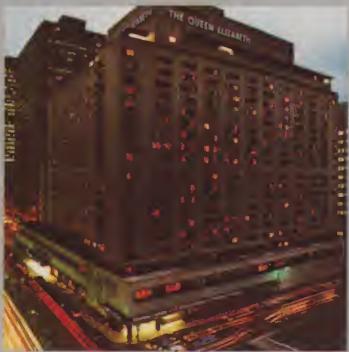
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Canada

Meet Harry Rogers. He's the newest big spender in Ottawa

He's supposed to control government spending. Oh well

All on the quiet, one of the fattest empires in Ottawa is being assembled in the name of more efficient management and financial savings. It's the Office of the Comptroller-General of Canada and the man in charge is Harry Rogers.

The government and bureaucracy haven't enjoyed the annual exposure of their financial blunders (though the exposure is really only skin-deep) by the last two auditors-general of Canada, Maxwell Henderson and James Macdonnell. (While Macdonnell was pointing the finger at the government, however, he was busily expanding his own staff to 593 persons in 1979 from 276 in 1976, an increase of 115%) The bureaucracy saw a way out: It would create another organization to intercept blunders before they became public. It would set up an internal *super-auditor-general* (every government department already has its own auditing services) to cover the tracks before the external auditor-general looks at the books. That's what has been done, except that the government's internal auditor-general is called comptroller-general. That's to remove any confusion within the civil service which might result in unedited accounts reaching the real auditor-general before they receive internal vetting.

The comptroller-general is supposed to improve financial administration in the federal public service. But the real purpose seems to be to avoid, or at least blunt, public criticism by the auditor-general. Comptroller-General Rogers, in a confidential memo, told all government deputy ministers last August that preliminary adverse comments received by departments from the auditor-general on financial administration should be sent to him before they got into the public report. He added: "This will allow us to have a co-ordinated government response to these comments available when the auditor-general's report is tabled in the House of Commons."

If Rogers is going to improve financial administration, he'll need a pretty smart bunch of cookies to outfox all the experienced financial babies in those

143 federal government departments and agencies. Already he's having a hard time recruiting financial officers (FIs). He said in a memo last Dec. 7: "The rapid turnover caused by the acute shortage of qualified financial staff has meant that many FIs have spent less than 18 months at a classification level and as a consequence have not obtained sufficient experience and training before promotion to higher levels." Translation: An FI can get a promotion and salary increase every 18 months despite lack of training and experience. Need you ask why we have a financial mess? Rogers has managed to lay his hands on 59 FIs—31 of them at the F17 level, which means a salary of up to \$38,800 a year, 13 at the F16 level (\$37,900) and 15 at the F15 level (\$33,137). And these are just the low birds on the comptroller-general's totem.

Under the deputy comptroller-general for management practices (himself a senior executive class 3 or SX3) are three more SX3s, an SX2, three SX1s, four administrators class 8 (AS8) and three administrators class 7 (AS7). An SX3 gets an annual salary of up to \$58,500 for a 37½-hour week with time off in lieu of overtime and for travel, an advance on salary for vacation and special leave if his wife is having a baby or his grandmother a funeral (honest). An SX2 is rated at \$52,100 and an SX1 at \$46,200. An AS8 gets \$38,800 and an AS7 \$36,400.

Of the top 105 people in Roger's organization, nobody is in a lower salary range than \$33,137 and the ones in that group are in a minority. The average is about \$50,000. Roger's organization chart, showing all the little boxes with SX1s reporting to SX2s and SX2s reporting to SX3s and SX3s reporting to each other, carries this little note at the bottom: "Does not include levels below F15, AS7, ES7." He's dealt only with the cooks. He hasn't even touched the broth yet where hundreds will do what work, if any, gets done. In a city of pyramid building, Rogers may be known as the greatest pharaoh yet. Watch for the fun when the auditor-general decides to do a number on the comptroller-general.

—The Fat City Phantom



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Lévesque rides again. Don't count him out

Despite what you may have heard, separatism is far from dead

The small man, his bare head exposed to the winter wind, is surrounded by angry, chanting, placard-brandishing strikers. They block the path to the auditorium where he is scheduled to speak. Police are not in control, and things could get dicey. But he scrambles atop a trunk, grabs a megaphone from a union organizer and, with the TV cameras rolling, firmly explains that his government cannot offer more to provincial teachers because hard-pressed taxpayers won't stand for it. He says he hopes the two-week-old teachers' strike can be settled without back-to-work legislation. He is René Lévesque and, once again, he has diffused a potential explosion. A path opens for him. He enters the hall, makes his pitch for a "yes" vote in the referendum. TV reporters have some great footage.

Quebecers call him *Ti-Poil* ("Little hair") because he conceals his mainly bald pate by combing over the top what hair he's got on the sides. When the wind blows, or he's in a huff, he looks harried, disorganized, preoccupied—and that endears him to many Quebecers. To others, his dishevelled head denotes chaos, adventurism, and other bad consequences that federalists predict if his dream comes true.

Now that the referendum question is known, and the Liberals have spelled out what they mean by renewed federalism, attention is focusing on the chief salesmen—Lévesque and Liberal leader Claude Ryan. Despite what we've all heard about the separatists having already lost the referendum, many Quebecers are still wavering, and the politicians are deadly serious about the campaign. As winter began to loosen its grip on Quebec, there were signs the referendum was more of a contest than most Canadians wanted to believe.

One sign was a reborn René Lévesque. Last winter had been a low point in his career. With his tipsy behavior during state functions for French Premier Raymond Barre, he embarrassed his entourage and the province. He mused about returning to private life, saying "I would be so happy..." Now, however, Lévesque is in fighting form, touring the province, appealing to Quebecers to stand up and be counted as one French-speaking people. He's

using all the considerable skill as a communicator—acquired in the late Fifties as the star of the top-rated TV show, *Point-de-mire*—that made him a household word.

These talents give him a big edge over Claude Ryan, whose image of the stern, moralizing, country parson makes him a more distant figure. It's been two years since Ryan left his pulpit as editor-in-chief of *Le Devoir* to lead the Liberals, but he still has problems communicating with ordinary people. When speaking, Ryan has a tendency to read long texts and to forget to look at either cameras, or audience. The electronic media are forever complaining about how tough it is to reduce his message to a neat 30-second excerpt. Ask him for a clip and he'll often say, "I've already commented on that." The Quebec Press Gallery knows him as Ayatollah Ryahni."

Ryan is more magnetic in smaller meetings where he can shake everyone's hand and transmit warmth that doesn't come across on the tube. He conveys authority, caution, responsibility. In many ways he's the antithesis of a Lévesque. He seems the embodiment of Quebec history. He often speaks of "parishes" rather than neighborhoods, of "sins" rather than errors. He appeals to Quebecers who are fed up with 20 years of transformations in Quebec society. Ryan reminds some of simpler, less turbulent times.

Where he may have erred is in releasing his party's constitutional proposal for a new Canadian federation, since dubbed the "beige paper" (as opposed to the PQ's white paper on sovereignty-association). It's a complex document calling for increased powers for the provinces, but it doesn't make a pitch for Quebecers' hearts. It doesn't give a single example to illustrate the implications of the proposed changes. Compared to the PQ's simply written and graphically illustrated white paper, it's so theoretical it has received only limited distribution. Callers on hot-line shows found it timid.

The Liberals designed it to preempt Lévesque with a proposal that would attract support in English Canada, and to prove that constitutional reform was possible within the current system. But apart from hollow-sounding

statements that the Ryan document provided "a valid basis for discussion" after the referendum, the English Canadian support never amounted to much. So the Parti Québécois has a target. It's the Liberal's minimalist position on constitutional change and the lukewarm response the rest of the country gave it. A reborn, combative René Lévesque is making the best of this situation. He thrives on adversity.

Lévesque and his travelling ministers are already making yards with their argument that a "yes" merely gives the government a mandate to negotiate a new deal. The new, mandatory second referendum—inserted to make it all salable—guarantees nothing much will actually happen even if there's a positive vote. The people will have to be consulted a second time. The PQ have thus honed down the referendum to make it appear simply as a forum for people to say they want a better deal in Confederation. Most Quebecers do.

Thus, mayors in Drummond County and in the Saguenay region have come out for the "yes," even though they do not favor sovereignty-association. Mayor Jerome Lampron of Notre-Dame du Bon Conseil says he recommends the "yes" as a way to open the door to serious constitutional negotiations.

Many Quebecers now ask the question posed by Solange Chaput-Rolland, a member of the Pépin-Robarts Task Force (remember that one?) on Canadian Unity. In the spring of '77 she asked, "What will English Canada say if we vote 'no'?" Business as usual?"

The tide hasn't turned in the PQ's favor, but the party is recovering from a bad year of public-service strikes, by-election losses, and disenchantment with the watered-down "mandate-to-negotiate" question among party activists. The new watchword of the PQ government "From defeat, to defeat, and on to victory," and optimism among the messengers may yet turn out to be as significant as the strength of the message.



He's on the attack

He's got inside dope on the Soviet Army

David Jones, world authority on the Soviet military, runs Russian Research Centre from the Annapolis Valley

David Jones says that what inspired the Soviets to invade Afghanistan was not a lust for imperialistic gain but, rather, the fear that militant Moslem activity just across their border threatened Mother Russia. Jones should know. Indeed, he may well know more about what the Soviet Union is up to these days than anyone else in Atlantic Canada. He's a military historian and, more to the point, director of the renowned Russian Research Centre of Nova Scotia. It's in a big, white, clapboard house in the Annapolis Valley town of Cambridge Station. That's where Jones lives with his wife, the poet Elizabeth Jones.

The military take Jones seriously. He's editor of the *Soviet Armed Forces Review Annual* (SAFRA) which, according to a U.S. Army magazine, is tops for specialists on the Soviet military. He's also editor of the *Military-Naval Encyclopedia of Russia and the Soviet Union* and, by the time he's through putting that together, it'll run to 50 volumes. His 11,000-volume library (worth \$150,000) is Canada's third-largest collection on Russian history and affairs. Only the collections at the University of Toronto and University of British Columbia are bigger. Rare books, pamphlets and unique 19th-century manuscripts over-run the house at Cambridge Station and, when Jones walks into Montreal or New York bookshops that specialize in military history, the owners rejoice.

A full-bearded, cigar-smoking, 39-year-old son of a psychiatrist, Jones looks every bit the scholar he is. His privileged childhood and a Presbyterian ancestry that dates back to 1765 in Nova Scotia taught him a strong sense of responsibility and, he says, guilt. But social conscience did not lead him into active politics. His interest in military affairs started in his boyhood, when he drew military costumes and collected lead soldiers.

Today, his contacts enable him to come up with information that's not otherwise publicly available in the West. One SAFRA scoop, for instance, was a complete index to a highly classified journal for Soviet officers. Jones is a consultant to TN Depuy Associates of Washington, an outfit that advises the U.S. government on national security. "I

have very honest disagreements with close friends in Washington," he says. "They think I don't take the Communist military threat seriously enough." He gives forbidden Havana cigars to friends in "certain Washington-based agencies," as peace offerings.

He agrees that the invasion of Afghanistan was "an immoral and desperate gamble" but, as a historian, knows there's nothing new in the Russians pushing for firm frontiers and preservation of the central state. The Soviets, he says, have problems of their own in the Eighties. If CIA estimates are accurate, they'll become a net importer of oil. But earlier this winter, Jones dismissed the alarmist view that the Soviet Union therefore had designs in Iran. "The Soviets want to import Iranian oil," he said, "but not a pile of people into the state, people with very different perceptions and who are difficult to pacify."

He approves grain and technology embargoes but questions the wisdom of boycotting the Olympics: "In the long run, their people are going to blame the West for having taken their Olympics away from them. We can turn the grain and technology on in two years, if they're behaving themselves. We can't give them back their Olympics." An Olympic boycott, he thinks, could do more than anything else to wreck détente.

Jones has never been to the Soviet Union. He got his BA at Dalhousie, attended Duke University in North Carolina, went on from there to Oxford. Later, he taught history at Memorial University and, while there, joined Father Leo Shea's Black Head Road parishioners in a struggle against urban-renewal experts. His help earned him membership in the Catholic Order of the Holy Name, and the experience buttressed his confidence that people could stand up for themselves. Had it not been for his "old-fashioned idea that I owe my home province something," he might have settled in Newfoundland.

Aware that some Nova Scotians feel "you're a fool to leave and a failure if you come back," Jones came back anyway, in 1971. He likes his neighbors' live-and-let-live approach, and has never received a crank call calling him a "Red." He has no illusions about modern Russia. If anything, he identifies with the old penitent nobility of czarist times.

A bluenose oddity that he uncovered was a book on Bolshevik activities in North America, printed in Russian in Pictou, N.S., in 1925. He plans to publish his own translation of Leon Trotsky's pamphlet, "Prisoner of English," which is about Trotsky's 1917 internment in a prisoner-of-war camp at Amherst, N.S. Jones has publishing rights to a manuscript by Kira Kornilovich, an expert on icons. Shortly after her death, her husband smuggled it out of the Soviet Union on microfilm hidden in his teeth. Somehow, Jones has also found time to translate Chekov's *The Three Sisters* and, with Russian émigré poet Marina Glasov, to write a play set in modern Moscow.

While pursuing his own research at Cambridge Station, he also directs the Russian Microproject at Dalhousie. He hopes that some day a Maritime university will buy his library to make it more available to students. Meanwhile, he's turned down an offer to move his research centre from the Valley to Britain. Jones is hanging tough in his resolve to put his home province on the world map of Soviet military studies.

— Harry Thurston

Jones: Olympic boycott was a bad idea

Presbyterian ancestry that dates back to 1765 in Nova Scotia taught him a strong sense of responsibility and, he says, guilt. But social conscience did not lead him into active politics. His interest in military affairs started in his boyhood, when he drew military costumes and collected lead soldiers.

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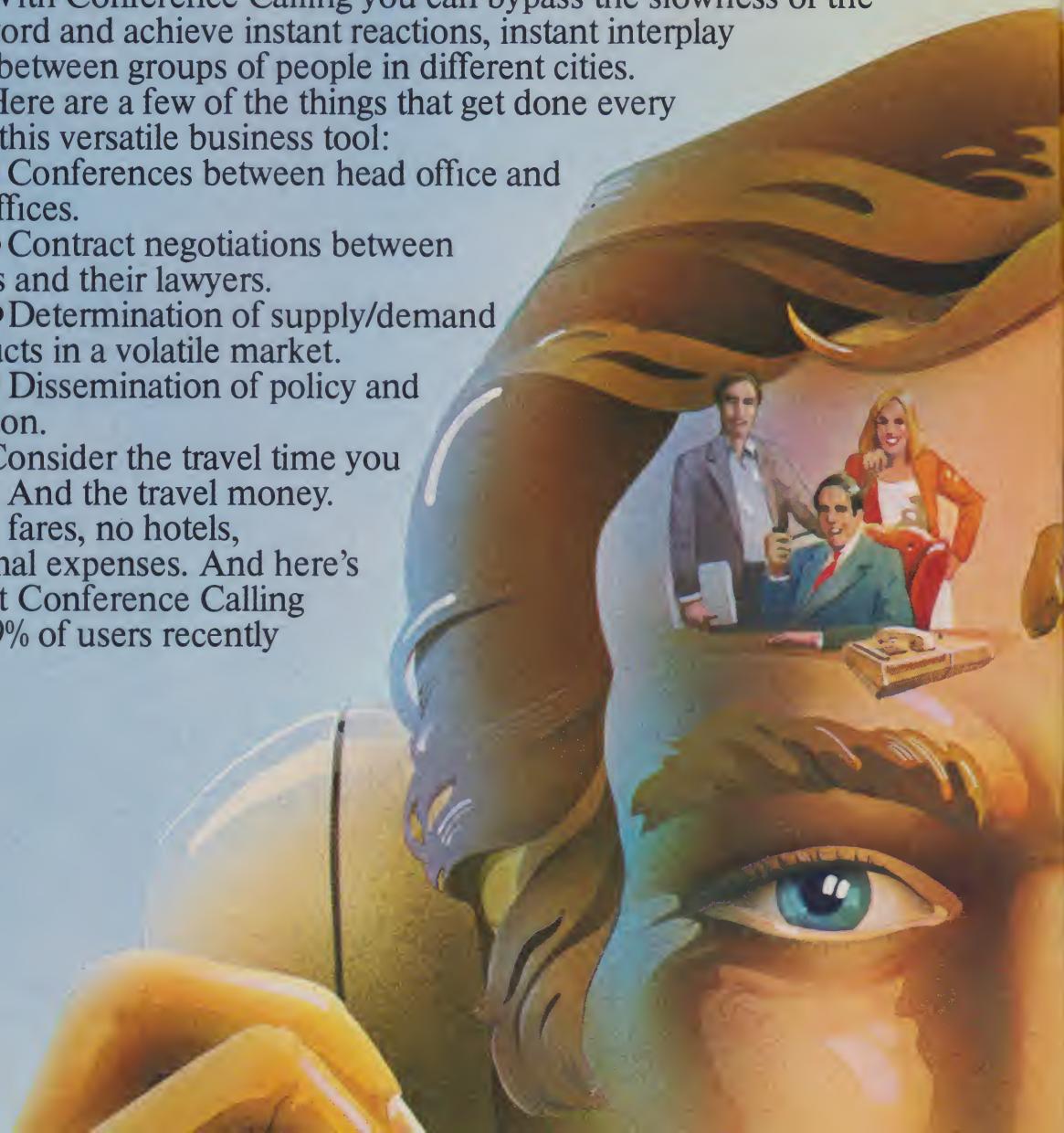
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Cover Story

"Hey Lenore!"

Hey Marilyn! is a musical about the legendary Marilyn Monroe and, when it opened at Edmonton's Citadel Theatre, a 20-year-old actress from Truro, N.S., became a legend in her own right. The Edmonton Journal blared, "A STAR IS BORN." And so she was. She's Lenore Zann. You'll hear more about her

By Stephen Kimber

The first jolt comes when you discover that Lenore Zann—the sultry, sexy actress who wowed audiences and floored critics this winter with her portrayal of Marilyn Monroe at Edmonton's Citadel Theatre—is barely 20 years old. The second comes when you realize that only last summer she was scrambling for small spots onstage at the Charlottetown Festival and steeling herself for the door-knocking, waitressing and waiting that are the usual lot of the aspiring actress. Today, thanks to her headline-producing triumph as the suicidal sex symbol in Cliff Jones's musical, *Hey, Marilyn!*, Lenore Zann is the most sought-after young actress in the country. She's also the button-bursting pride of her adopted home town of Truro, N.S.

Lenore Zann is about the only one who isn't staggered by this stunning turn of events. The Edmonton run of *Hey, Marilyn!* has just finished and she's come to Ottawa to try to escape a blitzkrieg of publicity, and to catch up on a bit of normal life with her fiancé, Charles Fletcher. (Another young Nova Scotian actor, he's making a name for himself at the National Arts Centre.) But the demands of sudden stardom are pursuing her across the country.

Back home in Truro, her parents are redirecting the flood of calls from all the directors, impresarios and hot-property seekers eager for a piece of her time. Her agent—"Things were happening so fast, I had to get one"—wants her to fly to Toronto the next day to try out for a role in a new movie opposite Lee Remick and Jack Lemmon. At the end of the week, she begins taping a musical version of *The Rivals*, a 90-minute CBC special in which she will star. After that, she will strut her stuff in the du Maurier Search for Stars talent contest (she's one of 18 finalists) before flying off to play a schoolteacher in *The Hounds of Notre Dame*, a new Canadian film being shot in Saskatchewan. Because chances are excellent that *Hey, Marilyn!* will have a second run this summer or fall at Toronto's O'Keefe Centre before a still-to-be-settled Broadway débüt, Lenore is fending off offers that would tie her up beyond late spring.

She turned down an offer to return to Halifax this spring to star in *Butterflies Are Free* at Neptune Theatre. "I wish John Neville had called me a few weeks earlier," she says sadly. "I'd love to do it, I really would, but I'd agreed

PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS



Composer Cliff Jones saw Lenore, exclaimed, "That's Marilyn!"



Norman Hines recalls a younger Lenore

to do the other things by then. But I still want to work at the Neptune soon. I love Halifax and I want to work there." Ironically, before *Hey, Marilyn!*, Lenore had another offer to appear in *Butterflies Are Free*, but the role Neville offered her then was just in the supporting cast.

Lenore Zann is pleased—delighted, even—that everybody wants to offer her juicy roles these days. But surprised? No. From the moment she stepped on stage at the Cobequid Educational Centre in Truro to star in a school production of *Guys and Dolls*, Lenore Zann knew she was going to be an actress. She was all of 15. And today, when she talks about the offers she's getting, she uses words like "finally" and "at last."

From almost any other 20-year-old, the words would ring with childish arrogance, but she is not any other 20-year-old. "She's always been mature for her age," a former teacher says. "And single-minded. Incredibly single-mind-

ed." After her stage début everything she did—from selecting high-school courses, to spending weekends in Wolfville so she could perform in Kipawo Showboat productions, to trekking off to Halifax for dancing lessons—was carefully calculated to help her find a permanent place on the stage.

She graduated from high school in 1977 and, after failing to land a full-time job at the Neptune, settled for a four-year fine arts course at York University in Toronto. "I deliberately chose Toronto," she explains, "so I could try out for a lot of parts while I was at school." But directors refused to cast a student in a professional production and the university gave most of its best acting assignments to seniors. So Lenore decided, after her second year, to make her own way into the theatre. "I had a job lined up for the summer at the Charlottetown Festival and I figured I'd just see what happened after that."

Things happened with blinding speed. First, John Neville offered her the role of Bianca in *The Taming of the Shrew* as well as smaller parts in two other Neptune productions. Then, in the final week at the Festival, Cliff Jones, the composer of *Hey, Marilyn!*, spotted her in a concert at Confederation Centre. When she slipped into a takeoff of Marlene Dietrich performing a Barbra Streisand song from *Funny Girl*, Jones was astounded. "That's Marilyn!" he told his wife, Peter Coe, the artistic director at Edmonton's Citadel Theatre, thought so, too. "We could have another Liza Minnelli on our hands," he gushed after flying her out to Edmonton. "This girl is blazing with talent." John Neville freed her from her obligations to Neptune and, after immersing herself in the Monroe legend for a month at a Bass River, N.S., cottage, Lenore flew back to Edmonton for the most crucial challenge of her career. She was still only 19.

Although the Monroe role is the kind actresses dream of landing—American television stars Cheryl Ladd and Suzanne Somers as well as former Miss America Phyllis George were all said to covet the part that Lenore got—it was also fraught with dangers. Peter Coe, the controversial British-born director who had succeeded Neville at the helm of the Citadel, was banking his reputation on turning *Hey, Marilyn!* into an international success. He had plowed about \$130,000—the most ever spent on a single Citadel show—into the production and invited a flock of Broadway impresarios, including the legendary David Merrick (*Hello Dolly*, *Oliver!*, *Irma La Douce*), to fly to Edmonton for opening night. "I was nervous," Lenore concedes.



As MM, the Toronto Star said, her performance "makes the stage shake"

Cover Story



The "incredibly single-minded" Zann became...

She needn't have been. "A STAR IS BORN" the next day's *Edmonton Journal* trumpeted. "I must go slightly overboard about this 20-year-old from Truro, Nova Scotia," reviewer Keith Ashwell wrote. "[Her] personality and professional sensitivity and vitality are the stuff a susceptible theatre goer mostly dreams of discovering." Added Gina Mallet, the *Toronto Star's* theatre critic: "The show itself pales beside Lenore Zann's incandescent MM, a performance that makes the stage shake." And David Merrick? "You are at the beginning of a brilliant career," he told her in the dressing-room after the opening night's performance.

About the only one who wasn't bowled over by Lenore's performance—aside from Lenore herself—was John Gray, the Truro-born playwright whose *Billy Bishop Goes to War* was then playing at the Citadel's second stage. "They've been talking about her in Truro for years," he said.

Norman Hines remembers a Zann moment with crystal clarity. Hines, a guidance counsellor at the Cobequid Educational Centre, is one of the moving forces behind the CEC's annual gala musical production. In 1975, he was sitting in the auditorium routinely auditioning the 100 or so students who wanted to be in *Guys and Dolls* when this 15-year-old girl walked onstage. "Good God, it was incredible," he recalls. "Right away, you knew she had a colossal talent, a whopper of a talent."



...the suicidal sex symbol, Monroe. Overnight

For three years, Lenore played the lead in every musical Hines directed. Then last winter, Hines recalls, while she was still at York, "we were a week away from the opening of our school musical for the year and our lead up and disappeared. I called Lenore in Toronto and she flew down the next day. Two days later, we had our dress rehearsal and she was just magnificent." He pauses. "That's the kind of person she is, you know. She doesn't forget her friends."

"The one Lenore has to thank most for her success so far," says her father, Paul Zann, "is Norman Hines. He saw things in her that we hadn't seen. I remember when we went to *Guys and Dolls* that first year, we were very nervous. We didn't know what to expect. We were just astounded. The whole town was astounded." (Most of the 500-odd letters, telegrams and bouquets that crowded Lenore's dressing-room in Edmonton on opening night were from Truro.)

The Zanns arrived in Truro in 1969. Both Lenore's parents were teachers and they'd arrived in Regina from their home in Australia a year earlier to teach at a university and see Canada. "We realized quite quickly," Paul Zann says, "that Regina wasn't Canada. When a job came up in Truro [at the Nova Scotia Teachers College], we decided to take it. Our plan was to spend another year seeing the Maritimes and then go back

to Australia." They never left Truro. "It's a most beautiful little town," Paul says. And, perhaps surprisingly, as fine a place as any for a budding young actress to get her start.

"There's something happening in Truro," Hines says. "I can't really explain it but it's been happening for a while." Indeed. Besides Lenore and John Gray (whose *Billy Bishop* is also Broadway-bound), Truro has recently given the world author and record-producer Rick Butler; musicians Phillip Gray (brother of John and now playing trombone with the Maynard Ferguson band) and Barry Stagg; and New Brunswick-born but Truro-raised Don Goodspeed who also drew critical raves for his smaller role in *Hey, Marilyn!*

"Truro will always be very important to me," Lenore says. "People there have been very supportive and it gives you a good feeling. When I talk to actors from Ontario, I realize how different it is here. There are so many actors here that no one knows, even back in their own home towns. In Truro, people care about you. It's still home to me."

But Truro, of course, can't hold her. When her career finally settles down—her goal is to become a movie actress—she wants to spend at least a couple of months every year in Nova Scotia. But, for now, there are calls to be returned, roles to be played, fantasies to be fulfilled. Lenore Zann is on her way.

PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

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Folks



When Scott's around, watch your outhouse

When Scott Cameron of Riverview, N.B., lived in a suburb of Montreal, he and his friends built their own rockets from toilet paper rolls. "Just about anything will fly if you put the power behind it," he says. He should know. At 15, he's a three-year veteran of the art of launching solid-fuel rockets and flying large scale model planes and his basement workshop is taking over his mother's laundry area. Cameron's grandfather once flew biplanes and early mail-carrying monoplanes between Moncton and Saint John. Now the grandson flies seven-foot scale models of the planes—and occasionally crashes a few. "I've run a couple of good planes down trees and put one into an outhouse," he says. He's building a vintage Stinson model that will take five months of hand labor and weigh about 20 pounds when it's finished. In spare moments, he flies another plane and launches the odd rocket at the Greater Moncton Air Model Club. He's philosophical about his close calls. "Once in Montreal we set off a rocket that climbed about 2000 feet. We didn't see a DC-9 taking off. It was close. We could tell by the puff of smoke." The smoke "was from the rocket, not the plane—fortunately."

Denis Ryan, who makes his home in Prince Edward Island, will have something special to sing about June 1 when Ryan's Fancy performs with Brit-

ish singer Vera Lynn at a benefit concert in St. John's. The day before, he'll pick up a bachelor of arts degree from Memorial University. He started work on his degree way back in '71. During six years in St. John's he attended Memorial for a couple of years, majoring in folklore. After he moved to Lower Montague, P.E.I., he picked up courses by correspondence. He sandwiched studies between concert tours and TV shows, including six recent one-hour CBC specials. The June 1 concert, to raise money for Memorial's Library, will be quite a homecoming for Ryan's Fancy. Two other members, Dermot O'Reilly and Fergus O'Byrne—they still live in St. John's—are also former Memorial students. "It will be nice to get the degree," Ryan says, "and it's nice, too, to be able to do something for the university that helped me start out."

After four years of high-profile TV journalism, Linden MacIntyre wants "to get back to basics." His punchy *MacIntyre File* on CBC Halifax needs a "fresh approach" and besides, "I run the risk of burning myself out," says 36-year-old MacIntyre. He's off to Toronto to do some quiet digging in agriculture and resources. But he doesn't see the switch as a come-down. Though "shooting off your mouth" on TV has "a certain element of glamor" most work is done behind the scenes. He was born in Port Hastings, Cape Breton, won an ACTRA Gordon Sinclair Award for outspoken broadcast journalism—and made a few enemies. He gets dirty looks in shopping centres, was once physically threatened (as a

newspaper reporter) and has even been sued. Some reporters consider that a sign of success but MacIntyre calls it "a pain in the rear end." He'd rather people like the show than take him to court. MacIntyre started reporting with the Halifax *Chronicle-Herald* and, at 21, became the youngest member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery in Ottawa. Today, he says, the gallery is full of "pubescent" reporters but in those days he was considered odd. After some hard-nosed reports from Cape Breton, the *Herald* "evicted" him, saying their views were "ideologically incompatible." That, he says, was the "finest compliment."

After their "wildly successful" novel, *Stardance*, science-fiction writing is paying off for Spider and Jeanne Robinson of Halifax. The award-winning book—just out in paperback after three hard-cover reprints—has been called a "literary milestone." It was their first joint effort, although Jeanne, a dancer-choreographer, reads every word Spider writes before it leaves home. When he started writing about dance in zero gravity, Jeanne was "so opinionated" that Spider finally said "pull up a chair" and they hashed it out together. "Spider's the wordsmith, I am the feeler," says Jeanne. She'll perform a *Stardance*-inspired dance at the World Science Fiction Convention in her home town, Boston, this fall. They're guests-of-honor at another U.S. science fiction convention. Jeanne and Spider met on the North Mountain in the Annapolis Valley (they named their daughter, now five, Luanna Mountainborne) and toughed out three years there in a 150-year-old "rent-free" house. Spider's written professionally since '72, published three books, won lots of awards. "We bring out the best in each other," says Jeanne. "I understand that when he sits on his ass, he is working." She's "passionately into dance," and runs her own studio. Neither would consider moving back to the States (Spider's from New York). Every so often he visits the "old country" just to "remind myself why I left."

In home town Saint John, N.B., she's still Cathie Rooney, but since this 5'2"-115 lb. athlete came to Newfoundland and married Gander boy Rob Parsons, she's been confusing sports writers. **Cathie Parsons** is not only Newfoundland's top female squash player (six years in a row), she also competes against men. In St. John's, men's squash, unlike other sports, is open to women. "It gave us a chance



MacIntyre: "Back to basics." In Toronto



Cathie Rooney Parsons, just keeping fit

to improve our game," says Parsons, and it's paying off. She's won men's B-division titles in the province, competes in A and is the first Atlantic player to get a crack at Canada's World Cup team. "It was a real breakthrough to get an Atlantic player to that level," says Parsons. Non-official courts in St. John's and few pros to study under are handicaps, though. "If I wanted to be sure of making the national team, I'd have to go train in Toronto for the next two years," she says. But raising ducks with Rob at Portugal Cove, teaching recreation, and knitting, embroidery and rug hooking make life in St. John's too pleasant to leave. Besides, Parsons is as versatile as she is swift and sharp: Her repertoire includes badminton, racquetball, field hockey, basketball, volleyball, track and field and cross-country running. "I just like to be fit," she says.

Bishop, Caines: New sound for Stephenville

Musicians Neil Bishop and Claude Caines were tired after years on the road. So they settled down in Claude's home town of Stephenville, Nfld., three years ago, to build their own recording studio. They took over a former U.S. Air Force building and planned to record commercial jingles. But soon the studio attracted well-known local musicians like Emile Benoit, Minnie White, TNT, Wonderful Grand Band, Red Island and Tickle Harbour, and the commercial dream faded in the face of a big demand for LPs and 45s of traditional Newfoundland music. Bishop and Caines not only manage the recording but fill in on bass, guitar or piano, design album covers, even open their homes to come-from-away performers. Soon they'll move from an eight-track to 16-track recording console. But although other improvements are planned, those who know Clode Sound Studio best are betting it'll continue to use an adjacent washroom to achieve "certain effects." There's another tradition everybody hopes will continue: The impromptu softball games in a nearby field of wildflowers that help break the monotony of recording sessions. Bishop and Caines will even umpire.

Ed Smith is not only the doctor for the New Brunswick community of Riverside-Albert, he's also something of an aerospace physicist and the designer of what may be the world's first "tidal-power boat." It will have no motor, no sails, no oars and, if all goes well, will soon enable tourists to ride the tides of Long Marsh Creek, near Waterside. Guides will be on board to explain local history and folklore. Smith is the founder of a new firm,

Caledonia Boat Works. It has a solar-heated boatshed that's comfortable even in mid-winter and, when it reaches full production, will employ a dozen-odd shipwrights. Smith plans to build sailboats, Cape Island-style vessels, and catamarans. Catamarans have two hulls. They're practical, safe, easy to haul out and, with engines in both hulls, highly manoeuvrable. Moreover, you don't have to tie them to a pier. At low tide, they just sit on mud flats. Perfect, Smith thinks, for Fundy fishermen.

Ray Brown, Jr. calls himself "a shy person." But he's just conducted one of the most public courtships in Canadian history. Brown, 29, who operates a hardware store in Richmond, P.E.I., decided this winter it was time to get married. So he took out a quarter-page ad in Island papers, headlined "A Notice to Husband Hunters." The results nearly overwhelmed him. His search for a wife (who had to share his interests in alternate energy, gardening and a large family) got coast-to-coast attention. Brown heard from people he hadn't seen for years. He also got a lot of joke responses. But there were a half-dozen serious replies. As *Atlantic Insight* went to press, Brown guardedly admitted he had narrowed the field down to one—a Charlottetown girl. Now he just wants to be left alone to conduct the rest of his courtship privately.

A shy guy goes public—to find a wife



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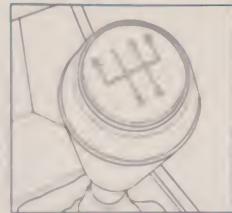


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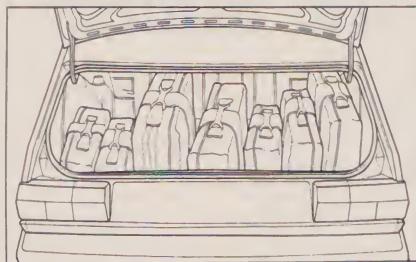
5-speed transmission is standard.

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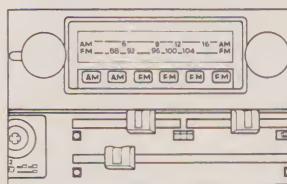
busiest city traffic.

The Jetta also gives you a lot in the way of standard equipment. A 5-speed manual transmission is standard. As are adjustable, fully reclining front bucket seats. An AM/FM push button stereo radio. 2-speed windshield wipers plus an intermittent cycle. Electrically heated rear window defroster. Cut pile carpeting. Armrests with integrated safety door handles. Centre console and deluxe shift knob. Dual

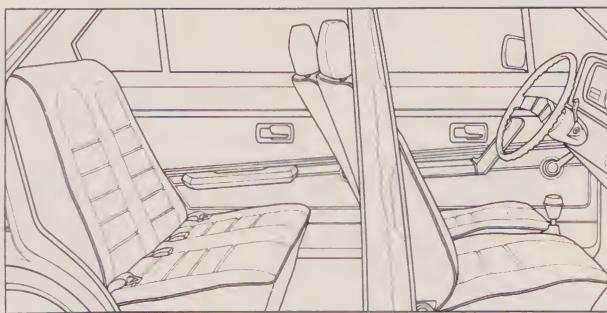
rectangular headlights. Black urethane bumpers. Integrated front spoiler. And lockable gas cap.

In fact, the Jetta is so well equipped that the only optional extras are automatic transmission, light alloy wheels, sunroof and air conditioner.

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25 Hospitable Years

Opinion

Let's quit selling our past to Ontario and the States

Why can't we care enough to keep our own antiques down home?

By Marcia Ross

A Halifax antique dealer buys a mahogany table from a Nova Scotian for \$300, sells it to a Toronto dealer for \$400 and, two months later, sees it in the Toronto dealer's shop with a \$2,800 price tag. It happens, it happens.

Atlantic Canadians weep much salt water about the way outsiders maul our heritage and destroy our past, about thoughtless intrusions by Americans and Upper Canadians but, when confronted by the export of our own grass-roots antiques, we avert our eyes and keep our wallets tightly closed. What's happening in Nova Scotia is happening right across the region.

Week after week, trucks full of our precious handmade, early country furniture hum up to Ontario or down to the States. Henry Dobson of Toronto jets into Nova Scotia, politely points at the pieces he likes, leaves a crew behind to collect and deliver the cache to Ontario. Up there, it'll fetch prices that would baffle most bluenosers. Robert O'Neil, another Ontario dealer, cheerfully allows that his business "would dry up in six months without Nova Scotia." He makes a "picking trip" every three months, visiting shops, barns, private

Ross says we don't love our own past enough

houses, knowing that back home he has customers "waiting, phoning for my next truckload."

An Ontario dealer named Wolfgang Schlomb also has a reputation for getting antiques out of Nova Scotia one way or another, but Ontario's not the only invader. A dealer from outside Montreal has been known to rent a barn in rural Nova Scotia for a few weeks, hire "pickers" to comb the surrounding area, wait till he's filled the barn, and then get an 18-wheeler to lug the loot back to Quebec. Gary Guyette of Maine gathers Nova Scotian country antiques on a massive scale.

What's so attractive about the crude and sometimes rickety furniture local farmers and fishermen made a century ago? And why should we care if outsiders want to cart off stuff that strikes us as tired and ugly? Three answers: First, you can't find much of it anywhere else and it's disappearing even here; second, it's a record of our own social history; and third, it's worth a lot of money.

Among Nova Scotians who know what's happening, there's disappointment, cynicism, and some disagreement. Peg Deming, a dealer in the Annapolis Valley, believes "it'll all come back to its roots eventually." The province does



have a program for repatriation of valuable antiques, but many dealers and collectors still feel we need a far greater effort to save the best of what our forefathers made.

"What do you do when one person in a thousand notices a beautiful primitive piece of furniture, and that person happens to be from Ontario?" Leslie Langille asks. He owns Langille's Antiques, Lunenburg, and he has put his finger on a psychological problem. It's that Nova Scotian country antiques often strike Nova Scotians themselves as embarrassing reminders of past poverty. Genuine early country antiques may boast original paint, fanciful painted or carved designs, square nails (or no nails), wide boards, simple styling. Such pieces are repulsive to those bluenoses who want cute, stripped pine tables and toilet stands, or traditional English and New England styles. To make matters worse, some dealers can't distinguish a true Nova Scotian antique from a beat-up lobster pot.

Among those who know the difference, the only way most can make a living in early bluenose pieces is to sell to outsiders. Most of the buyers at Chris Huntington's last auction, for instance, were big spenders from Ontario. The auction grossed more than \$70,000. Huntington is an astute, aggressive and somewhat legendary south shore dealer. He has a sensitive eye for fine country antiques, and believes his sales do more good than harm: "My auctions abet the exodus, sure, but they also make the value obvious. Money talks. Word eventually gets around."

Money certainly does talk. A case history: A quarter-century ago, a local dealer paid \$25 to somebody in Digby for an old cupboard. The piece then went to an American collector for \$65 and, several years later, to Huntington for about \$1,500. Huntington promptly sold it to another south shore dealer, Murray Stewart, for \$3,000. Stewart believes it was "perhaps the finest cupboard ever made and found in Nova Scotia." He sold it in Ontario for \$6,500—but only after a futile attempt to get the Nova Scotia Museum to buy it. After the cupboard reached Ontario, the price jumped to \$12,000. An Ontario dealer has it in his private collection now, and says that if he wanted to sell it he'd ask "at least \$16,000." That's a Mercedes, folks. It's also just one example of the ceaseless outflow of Atlantic Canadian antiques.

But maybe it doesn't matter what these things are worth elsewhere. Maybe what matters is that someone is rescuing them, giving them homes and recognition, cherishing them. If we can't love our past, it's just as well that others do.

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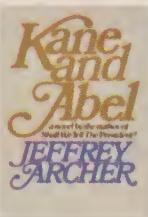
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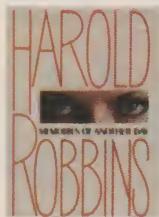
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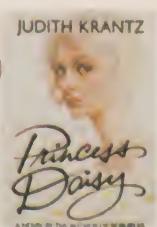
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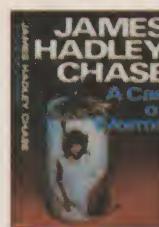
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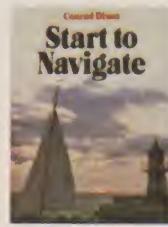
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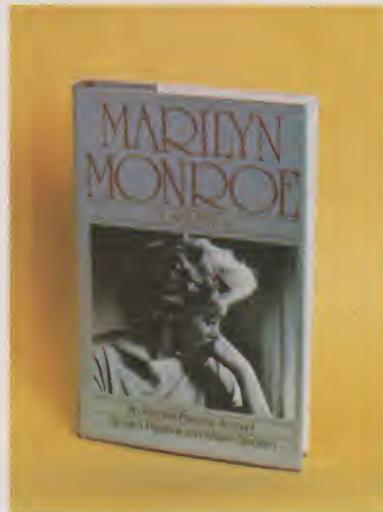
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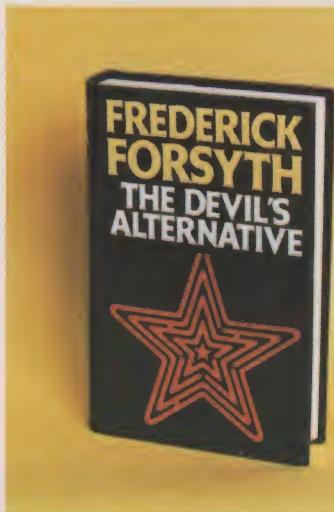
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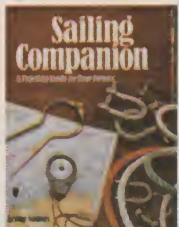
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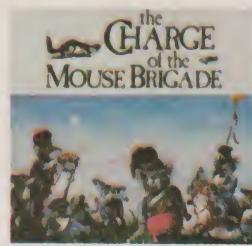
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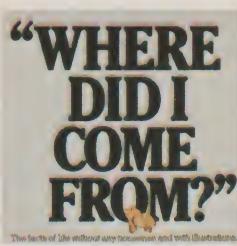
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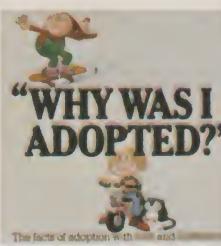
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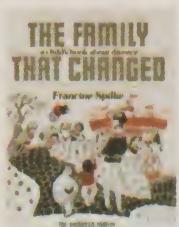
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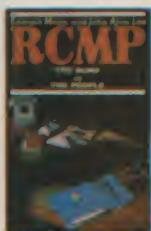
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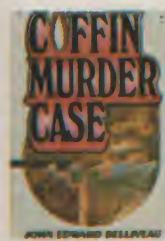
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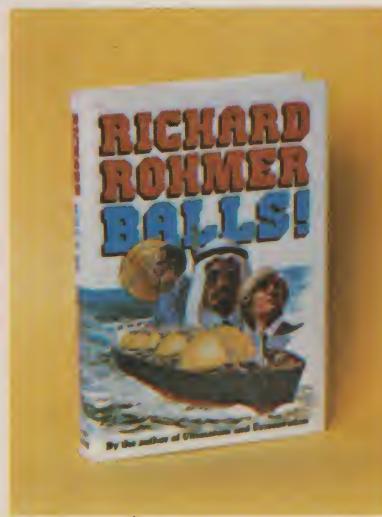
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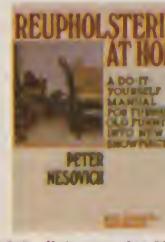
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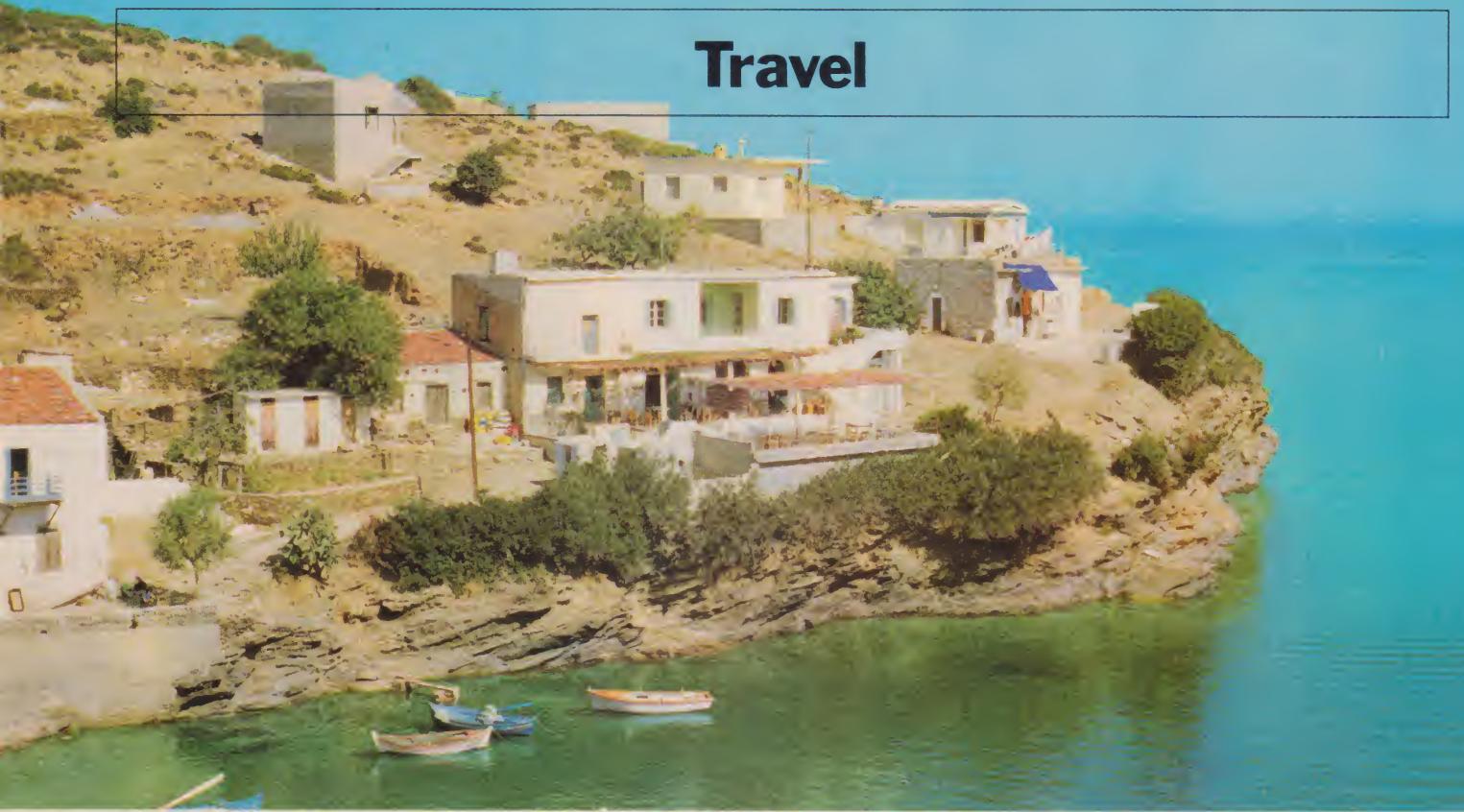
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Bali: A coastal town, for forgetting

The glory that was Crete

It's the biggest, warmest, most southerly of all the Greek isles. Its past is bloody, mysterious. But right now, "it may just be the world's finest spot for getting lost"

By Harry Bruce

We were bound for Kandanos because from there a good road would lead us through chestnut trees, dark and silvery in the great Greek sunlight, and out of the western mountains, and then down to Palaiokhóra where the Libyan Sea forever washes the dust off the hot beachstones of Crete. We lost our way at Zymbragou. (Ah, how I had yearned to be able to truthfully write a sentence so pregnant with romance. *We lost our way at Zymbragou.* In the western mountains yet. Move over, Hemingway.)

We didn't mind. Crete, land of yogurt and honey, may just be the world's finest spot for getting lost among villages with exotic names: Timbákion, Khora Skafion, Kastélion....Even the names of the two biggest cities, Iraklion and Khania, sound to Canadian ears like fiefdoms in some weird, fictional empire. To add to the strangeness, Khania appears on some maps as Canea and used to be the capital of Crete; while Iraklion, named after Hercules, appears on some maps as Herákleion, was once called Candia

(which, thanks to Crete's historically heavenly honey, gave us the word "candy") and is now the capital of Crete. Thus, Candia is what Canea was, only Candia's now Iraklion, Canea's Khania, and ouzo is quicker.

Moreover, at various times during a couple of thousand years of sporadically hideous history, the settlement of what's now Iraklion was also known as Kastro, Khandax and, during the rule of Moslem Arabs, Rabdh al Khandax. A Byzantine Greek general ejected the Arabs in AD 961 after dampening their morale by catapulting other Arabs' heads over the city walls. Crete perfectly conforms to a theory I first developed in the West Indies and now want to spend the rest of my life proving: The more beautiful the island, the more blood-curdling its story.

But aside from rush-hour motorists, who drive as though they were imitating enraged hornets, the cities of Crete—Homer figured that, 3,200 years ago, there were 100 of them—are calm and lovable these days. During 12 days of getting lost in Crete's astounding

jumble of mountains, caves, fruit, ruins, and the cultural detritus of assorted conquests that stretch back for centuries before Christ walked the earth, during all our buzzing by rented Fiat into the scented corners of this island that lies within an hour's flight of violent Europe, violent Africa and the violent Middle East, the most shocking evidence of violence we saw was a dead goat that a hit-and-run driver had left smeared on the highway.

Crete is a third bigger than P.E.I. Khania and Iraklion sit on its 160-mile northern coast, looking toward hundreds of other Greek islands and, beyond them, to mainland Europe. They are low, sprawling towns, full of music at night and, in the morning or evening sun, they're dull gold against the wine-dark Sea of Crete. In each city, Turkish minarets stab the sky and double-ended fishing boats, painted so prettily they could serve as props for a musical comedy, nudge stone piers in the shadow of crenellated Venetian fortresses. Bright, smelly markets seethe with vitality, humor, hawkers, oddballs, weird and luscious produce. Waiters, carrying mighty trays of food and drink above their heads, glide like bullfighters among the charging autos to reach customers on islands of grass.

Khania and Iraklion manage to serve the modern armies of tourists without selling their own souls. Waiters and shopkeepers now get by in half a



The capital, Iraklion, is cosmopolitan but preserves its own soul



The Venetian harborfronts have fascinated visitors for centuries

HARRY BRONC

dozen languages, and bookstores sell up-to-date newspapers from big cities all over the Western world; but, down in the skinny alleys of the ancient Venetian quarters, with their curly, flower-filled balconies and heavy door knockers in the shape of human hands, it is as easy to get lost on foot as it is to get lost in a car near Zymbragou. It happened to us.

We arrived on Crete for the first time early on a Sunday afternoon, went straight to a cheap hotel (about \$15 a night for two) in central Iraklion, opened the tall, faded-blue shutters on the balcony doors of our fourth-floor room, inhaled the impossibly balmy air off the Mediterranean. The sea was a long, purple promise beyond the clothes that flopped from rooftop lines on yellow buildings. The Greek Orthodox church just below us was an appealing architectural mongrel and, after the hellish noise of Athens, the peacefulness of Iraklion seemed marvellous. We could hear strange birds, and the soft wind. So we slept.

We woke at dusk. Jetliners boomed above the clotheslines, the flat clang-clang of a church bell shook our bed and, down in the street, squealing kids played hide-and-seek, teen-agers sang snatches of pop songs together, dogs yelped, women screamed happily, men roared greetings to one another. The church doors opened, the people streamed inside and raised all their voices in one heavensent voice. Sunday night in Iraklion had started. We got up, went out, got gloriously lost.

A maze of inky alleys released us at the open doors of an ugly building. Music poured out the windows. The clatter and chatter sounded like an entire village celebrating a wedding. Outside, the place looked like an abandoned gas station. Inside, it had pink and green wallboard, and the plywood chairs reminded me of the basement recreation hall of a poor rural church back home. The place was filthy. The joint was jumping.

Hundreds of people sat at long tables among wreaths of cigarette smoke. Hairy-chested waiters with wet armpits kept running out from the kitchen with heroic portions of burned steak, fibrous lamb, greasy chicken, Greek salad swimming in olive oil, and teetering bottles of good, cheap local wine. Swarms of tiny children dashed among adult legs. Mothers, brothers, lovers and fine-looking grandfathers kept rising to greet one another and—while a bouzouki-and-guitar trio with a haunting, throaty tenor played the night away—groups of men, women and youngsters took turns on stage, put their hands on one another's shoulders, formed themselves into lines, coils,



For peasantry, old ways are the best ways

snakes and circles, and with solemn but unmistakable joy danced the old dances that they knew best. At home, Sunday night was never like this.

We stayed for three hours and, the wine having improved our navigational skills, made our way through a sweet Mediterranean midnight to our hotel. The music had reminded me of the novel (and movie) *Zorba the Greek*. Its author, Nikos Kazantzakis (1883-1957), was born in Iraklion. His body lies in a tomb up in the massive walls that, four centuries ago, cruel Venetian overlords forced generations of suffering Cretans to build. His inscription reads, "I hope for nothing. I fear nothing. I am free."

That has precisely the right Cretan ring. Since Christ, brave little Crete has been over-run by Romans, the Byzantine Empire, Moslem Arabs, Byzantine Greeks, Venetians for 465 years, Ottoman Turks for 229 years and, for a while in the Second World War, German Nazis. For a couple of millennia, Crete's life has mostly been one of brutal repression and spilled blood—the three-year struggle that ended with the Turks taking Iraklion (Candia) in 1669 killed no less than 140,000 people—and such history breeds a ferocious spirit of independence despite the odds, and a belief that death is forever preferable to dishonor. Crete's past is full of heroes with

suicidal nobility. To see some modern ones—with theatrical tribal uniforms, scimitars, mountain men's boots, burning eyes and luxuriant moustaches—you need only gaze upon the old photos of 19th-century freedom fighters in Iraklion's historical and ethnographic museum.

After the invasions Crete has endured, it's not surprising that her people can handle hordes of mere tourists with aplomb. What attracts many visitors, however, is neither the grace nor heroism of the modern Cretans. It's the mystery of the ancient Cretans. Greek scholar H.D.F. Kitto has written, "From early in the third millennium to about 1,400 BC—a period as long as from the

Fall of Rome to the present day—Crete, especially the city of Cnossos, was the centre of a brilliant civilization which gradually spread in all directions over the Aegean world." A rich, half-blind British archeologist named Arthur Evans began to unearth the palace at Cnossos on the outskirts of Iraklion in 1900, and the site has since become one of the world's busiest tourist attractions.



What did it hold millennia ago? A corpse maybe?

The discovery was a tangible link to ancient Greek legends about King Minos (the son of Zeus who looked like a bull), the priest-kings who succeeded Minos and kept his name, and a strange religion that featured a white bull's grisly doings at the heart of a labyrinth. Legends aside, Minoan society was apparently elegant, aristocratic, playful. The men liked hunting, acrobatics, bull baiting. The women wore makeup, may have gone topless and, according to some experts, looked like 20th-century Parisians. The palace had a flush toilet, and a highly advanced drainage system. The Minoans also boasted the world's first royal navy.

Evidence that a volcano, earthquake and tidal wave may have destroyed Minoan civilization overnight lends a creepy appeal to both the ruins and the superb collection of Minoan art in Iraklion's archeological museum. (What is it in our own threatening century that attracts us to news of massive calamity?) Apprehensive packs of Americans and Europeans, each group with its own bossy guide, troop through Cnossos daily. They catch up with one another, walk on one another's heels and, down in the damp, black depths of the labyrinth, often become clogged like a logjam in some subterranean river. (Claustrophobics beware.) Signs forbid you to take so much as a twig or pebble off the sacred grounds of Cnossos but, at the bottom of several man-high clay pots—some no doubt 3,000 years old—you see empty film packages, cigarette boxes, candy wrappers, apple cores, used Kleenex, and other casual leavings of the disrespectful.

Archeological purists see such desecration as time's fitting revenge on Arthur Evans. It was he who revealed Cnossos to the Greek tourist industry as a gift of the gods. Some feel that as he "restored" the greatest of all Minoan palaces, he tarted it up till it became "a concrete Disneyland." But the guides volunteer nothing on that controversy, nor on the dreadful new theory of German scientist Hans George Wunderlich. He argues that no one ever lived, loved, laughed, turned somersaults or engaged in any other pleasant pursuits in the palace; that it was really an intricate tomb for thousands of local aristocrats; that the drainage system was merely a convenience to the undertakers who washed the bodies; that the bathtubs were a form of coffin; that those handsome, rust-colored receptacles that now gather garbage never did hold honey, barley, or grain. They held corpses. Those fun-loving Minoans belonged to a Cult of the Dead, and Cnossos was a City of the Dead. I think I'd rather get lost at Zymbragou. Or Réthimnon.

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Travel

Réthimnon lies between Iraklion and Khania, and it was our favorite place. A sunny, sprawling, tumbledown, seaside city with a broad, central beach, it is both lively and physically decadent. All over Crete, the fragility and corruption of certain buildings seemed to lend the people a peculiar vitality. The more ancient, crumbling and threatening some nearby wall appeared, the more charming and energetic the waiters were, the more pushy the panhandling cats were, the more delicate the fried squid and ingratiating the white wine. It was like proceeding with a magnificent banquet for two just after a bomb has blown away half your house. Love



"Gods of water and light" influence north coast



Find a village. Get lost

among the ruins. Nowhere did we have this fine feeling more than we did in Réthimnon.

"Réthimnon," Cretan writer A. Nenedakis says, "is more typically Greek than any other city in Greece. It retains, as few of the known ancient cities of the Greek domain do, the color and spirit of all the eras that recede deep into the past."

It has a short strip of restaurants with tables so close to the slick harbor you can touch the bows of boats without getting up. One night, just inland from there, we found a grubby *taverna*

where three lanes met. We sat down outside, near a white-haired man. He had his trousers tucked inside black, knee-high boots, and he also wore a white shirt, embroidered vest, and black lace on his forehead. While a younger guy accompanied him on the guitar, he sang songs of Crete as freely as though he were alone in a shower. After he left, the guy with the guitar and his friends swallowed in outrageously sorrowful renditions of Spanish love songs.

We wandered about a block. In a small lighted courtyard, a dozen men and women sat beside a sumach tree. They were eating, drinking, whooping—and singing. Come in, come in, they

gestured, but we ambled along till we found The Vault. It was like a chapel inside, with white stucco and an arched ceiling. The crowd sat like a church congregation, but drank wine and smoked cigarettes. The big wooden furniture gleamed in the candlelight like freshly peeled chestnuts.

Up where you'd expect a clergyman, three bearded young men with guitars and bouzoukis made beautiful music together. Singing Cretan folksongs, they harmonized like lusty angels. The Vault, the proprietor told us, had once been a stable. Maybe six centuries ago.

Khania's waterfront is even prettier than Réthimnon's. We reached it after dark, found another \$15 room. It was in the Plaza Hotel and, judging by the place's appearance, plumbing and squeaky beds, we missed its heyday by half a century. But our balcony overlooked the nightly waterfront *volta*, a casual parade of both contented local families and young tourists on the make for the Ultimate Experience. Elegant wrought-iron streetlamps punctuated the esplanade. Hundreds of chattering people quaffed wine at the water's edge, and gorged on red mullet, snapper, spiced lamb. The colored lights of the restaurants shimmered on the black harbor. Bouzouki music and the ubiquitous beat of disco competed in the festive air; and two small boys, who should have been home in bed, fished from the old quay. A strange lighthouse benignly reigned over this whole scene. It was Turkish. It was an ornate, Asian candlestick on the antique table of the Mediterranean, and it glowed in golden floodlights. The

lights went out shortly before midnight. The lighthouse disappeared. The waterfront closed for the night.

It was the next morning that we plunged into the mountains, south-bound for Palaiokhóra and the Libyan Sea. Whenever I want to recall the countryside of Crete, I dig out a story I clipped from the *International Herald Tribune* about the poetry of Odysseus Elytis who was born in Iraklion and, in 1979, won the Nobel Prize for literature: "There is such a consistent celebration of the sea and sun as to suggest a kind of pagan mysticism, a pantheism, a worship of the gods of water and light...In 'The Autopsy,' the central metaphor is that of the body of Greece cut open to reveal its most enduring elements: The olive root in the recesses of its heart, the strange heat in its entrails, the blue line of the horizon below its skin, the dead echoes of the sky in its brain and some light, fine sand in the hollow of an ear."

At Zymbragou, the road seemed to stop at the town church. But a mountain man, surely a grandson of a freedom fighter, indicated it actually wound around the church and on into even higher country. "Up and up and up," he mysteriously advised. "No good *strasa*, bye-bye." With every foot the road climbed, it got more terrifying. Driving on Crete's mountainside hairpins, one travel writer warns, "can reduce even the hardiest traveller to expressions of anguish worthy of the brush of the famed El Greco" (El Greco, incidentally, was a Cretan.)

After a while, however, we popped out on a wide, smooth highway. Now we understood. We had indeed gone up and up and up. We said goodbye to the no-good *strasa*, and rolled on down to the south coast. Palaiokhóra was everything we'd hoped it would be. And then some. ☑

Two good ways to get there

If you want to stop in London for a while, fly Air Canada out of Halifax to Heathrow Airport. Then take British Airways from there to Athens. If you prefer blowing a little time in Montreal, you can fly direct from there to Athens by Canadian Pacific. The Greek airline, Olympic Airways flies from Athens to Crete (Iraklion) several times a day. The flight takes 45 minutes.

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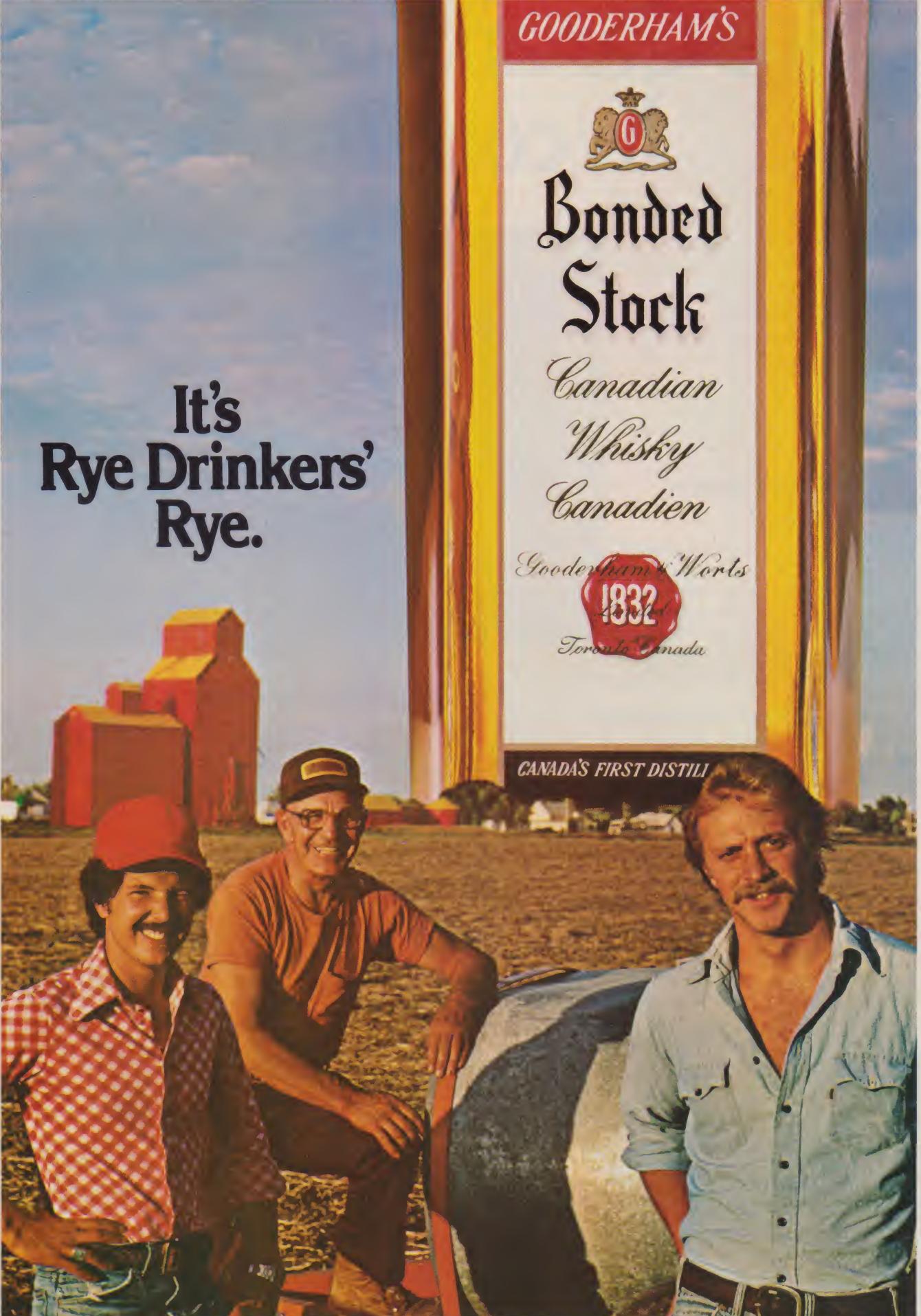
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Baseball's no mere sport in Chatham. It's a religion

Go, Newfies, GO! Go, Newfies, GO!" And go they did, scampering, capering, head-and-guts-and-soundbone-dancing all the way. In a baseball game. After midnight. On the bonny—or is it "loony"?—banks of the mighty Miramichi. They were playing Ontario at a tournament to settle the senior baseball championship of Canada in Chatham, N.B., last August, and this was the fifth game of a day that had seen crowds as big as 3,500. Now, however, when "the late show" began, only about 400 fans were still hanging in there.

They had nothing against Ontario, nothing personal anyway. But being Miramichiers, they were solidly behind the Newfoundlanders. After four innings, however, their favorites were down 5-0. Fans were leaving to find black rum to take the edge off the nippy air. Something had to be done. The chant began. "Go, Newfies, GO!" And Newfoundland came alive. They tied it in the fifth. Word spread. Carloads of fans roared back to the ball park to cheer on the underdogs.

Newfoundland fell behind but, not to worry, tied it in the seventh, 8-8. More chants. Newfoundland put two runners on in the top of the ninth, but couldn't score. Ontario got lucky, won it with a two-run homer at 3 a.m. Every-

one called it a night, gave the Newfoundlanders one last, mighty cheer. Chatham had just witnessed what might have become the first game in Canada ever to be called on account of daylight.

It had proved not only that Miramichiers have a great and instinctive love of Newfoundlanders, but that they also have a great and instinctive love of baseball. Add a dash of rum, and you have the ingredients of a noble night of baseball on the happy Miramichi. Baseball is the game in Chatham. The Chatham Ironmen have dominated baseball in Atlantic Canada for more than a decade. Since '67, they've won six N.B. titles, as well as regional championships. Since '75 they've played in four national tournaments, more often than any other single provincial team. They finished third in Vancouver in '75; second in Fredericton in '76; out of the money in Boissevain, Man., in '77; and at home in Chatham last summer, third. With a break or two in three of those tournaments, the Ironmen might have grabbed the gold.

More weird things can happen in baseball than in any other sport and, thanks to Chatham's long and glorious baseball fanaticism, the Ironmen know that better than most teams. As far back as 1853, "A Citizen" complained to the

local paper that "on the afternoon of the last Lord's Day...a gang of sailors and others amused themselves by playing ball in a large field back of the Wellington Road; and while the songs of praise from the choir of St. Mary's Church rose to the ears of Jehovah on the one hand, the bellowings and blasphemies of this gang was ascending on the other."

Chatham was also a pioneer of women's baseball. In 1891, two ladies' teams, definitely neglecting *dee-fence*, went wickedly at it on the diamond. The score: 100-23. The newspaper noted "some lively baserunning and some magnificent errors." No, I don't know what "a magnificent error" is either, but it must be fun. No one knows the fun of baseball more than your sporting Miramichier. A revealing symbol of Chatham's attitude to baseball was a sign that Ken Cripps, a onetime Ironman, used to hang outside his locked barbershop on sunny afternoons. It said: "Gone Playing Ball."

Such a sign might infuriate people in some communities, people who just haven't got their priorities straight, people who might actually be looking for a haircut during so-called business hours. Miramichiers, however, do have their priorities straight. They'd know instantly that they were in the wrong place, that they shouldn't be standing outside a barbershop, that they should be at the ball park, sitting back and enjoying God's good sun and great blue skies.

Sunshine, blue skies, golden suds and green grass, of course, are not the only concerns in Chatham. In some respects it's still a 19th-century town that gets by on various small businesses with no large industry to speak of (or swear at). It's not handsomely off, but the town council prides itself on the way it operates in the black. Chatham may not be exactly Fat City but everyone appears happy.

A focal point of this happiness is local baseball. A superb junior program feeds the Ironmen with players, and the town fathers know baseball's importance. If the Ironmen win a title out of town, there's always a tremendous parade, led by fire trucks and police. With sirens blaring, bells clanging, horns blowing, the victorious Ironmen roll through town. The players whoop and wave to everyone. They know everyone and everyone knows them. It's a grand time. You could look it up. Any day now, an umpire will again shout the historic command: "Play ball."

— Dave Butler



Sirens blaring, victorious Chatham Ironmen roll through town

Can blind athletes compete? Sure they can

But lack of money and recognition can be a bigger handicap than lack of sight

Track coach Dave Fraser and a half-dozen runners meet at a Halifax gym for practice twice every week. They're serious athletes—two hold world records—and they're blind. In June, they'll compete in Arnhem, Holland, at the Olympics for the Physically Disabled. But it's not the world marathon title for the blind that 25-year-old Rodney Hersey really wants, it's the world marathon title *period*. Runner Paul English, 24, wants a shot at the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics.

Hersey trains six hours a day and says running is "the major part of my life." He says it's unfair that sighted people regard sports for the disabled as "a Sunday-school picnic." For him, it's serious stuff. A commerce grad who

Moreover, even our own organizations for the blind did little to bolster enthusiasm for sports. Dave Fraser of the N.S. Blind Sports Association—and track coach of the 16-member Canadian team competing in Holland—still carries with him a letter from a national president of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind (CNIB) opposing competitive sports. It's a reminder that the battle for blind athletes hasn't been won. Relations between the CNIB and the Nova Scotia group have recently improved, but they're far from perfect. Some blind athletes say that if they've progressed it's in spite of the CNIB. Keith Dillman of the CNIB Halifax office admits the CNIB puts more emphasis on recreation than on competitive sports but says the two don't necessarily conflict.

The Canadian Blind Sports Association is a national organization of volunteers. Except for Newfoundland and Labrador, where a disbanded group plans a revival, it's active throughout the Atlantic region. Margaret Armour, president of the 35-member Nova Scotia association,

wants to see integration among blind and sighted athletes, but until the public recognizes the excellence of blind athletes that's unlikely to come about. She herself runs outdoors with the blind. At first, this was scary. "First, you overreact," she says. "Then you forget to mention a curb coming up." Icy winters are specially tough.

The blind can swim, wrestle, and enter track-and-field events, but many fear competition. Dave Fraser says, "They don't get challenges and aren't expected to compete." He blames Halifax's school for the blind (Sir Frederick Fraser School), which serves the whole Atlantic region, and the CNIB for both isolating the blind and not asking much of them. In the early Seventies, he

worked at the school as a counsellor. Some students, unhappy with the phys-ed program, asked him to coach hockey. That didn't work out, so they tried wrestling and running.

Margaret Armour thinks competitive sports give the blind a boost that's not only physical but also social. Blind athletes now travel to meets across Canada, the U.S. and Europe, and attend banquets and parties. For Dave Fraser, however, none of this is quite enough. He claims the national office of the Canadian Blind Sports Association "doesn't treat them like athletes," even though the office recognizes their startling improvement. Fraser says the goal is nothing less than integration.

Still, there's been progress. Prince Edward Island has six integrated goal-ball teams. Most team sports are unsuitable for the visually handicapped, but goal ball is an exception. It was designed for them. It's played with a 10-pound ball with bells attached. Sighted players wear blindfolds. New Brunswick has won the national goal-ball title twice.

But money remains a problem. Though the feds support national teams, the athletes often have to pay too. That denies some a chance to compete. Nova Scotia provides ad hoc funding but the provincial Recreation Department is working on a better way to deal with disabled sports groups.

Among Atlantic provinces, only Nova Scotia is sending blind athletes to the games in Holland. Since the school for the blind is in Halifax, Nova Scotia has more blind athletes than the other provinces. Don Connolly, former vice-president of the Newfoundland Blind Sports Association, says jokingly, "You guys are robbing our great athletes."

Paul English, who once ran in the Boston Marathon, and up-and-comer Terry Kelly are Newfoundlanders who went to Halifax to attend school, and stayed. Swimmer Bernard Bessette, from Quebec, and runner Jacques Pilon, from Ontario, are other Halifax-based members of the national blind team. Canada won the last Olympics in the blind division but coach Fraser says that, this time, "it's going to be hard for our people." He's not keen on the one-month workout in Holland before the games because it might disorient the blind athletes. They themselves, however, seem more confident than him. English says, "Only a handful of sighted people in Halifax are training as hard as us." And Hersey believes the blind will soon win the right to enter the regular Olympics: "When people see we're good enough, they'll say, 'Why shouldn't they be allowed?'"

—Roma Senn

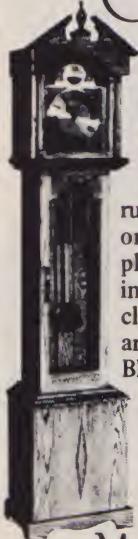


Left to right, Bill Morgan (sighted), Jacques Pilon (blind); and Terry Kelly (blind), keeping pace with Dave Fraser (sighted)

works as a piano tuner, he once cancelled a piano-tuning assignment because it conflicted with his running schedule. He holds a Canadian gold medal in pentathlon competition for the blind, and two world records.

Paul English started serious running seven years ago at university. "I didn't study much," he says, "so I had lots of free time." He is small, wiry, a natural runner. Until recently, however, few outlets existed for such athletes. The Olympics for the Physically Disabled (staged since 1960 to coincide with the more famous Olympics) excluded blind athletes till 1976. The Soviet Union still doesn't recognize disabled athletes, which is why Holland is host to the 1980 games for the disabled.

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Marilyn MacDonald's column

Who's the future elite? Journalists, that's who

Of course, it's a journalist who says so, but who are we to argue?

One thing journalists spend time moaning about to one another is how people don't really understand. Mostly, we mean the people who write letters to editors or program managers or who telephone TV or radio station switchboards to complain about us. They just don't understand. They don't understand about the panic of midnight deadlines when you're getting the current issue to press. The four-in-the-afternoon agony when your lead film story for the evening news falls apart. The guest who hasn't shown up for the 8:33 a.m. live radio interview which you'd slotted for 10 minutes because you knew he'd be so good. The cabinet minister who won't talk to you. The lady from the horticultural group who won't leave you alone. The pain.

I don't think there's a group of people anywhere hungrier for self-explanation and self-justification than journalists. And as the social pendulum swings inexorably to the right, and the attacks on us get more numerous and nastier, the hunger grows. Which may explain why the number of publications by journalists bent on telling how it really is also grows. (That, and the enthusiasm of publishers for having books on their spring lists by well-known media names. If the well-known names come with well-known faces or voices, all the better.) In fact, if there really are many people out there who still don't understand how it is, they just haven't been reading.

Peter Trueman has written a book called *Smoke and Mirrors*. The title refers to the theatre aspect of TV news presentation, something he knows a lot about. From an Atlantic region viewpoint, Trueman may be the least recognizable media personality in the country. That's because his chief television exposure has been (and is now) as anchorman for the Global TV news. Global, once talked about as the third national network, never moved much past Ontario.

Trueman went to Global in 1973 and, except for a short stint at CTV in '77, he's been there ever since. He's also been Washington correspondent for the *Montreal Star*, Ottawa reporter for

the *Toronto Star*, writer, reporter, and executive producer of *The National* on CBC-TV and head of TV daily news and information programming for the public network.

You'd expect him to have given a lot of consideration to media problems, and he has. They're all in the book: ENG (electronic news-gathering, to you), the morality of TV ads, the selling and unselling of politicians, invasion of privacy. The list never stops. He also seems to have this funny image of himself. "Television news is like strong drink," he says in the book, and also in the press release from his publisher, McClelland & Stewart. "When the madness is upon me, I can't imagine doing anything else." Sort of a Ronald Colman in upbeat Thirties press drag.

Trueman's insights are often intelligent, now and then silly, and not always consistent. On page 132, he sets down required skills for the first-rate TV reporter or correspondent. Among them, Trueman notes, "He has to love the language and be able to use it." Just two pages earlier, however, in a discussion of gossip as news (topics change with lightning speed in this book), he writes, "But language is only a minor facet of taste, and taste is only a footnote in the ethics of journalism."

Okey. It doesn't matter, because what you really get into in the book—what I think interested Trueman about writing it—is first, the opportunity to make a case for journalists (he slips into using the term "communicators" when he gets to this part) becoming the new social elite; and, second, the chance to settle a few old scores which, to judge by the glee in his attack, he's been gut-busting keen to do for ages.

There's a neat hatchet job on Knowlton Nash, now news reader for *The National*, but formerly head of information programming for CBC when Trueman was executive producer of the news. "Nash was not the originator of the CBC's organizational problems," Trueman writes, "but in my time, he did very little to solve them,



and he himself became something of a burden. When he finally made it out of the ranks of the correspondents' association and into senior management, it was as if a dam had burst...Nash...had...become addicted to memos. They flew out of his Kremlin office like flakes in a snowstorm....It was disconcerting when you were in the middle of trying to get one more newscast on the air to get a memo from Nash requiring all of your suggestions for news programming five years down the road."

But it's his forecasting of the future social order that warms the heart of this communicator. Trueman has read the entrails and they look pretty good for our ilk. Are you ready for this?

"There are signs," he writes, "that these communicators are the elite of the future, as the sociologists suggest. You see them, field producers and camera crews, thanks to their expense accounts, in the best hotels and restaurants all over the world. And they deserve it. They work incredible hours in difficult, often dangerous conditions. The best of them have very spotty family lives, for, like their bosses, the news must be everything. They used to be chosen people whose common denominators were hardship, stamina, skill, and bravery. In addition to that, now, they are just beginning to be an elite in terms of pay."

There's just that tiny reference to producers and camera crews to cause a twinge in the nerves of someone who, one year ago, switched from full-time broadcasting to full-time print journalism. But how reassuring to know I had the smarts to keep a toehold on the electronic tightrope. I'm all set, now. What's in store for the rest of you, I don't know. But, if you show the proper respect, I might put in a word. Or take you to lunch, on my expense account.



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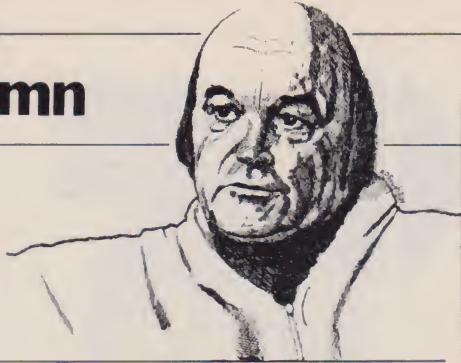
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When Egmont rejected this man, Canada lost



David MacDonald's defeat means Parliament needs "quality control"

It doesn't happen very often that the defeat of a politician in a general election prompts a national sense of loss. Less often, it must be said, when the defeated politician comes from Prince Edward Island.

On the night of the last federal election—which already seems a long time ago—as the returns were coming in from the east, the word that David MacDonald had lost his Egmont seat produced an involuntary groan from those of us who were seated in a Toronto television studio. Among both partisans and non-partisans, the loss of MacDonald to Canadian politics was a major downer of the night.

The former member for Egmont was altogether rare and special in the system, a man who spoke his mind, voted his conscience, and who was incapable of fudging his position on any

issue merely to protect his popularity. MacDonald stood almost alone, for example, against the government's conduct during the period of the so-called apprehended insurrection in Quebec, and he was later demoted from his place in the opposition shadow cabinet when he broke ranks to support the government against his party in a vote in the House.

His views on certain controversial matters, such as capital punishment, were not shared by many, but they were rooted in principle and held without rancor. He was a Red Tory, at least in social policy, and like Gordon Fairweather, the former member for Fundy-Royal, it was always something of a conjecture as to how long he could go on representing a constituency whose electors shared disparate opinions.

Not forever, as we have found out.

MacDonald's defeat takes nothing away from George Henderson, the Liberal who was elected, and who has his own worthy credentials for the job. Nor is any of this meant to second-guess the voters of Egmont who have as much right not to elect MacDonald as have the voters of Crowfoot not to elect Jack Horner. But it is to say that the Parliament of Canada has, at any given time, precious few members who are of independent mind and spirit and its impoverishment is now much greater.

The virtue of our parliamentary system is that it functions by the sanction of majorities. But having the numbers does not necessarily make things right. The problem with majority government is just that; and the only defence against the possible tyranny of the majority

is not in the numbers of those opposed, but in their quality. It is in that consideration wherein members of Parliament like MacDonald are so essential.

Presumably, that's why the results from Egmont on election night cast such a pall. A lot of people find it hard to accept the rough justice in the democratic process, as they find it difficult to give up the notion of a Parliament in which the quality of the opposition is no less than the quality of the government.

But it is rough justice and often indiscriminate. A goodly number of lesser men than David MacDonald—or George Henderson, for that matter—were elected last month and a greater number of able candidates went down the drain. It remains a puzzle to witness so much extravagant waste of good material in a business riddled with mediocrity.

The British, in their wisdom, do things better. It is the accepted practice of those parties with the longest experience in parliamentary democracy to reduce the waste by running the ablest candidates in the safest seats. But because of Canada's fetish for regionalism, provincialism, and even parochialism, it is considered a mark against a candidate in any constituency who might have been born even one mile outside the boundaries. We pay the price for it, in the quotient of party hacks, incompetents and drones elected to Parliament. Parachuting, accepted in Britain, has never really caught on here.

But there's good news. More people are now talking about reforming the system to incorporate some version of proportional representation—one way, that is, of improving upon the judgment of the voters by allowing for second thoughts and further choices. I suspect at least some of this enthusiasm for tinkering with the electoral process has been evoked by the result in Egmont. Many Canadians who had celebrated David MacDonald's presence in Parliament now mourn his absence. Their concern is understandable: There should be a way to maintain an element of quality control, no matter which party wins or loses.



MacDonald: Wasted, in a business "riddled with mediocrity"



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Keeping the peace between fishermen and whales

Nfld.'s struggle could be bigger news than the seal hunt

Nowhere could you look in the bay but you'd see six or seven whales," says Ellison Barfett, a fisherman in Salvage, Nfld. "They were as thick as trout jumping in a little gully on a calm evening. Across the bay, the spray from the whales shooting up so high would look like pine trees."

That was last summer in Bonavista Bay. Most of the whales were humpbacks, a protected species, off limits to whalers since 1955. Of the few thousand humpbacks left, several hundred turned up in Bonavista Bay last summer, along with unusually large numbers of finbacks. That was rich meat for scientists, but poison to fishermen. The whales threaten their livelihood, they threaten the whales and the whole problem threatens to blow into an international storm that will rival the seal hunt.

Hungry whales, mostly humpbacks, collide with cod traps and gillnets. Last year, they caused a quarter of a million dollars' damage to the gear. For the whales, it's no nicer. A small whale may break right through a cod trap, leaving the fisherman with a large hole to mend. Others get badly tangled in the heavily weighted gear; if they're not cut loose, they drown with it. Only half the 80 whales trapped in fishing gear last summer survived. A few were killed by frustrated fishermen. The rest drowned. Many fishermen may never recover from the financial loss because there is no program to compensate them.

"This is an emergency situation, but we've been trying since last August to get the government to listen," says Barfett. Whale-gear collisions have been worst in the eastern part of the island, devastating in St. Mary's and Bonavista bays. Barfett lost half of his 90 new groundfish gillnets to whales last summer. It cost him \$7,500. He tells of a five-man longliner crew, also in Bonavista Bay, who are virtually bankrupt: Late last season they were mortgaged to the hilt, with a new boat and new gear. Whales wiped out three-quarters of their nets. "They couldn't even pay their fuel bills with what was left, so they hauled up," says Barfett. "Now they're saddled with payments, no money for new nets, and if the Fisheries Loan

Board takes back the boat, what are they going to do—go on welfare?"

While governments and the fishermen's union agree compensation is warranted, they can't agree how to administer it. They're afraid of another bungle like the 1974 program for ice-damaged haddock gear, an administrative and economic disaster. Even if they settle on assistance this spring, it will be too late for fishermen who got burnt last year.

Humpbacks migrate from the warm Caribbean in early summer to the rich foodstocks of the North Atlantic, especially the swarms of capelin on the Grand Banks. But an offshore capelin fishery, opened in 1971 and already suspended, upset the pattern. Drastic capelin failures on the Grand Banks drove the whales inshore to the bays where the inshore fishery has intensified. "They're just like a pack of hungry wolves," says Barfett.

Dr. Jon Lien of Memorial University is a third party to the whale-fishermen dispute. An animal behaviorist, Lien usually studies a seabird called the Leach's petrel, small enough to hold in his hand. Now he's dropped everything to pursue some of the world's largest



Researchers, fishermen free dead whale

and most mythologized creatures.

Lien's whale research group, under contract to the federal Fisheries and Oceans Department, has produced a set of simple tools—modified grapnels for hooking, hauling and cutting lines away from trapped whales. A toll-free phone-in service takes messages from fishermen with whales caught in their gear. This year he plans to distribute "release kits" to fishermen, who can react more quickly than a crew from St. John's. Some scientists think he's meddling because he isn't a whale biologist, but Lien and his colleagues are saving gear, keeping whales alive, cooling tempers and working on ways to cut down on collisions. They're doing it because no one else was.

Along the way, Lien has amassed mountains of information about humpbacks and other whales in cold northern waters where tough research conditions have left them largely unstudied. Cooperative longliner crews have filled dozens of little black diaries with whale sightings. Lien has recorded hours of humpbacks talking, singing, sounding, and he has noted the behavior of "standby whales" which often stay near an entrapped whale during its distress, apparently for comfort. "It's very valuable data," Lien says. "We're publishing like mad."

Other trouble is brewing. Brian Davies's Massachusetts-based International Fund for Animal Welfare has launched an anti-whaling campaign aimed at Canada. It is exploiting Newfoundland's collision problem to press the point. Full-page ads in *The New York Times* and circulars make liberal use of news clippings in which Newfoundlanders appear to be pressing Ottawa for the right to hunt whales. There is no mention of the gear conflict and its economic side effects.

Lien worries that a flare-up with Davies, much unloved in Newfoundland for his anti-sealing tactics, could destroy the goodwill he is trying to build between scientists and fishermen. "If he identifies with whales," Lien conjectures, "people will hate whales more."

With or without Brian Davies, the outcome is uncertain. Capelin stocks appear to be recovering, but the whales may be slow about moving back to the Banks. Lien's approach, meanwhile, is fairly simple: Fishermen and whales are both better off if an entrapped whale gets away alive and both are better off if they don't collide in the first place. Easier said than done, says Ellison Barfett, but "much as I hate them, I certainly wouldn't want to see them go completely."

—Amy Zierler

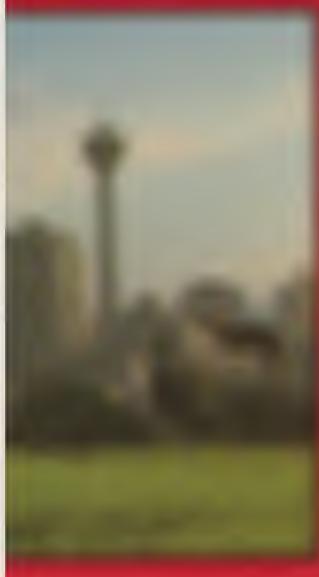
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The Canadian Journey

Rivers of Memory,
River of Dreams





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In the introduction to that book, my father wrote: "Of all the natural resources of Canada, the greatest is its people." That premise is as valid now as it was then. Nonetheless, when we examine Canada today, we find a perplexing contrast. We are as blessed with freedom and material well-being as any nation on earth. But realistically, new — and often difficult — relationships have emerged in our social and political order. Their intensity has caused us all to reflect on two vital subjects: who are we and where are we going?

As a concerned corporate citizen, Seagram asked an outstanding group of journalists and photographers to address these questions in terms of our strengths, our weaknesses and our opportunities. Leading this team were, as editorial director, John M. Scott, former editor of *Time Canada* and now that magazine's Canadian correspondent, on leave of absence for this project; and Alan Grossman, a writer of wide journalistic experience here and abroad.

The quality of this work has prompted us to give it wide distribution in English and in French through a variety of Canadian magazines and by mail in both Canada and the United States. We hope that it will bring new insights to those who read and discuss it.

Our country is, after all, one of great accomplishment. For years Canada has been regarded throughout the world as a bright star in the galaxy of nations. Ours is a unique opportunity to reach together for greatness — and to achieve it. With compassionate hearts and open minds, let us dare to explore unrealized horizons as we pursue The Canadian Journey.

Charles R. Bronfman

March 1980.

The Canadian Journey

Rivers of Memory,
River of Dreams

Bangkok. A *Rockefeller Foundation* conference on economic and cultural affairs in the Pacific. A Canadian Senator has just spoken and asks for questions. "The essence of the questioning," British Columbia's Jack Austin reports later to the Senate, "was 'what's happening to Canada? We do not understand how such a country can be doing itself so much damage. Why are so many Canadians so unhappy about their country?'"

New York. A banquet of the *International Chamber of Commerce*. The after-dinner speaker is former U.S. Commerce Secretary Peter Peterson, and the after-dinner joke is about Canada. Canadians, he says, thought their country would have the best of everything: American efficiency, French culture, and British government. What they ended up with instead is American culture, a French style of government, and British efficiency.

It is a cause of genuine wonder abroad that Canadians should appear to have lost their bearings. Canadians, of all people — so blessed with space and natural treasure, with political freedom and social stability. To others perhaps even more than to themselves, Canada's possibilities have always seemed to be as limitless as the far horizon.

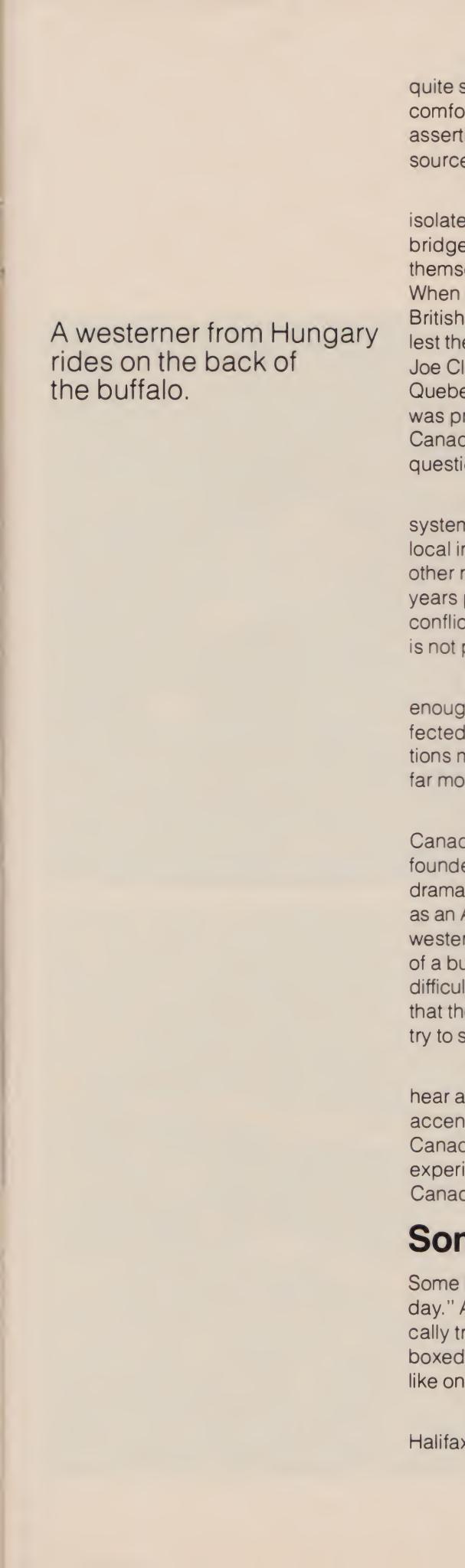
The horizon appears suddenly to have narrowed, even with the brief afterglow of the Tehran "embassy caper." Certainly it has in much else of what Canadians have been reading about themselves. "Hapless Canada" declares a title in *Harper's*. "A House Divided" proclaimed another in *Newsweek*. At home, a worried study from academia asks the ultimate question: *Must Canada Fail?* The answer from the country's political establishment is not always reassuring. Last year, the federal government's Task Force on Canadian Unity issued a report that uncovered not only "a protracted state of crisis" in Canada, but "a crisis of existence itself" and "a crisis graver than any it has known before." For good measure, the report managed to repeat the word "crisis" three times more in three successive paragraphs.

To a good many Canadians, all of this may well seem too much crisis-mongering by thrice, portraying a country in which they hardly recognize themselves. For measured by the remarkable distance they have come in just two decades — or the problems that burden nine-tenths of the world — Canadians are coming into their own as never before. It is not only Quebecers who feel more in control of their own lives. The rich resources of western Canada are at long last giving that region a foundation for economic security, and its growing population a new claim to political power. With Canada's expanded 200-mile offshore limit, the wealth of the seas is helping to create a fresh dawn of opportunity for many Atlantic Canadians. While Ontario is no longer cushioned by cheap energy, it has provided jobs for the Western industrialized world's fastest-growing labour force, including the many thousands of immigrants who have helped transform once parochial Toronto into one of North America's more livable cities. And just last year, marinated buffalo meat and *pirogis* were served at Ottawa's Rideau Hall after Parliament was opened by a new Governor General — the first of neither French nor British origin.



Square-dancing in North Battleford, Sask.
(top); village fête at Cap Santé, Que.





A westerner from Hungary rides on the back of the buffalo.

There is an enormously healthy common denominator in all of this. It is quite simply that more Canadians than ever are feeling, as the Québécois say, comfortable in their own skin. That more Canadians than ever are enjoying, and asserting, opportunities for fulfillment in the diverse parts of the country is a source of strength to be celebrated rather than a development to be decried.

Yet Canada sometimes gives the impression of being a collection of isolated medieval city states that have abruptly decided to pull up the drawbridges. In the Northwest Territories, the Indians of the Mackenzie Valley call themselves the Dene Nation, and demand recognition of their "sovereignty." When Canadian Pacific Investments tried to buy MacMillan Bloedel, the huge British Columbia forest products company, B.C.'s premier banned the takeover lest the company "lose its B.C. identity." During his brief prime ministry, when Joe Clark declared that he had no plans to participate personally in the Quebec referendum campaign because he is "not a resident of Quebec," he was probably tactically wise. But he nonetheless left the impression that for Canada's Prime Minister to do so would amount to an intrusion — even on a question vital to the future of all of the country.

Quite obviously, a rush of change has placed Canada and its federal system under serious strain. The danger is that, as Canadians pursue their local interests and identities, they find themselves on a collision course with other regions and communities whose aspirations differ from their own. In years past, Canadians could pursue their own goals relatively insulated from conflict in a vast country stretching across five time zones. Now such isolation is not possible.

Canada's federal and provincial governments are no longer small enough that the average citizen can ignore their presence — or remain unaffected by their rivalries. What is more, a revolutionary new era of communications means that Canada's different regions and cultural communities are now far more conscious of who they are — and of what others have that they do not.

Amid the welter of claims, what is all too easily lost sight of is the idea of Canada itself. John Hirsch, who came to Canada from Hungary in 1947, co-founded Winnipeg's Manitoba Theatre Centre and later was head of television drama at the CBC in Toronto. "In Quebec now," Hirsch has said, "I am regarded as an Anglo-Saxon, which I find hard to believe. In Toronto, I'm looked upon as a westerner in spite of my Hungarian accent — I am expected to ride on the back of a buffalo. When I go to Edmonton, I am called an easterner. I find it terribly difficult, and I don't know where the hell I fit in as a *Canadian*." Hirsch concluded that there are "two ways to cope with it as a human being — to run away, or to try to stretch one's self."

To stretch one's self... This is the challenge for Canadians now: to hear and to understand one another. That new voices are speaking up, in new accents, is not to be feared but welcomed. For it means, quite simply, that Canada is growing up. It is only by understanding the many rivers of Canadian experience, and the memories they carry of past hurts and future hopes, that Canadians will be able to discover the confluence of their dreams.

Some Folks Aren't Leaving Anymore

Some East Coast fishermen say that if you fish long enough, you'll "get your day." Atlantic Canadians have been fishing for a mighty long time in economically troubled waters. Today, however, more and more of them no longer feel boxed in by a regional past which too often since Confederation has seemed like one long decline.

The Maritimes were a pre-Confederation hub of British North America; Halifax was not only an important British military garrison, but a flourishing port

Clockwise from left: Drilling for oil near Sable Island, N.S.; busy Halifax container port; bountiful mackerel catch off Nova Scotia.



just off the Great Circle Route of North Atlantic shipping. Maritimers in those days were shipbuilders to the world.

Even after its economic fortunes declined, the region continued to turn out a disproportionate share of Canada's most influential politicians, business leaders and scholars. The difficulty, of course, was that Atlantic Canadians usually had to leave to make it. But that has begun to change for many of them. During the past decade, for the first time since World War II, more people moved into the Atlantic provinces than moved out.

Everybody is a somebody
but who in the hell do you
think you are?

These days, the noon gun of the Citadel booms out over a Halifax much changed from the mid-1960s. Today, there are new container port facilities, a revived waterfront bustling with life, and a world-class ocean research centre in the Bedford Institute. The city's unemployment rate has been below Toronto's in recent years, and suburbs like Bedford and Sackville are among the fastest growing communities in the country. Whether it is drinks and conversation at the Jury Room, dinner at Fat Frank's or a performance at Dalhousie's Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, an evening out is far livelier than it was in the rather dead and dowdy Halifax of the "out-migration" era.

The best-publicized part of the in-migration is the "Small Is Beautiful" crowd. Some of them are Maritimes-born "come-back-homes" disenchanted with the central Canadian urban rat race. It is all reassuringly 1960-ish, from the artists' and writers' colonies at carefully preserved Nova Scotia fishing villages like Duncan's Cove, to bearded entrepreneurs like Halifax's "Banana Man," whose red wagon selling homemade "Natural Banana Ice Creamy" is a familiar summer sight outside the public library. *Atlantic Insight*, one of Canada's new crop of glossy regional magazines, calls its newsmagazine-style People section "Folks." Its editor, the former Toronto journalist Harry Bruce, celebrates what he calls "a beautifully intimate society where everybody is a somebody."

"Inside those nicely weathered shingles in Duncan's Cove," objects an old-line Haligonian, "you'll find just another Toronto town house. They are a bunch of Upper Canadian elitists, here because of the scenery, not the people." A more serious reservation is that Halifax's economic revival is "a total illusion," as Lyndon Watkins, a regional economic writer, argues. "It's the result of grants and transfer payments from a federal government that gets out its cheque-book and pushes dollars down our throats, because it is too busy to understand what real economic development is."

Halifax is in economic bloom partly because it has emerged as a regional centre. The city's role is resented in other Atlantic provinces; even in places like Yarmouth and Sydney, Haligonians are apt to be greeted with the familiar Nova Scotia phrase "who in the hell do you think you are, anyway?"

In contrast to Halifax, Atlantic unemployment rates in many areas remain among the country's highest. The region also has its share of monuments to the shortcomings of some of the hundreds of separate Atlantic development projects. The white elephants include New Brunswick's Bricklin automobile; Newfoundland's Come-By-Chance refinery, one of the largest bankruptcies in Canada's history; and Nova Scotia's accident-prone Glace Bay heavy water plant. Glace Bay officially opened in 1967, but sea water rusted its pipes when it was shut down by technical problems. After a long hiatus, it was finally relaunched and now provides 427 jobs. Given the monumental subsidies that went into the plant, the cost works out to nearly \$750,000 a job.

There are few areas of Canada without monuments to the futility of trying to bring industrial development to places too distant from markets or resources. An excellent reason for the upbeat mood among many Atlantic Canadians these days is the increasing importance of the resources the region does have — and of some it didn't even know it had — in and beneath the waters of Canada's newly expanded offshore limits.

Toronto's glimmering skyline at dusk.



Two years ago, for the first time, Canada surpassed Norway to become the world's leading fish exporter — and the income of many Atlantic fishermen has doubled in just the last five years. Off the coast of Nova Scotia, companies are drilling for oil and natural gas deposits, and Newfoundland has been abuzz with the possibility of what financial page writers call "North Sea-sized" offshore oil deposits.

Oil is a chancy game but that hardly seemed to matter in St. John's. They were snapping up oil stocks, and speculating in real estate, at such a pace that one government official warned islanders not to drown themselves "in a tide of hysteria." But just in case, Premier Brian Peckford took the precaution of assuring Newfoundlanders, and warning everyone else, that when the wells come in, they will be controlled "from St. John's, not from New York or Calgary or Halifax." The extraordinary sign of the times in the premier's comment is surely that he didn't even mention Toronto.

The Fat Cat Has His Doubts

The traditional Canadian power centre that former Premier Leslie Frost used to call "good old Ontario" is no longer so certain of its star in the heavens. Frost, to be sure, sometimes seemed the only Canadian with a kind word to say about the place. For more than a century, Ontario has been vocally resented or secretly envied, a sort of national comic-strip character called King Konfederation. "We can't have breakfast in the morning without paying profits to some firm in Ontario," Newfoundland's former Premier Joey Smallwood used to complain. "When we get out of bed, the very bed we get out of came from Ontario. And when we step down on the floor, the carpet, if we are rich enough, or the linoleum, or the old-fashioned canvas — that came from Ontario too!"

In addition to the complaint of economic domination, there was the cultural domination of English-speaking Canada by a southern Ontario so parochial that University of Toronto professor Northrop Frye once described it as "one of the most brutally inarticulate communities in human history." Less than two decades ago, Toronto The Good still seemed doomed by a prophecy made earlier in this century by visiting British poet Rupert Brooke. Toronto, he declared, "will always be what it is, only larger."

That had all started to change by the 1970s, when Toronto suddenly was delighted to find itself displayed on the covers of foreign magazines as "the most successful big city in North America." Many good burghers of the city were outraged in 1966 when an abstract sculpture by Henry Moore, *The Archer*, was unveiled in the downtown civic square. As a measure of change, the world's major Henry Moore collection is now among the Art Gallery of Ontario's most popular exhibitions.

In addition to culturally joining the world, Torontonians are even culturally joining Canada. In the 1960s, Toronto looked down its nose at nearly everywhere else in Canada. In its theatre lately, some of the most popular productions reflect themes from all over the country. Among them are rural Ontario's *The Donnellys*, Western Canada's *Paper Wheat* and *The Ecstasy of Rita Joe*, the Newfoundland satirical review *Codco*, and the plays of Michel Tremblay and David Fennario from Montreal.

But just when Toronto is becoming more of what a cultural metropolis ought to be, better reflecting the diversity of the country, it has begun to get the gnawing feeling that the country may no longer care. Its longtime closest provincial associate, Quebec, and the federal government, appeared to spend most of the past three years preoccupied with the Quebec referendum. Economically, the power and glory, along with the money, seem to be drifting west. And it is not only the national landscape that is changing, for Toronto is worried that its own urban success story is getting decidedly frayed around the edges. These days it just never seems to stop raining on Toronto's parade.

Pumping heat into heavy-oil deposits
at Cold Lake, Alta.
View of Calgary's downtown.



In fact, Toronto and southern Ontario should cheer up, for most of their problems are those of success; they come with the territory. Some arise from the more cosmopolitan nature of today's Toronto. There are deplorable conflicts between the metropolitan police force and racial minorities, but this may not be altogether uncommon in a city which has attracted so many new immigrants. Today, no less than half the school-age population speaks English only as a second language.

While life is a little more complicated, it continues to have its rewards. When they aren't busy worrying about *The Way They Were*, Torontonians have been enjoying their new major league baseball team, their restaurants (which are still improving), and looking forward to concert-going at a brand-new Massey Hall. The city's schools and social services are still among the finest of any large North American city.

As for the economic storms of recent years, few major industrialized regions have flown through them with less turbulence. Ontario still produces nearly all of Canada's automotive products, well over half of its iron and steel, electrical and machinery industries products. Nearly half of Canada's finance, insurance and real estate transactions — and 81% of its stock exchange trading — take place in southern Ontario. The province last year employed just under 40% of Canada's work force, and paid 53% of its corporate income taxes. In other words, the "Fat Cat of Confederation" is still plump.

"Why all this sourness and discontent?" asks Ottawa's Simon Reisman, a former federal deputy finance minister. "Why all the screaming and hollering that Ontario is going to the dogs? Yes, there's a shift to the West, and some of it is at the expense of Ontario. But many of the needs for an economically developing West will be bought in Ontario anyway."

Maybe so, but good old Ontario still worries. The fretfulness these days resembles that of rural Ontario about a century ago when another westward exodus, of Ontario farmers settling new land on the Prairies, brought intimations of wrack and ruin. The mood, then and now, is captured in a song that Ontario's farm girls used to sing in the 1880s, as their young men left for a booming West:

*One by one they all clear out,
Thinking to better themselves, no doubt,
Caring little how far they go
From the poor little girls of Ontario.*

A Star on the Dressing Room Door

Calgary is surely the only major North American city where, as a reflection of its cow-town past, auto expressways are still called Trails. The most travelled trails lead downtown to the west end, now the world's third largest oil industry headquarters, after Houston and London, England. Against the backdrop of the Rocky Mountains, the city's skyline is dominated not so much by its oil company skyscrapers, as by construction cranes building new ones.

As might be expected, Calgary is the kind of city where you can buy a \$10,000 desk ornament such as a four-inch working model of an oil well rocker pump in 18 carat gold. Auto dealers sell impressive numbers of the big gas guzzlers that people elsewhere no longer seem to want. Toronto's two leading art dealers, Mira Godard and Walter Moos, have both opened Calgary branches, which one Toronto critic archly refers to as "petro-galleries."

Much of Calgary's loose change and street kinetics is provided by an oil industry which, despite overwhelming U.S. ownership, has more national staffing and management than does any oil industry outside the United States. It is a world of billion-dollar capital investment commitments, and nerve-tingling

Who cares about the poor little girls of Ontario?



challenges like drilling through thick ice packs in Arctic seas. "We make as many decisions in a week as most businessmen make in a lifetime," says one oil executive.

They also live pretty well. A top oil man typically arrives at his tower office at 7:30 a.m., perhaps in a Mercedes 450 SEL. Lunch, at the Ranchmen's Club or a "Derrick Sandwich" at the Petroleum, begins precisely at noon and ends precisely an hour later — both to get back to the telephone before offices close in the East, and because Calgary business lunches really are business lunches. The chief executive may have a twin-engined King Air or Apache available for field trips. It can also whisk him away Friday afternoon to a fourwheel drive waiting at "the ranch," say 1,000 acres of freehold land in the elegantly rolling Rocky foothills of the Priddis-Turner Valley-Black Diamond area.

For ordinary Albertans, oil prosperity is reflected in the fact that Edmonton levies the lowest provincial taxes in Canada. In fact, taxes seem more a moral than a financial necessity. "We could virtually wipe out taxes in Alberta," the province's treasurer, Louis Hyndman, once explained. "But we are keeping them at present levels so people will realize that government services *do* take money." Besides paying for the upkeep of the largest public service, per capita, of any province in Canada, and for a few purchases like its own airline (Pacific Western), the provincial government last year retired the capital debt of every municipality in Alberta.

To Canadians outside Alberta, the best-known destination for provincial surpluses is the \$6.2 billion Alberta Heritage Trust Fund, currently expected to be worth well over \$30 billion by the end of this decade. The fund has lent hundreds of millions to other provinces, and Premier Peter Lougheed has even offered loans to the federal government. More remarkably, with about \$5 billion in regular circulation (including \$3 billion from the Heritage Fund), the Alberta Treasury has become the largest single lender on the country's short-term money market — larger, by far, than any of those big "eastern" banks.

In Calgary alone last year, people were arriving at the rate of 2,100 per month. As Canadians have done ever since Confederation, they are sharing one of the great opportunities their country offers: mobility within a vast trans-continental federation.

Another thing many eastern Canadians share these days is the myth, inspired by all the tales of wealth, that there is a single entity that might be called Oil West. But even in Calgary itself, a block or two from the oil company towers, shabby lobbies of hotels like the Calgarian ("No Visitors After 9," "Pay In Advance") are crowded with idle Indians, whose Alberta unemployment rates are as high as 80%. And despite the importance of the oil boom, Calgary remains a Prairie grain and cattle centre as well. Within the city, railway tracks pass pens crammed with lowing cattle. Motorists leaving downtown along a neon-lit expressway still drive by wheat pool grain elevators before reaching city limits.

Away from Calgary, most parts of western Canada resemble the Oil West myth even less. Nor do they resemble one another.

Literally speaking, Saskatchewan is neither an island society like Newfoundland, nor one which speaks its own language like Quebec. Even so, figuratively it seems to be both — a society with bedrock social arrangements very much its own. It was nearly 40 years ago that Saskatchewan elected the first socialist government in North America. Well before that, the province helped create the wheat pools, and a credit union and cooperative movement which is still pervasive. On just one street corner in Maple Creek, like so many banks, there are a co-op gas station, co-op shopping centre and co-op lumber and feed centre.

"This highly developed sense of community," as Regina lawyer Morris Shumatcher calls it, remains entrenched partly because Saskatchewan is still so predominantly agricultural. Many public servants, professionals and skilled workers remain so attached to the family farm that government departments and even the multi-billion-dollar potash industry plan work schedules around the seeding and harvesting seasons. These are not the only roots that endure. Larry Brown, executive director of the 14,000-member Saskatchewan Government Employees Association, says of the provincial capital of Regina: "This is still one of the few places I know where people vehemently argue politics at a purely social gathering, and then burst into the chant 'God Damn the CPR.'"

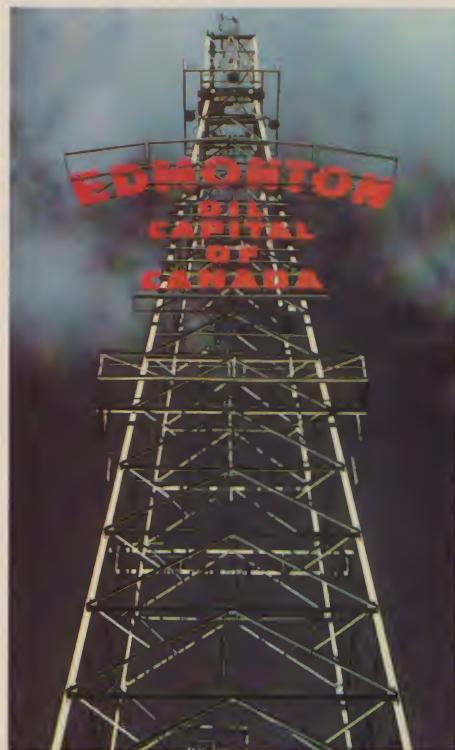
In Vancouver, cocktail conversation can be equally distinctive. Last fall West Vancouver property owners on Sentinel Hill were greatly concerned by 20% to 30% depreciations in property values — because the stately Douglas fir and cedar trees, which helped attract them there in the first place, had grown so tall they were blocking their views of Vancouver harbour. Yet in contrast with some parts of California, wealth is not required to enjoy "Beautiful British Columbia." Middle-income Vancouverites pilot their small boats through the Gulf of Georgia, watching bald eagles soar overhead, and stop to catch salmon, dig for clams and oysters, or lower crab traps at the Gulf Islands. Vancouver has also begun to create a vibrant city life that may one day match its stunning geographic setting.

Without doubt, Vancouver's Good Life and Alberta's oil boom make millions of eastern Canadians highly suspicious of "western grievances" and

~We could virtually
wipe out taxes but that
would be immoral.

Clockwise from top left: Smokestacks on Edmonton's Refinery Row; Inuit worker at Tuktoyaktuk, N.W.T.; bulldozing sulphur extracted from natural gas north of Calgary; mining the tar sands at Fort McMurray, Alta.





"western demands." What the West is grieving about becomes much easier to understand elsewhere in the region, in the mining and resource-based towns strung across western Canada, especially in the north. Isolated, often wholly dependent on a single natural resource, they are typical of the economic realities of much of western Canada's history. Theirs has never been a good life to depend on.

At first it never seems that way, since every bust begins with a boom. Right now, for example, Alberta's Fort McMurray is heading for the high point of the cycle. Its population has increased more than six-fold to 28,000 in just the past decade. There, the development of northern Alberta's vast tar sands has attracted workers from as far afield as Newfoundland, along with Ukrainian farmers' sons from Saskatchewan and bearded Mennonites from Manitoba. Often they live in trailers, and find so little to do that when a worker says he's "going out," it may mean he is flying to Edmonton for the weekend.

But more and more Fort McMurray residents are buying \$75,000 homes, building churches and putting down the roots of community organizations. "I've been working up here for two years now," says Alec Zinfandel, a father of two from Saint John, N.B., employed as a heavy equipment operator. "This is my home, and I think I'll stay here." But what will happen to workers like Zinfandel or to their children, pessimists wonder, if tar sands oil ever again becomes uneconomic? The same thing, no doubt, that happened in British Columbia's Cariboo country when the gold petered out and places such as Barkerville became Hollywood Western ghost towns. Or in more recent years to scores of Saskatchewan communities where people simply abandoned their homes and moved away when a grain elevator and railway branch line shut down.

The sad cycle is familiar in areas of eastern Canada as well, where the closing of a plant, or a sudden shift in far-off world commodity markets, can wipe out the economy of a community or of a whole area. But what has always given the problem particular poignancy in western Canada — and helps to explain the hard edge of today's western demands — is the Dirty Thirties.

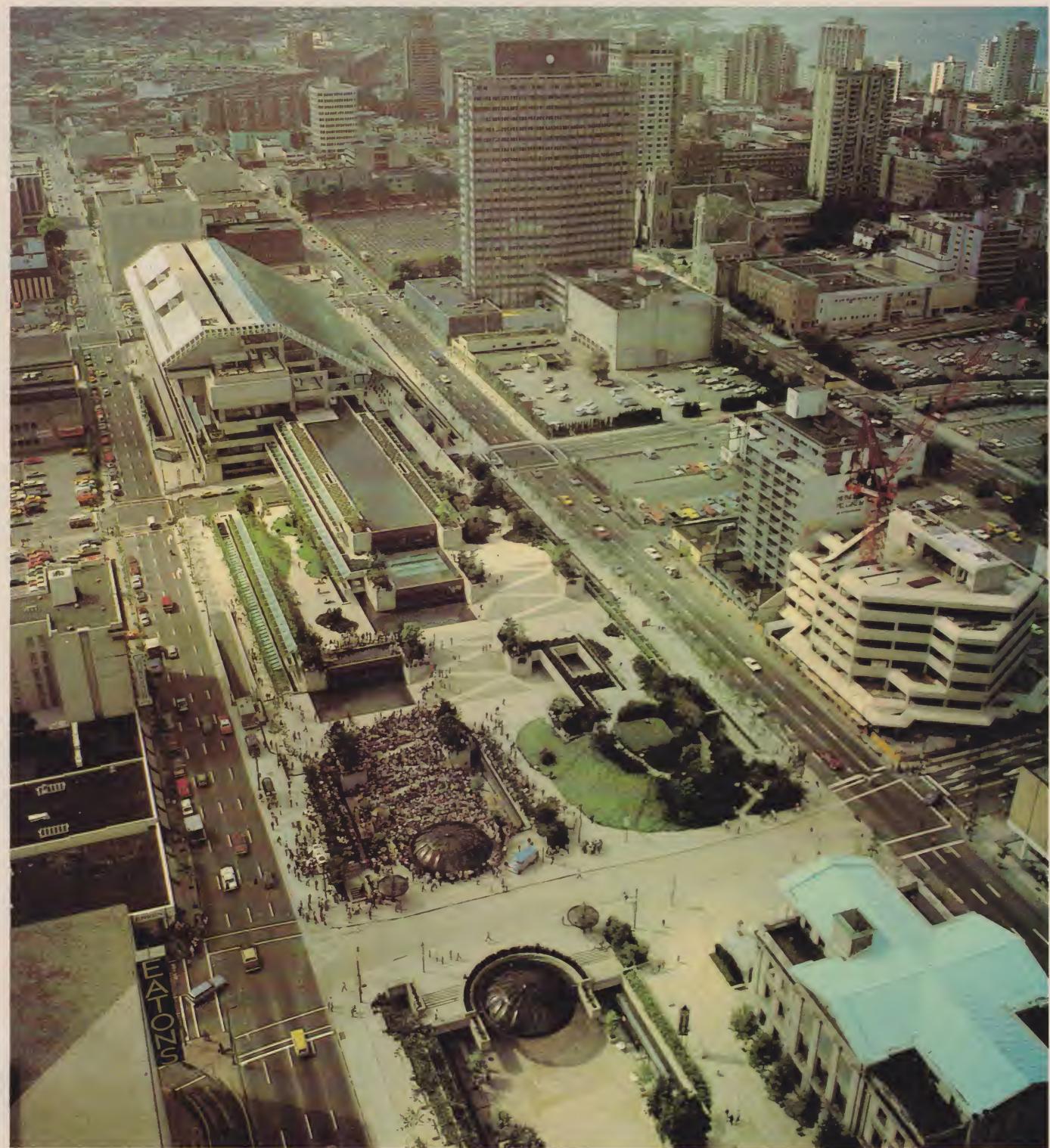
In the 1920s, much as today, eastern Canadians envied the Prairies, which had become the booming, prosperous "Granary of the Empire." Then came the 1929 world economic crash, plus the unprecedented devastation of a decade-long drought. About half of the people in cities like Winnipeg, Regina and Calgary went on relief. Outside the cities, children were unable to go to school because they had no winter clothing. Farm mothers cut up their husbands' worn-out denim overalls to make brassieres for themselves and moccasins for their children. Much of rural western Canada became a cashless economy.

Charles Clark, father of the former Prime Minister and retired publisher of the weekly *High River Times*, remembers bartering subscriptions for chickens. "The necessity of survival broke down barriers between people," he recalls. "In the West, we had to come together. Anywhere you stopped was home — you slept on the floor; you were friends and understood each other."

It is tempting to see many of today's political and business leaders in the West as a generation haunted by ghosts of the 1930s and determined that it shall never happen again. To many eastern ears, economic complaints from an apparently thriving West have an exaggerated, show business ring. But economic prosperity based on exhaustible resources is very much like show business. As the old Irving Berlin song goes, one day "on your dressing room they've hung a star." But the next night the whole show folds.

Unless, that is, western Canada develops a broader, more secure economic base, not tied solely to oil or other non-renewable resources. Westerners believe that all of Canada would benefit if the West had a more permanent base for economic development. Just as firm is their contention

Architect Arthur Erickson's new Vancouver courthouse.



that achieving it will require from the rest of Canada changes in national policies — and perhaps a whole new way of looking at the country.

As many westerners see it, central Canada still views the West as an empty hinterland supplying raw resources to a populous and industrialized Ontario-Quebec heartland. It is a complaint almost as old as Confederation when, as every schoolchild knows, the Fathers were indeed preoccupied with industrializing central Canada.

Today's western Canada is no one's hinterland any longer. It is the home of nearly one Canadian out of three, and flourishing with creativity in business, government and the arts. In Alberta's capital, the Edmonton Opera Association sells out all 2,700 seats for every performance, and has a waiting list for season tickets. Many buffs consider Edmonton's Citadel to be a theatre without peer in the country. At one point, the *Edmonton Journal's* busy arts critic, Keith Ashwell, paused to count, and calculated that he had attended no fewer than 136 theatre, music and gallery openings in the course of a year. Soon all of Canada will become a beneficiary of the West's new cultural heft. The Alberta government has promised to distribute free to 23,000 schools and 3,600 libraries across the country the new three-million-word Canadian encyclopedia that Edmonton publisher Mel Hurtig has begun preparing for 1984 or 1985.

Despite the international celebrity of such westerners as the late painter William Kurelek and architect Arthur Erickson, western Canadians believe easterners are unaware that anything much besides oil and wheat fields lies beyond Thunder Bay. Otherwise, ask westerners (in a complaint familiar to many other Canadians as well), why would a CBC television network news program that calls itself "The National," broadcast stories about a garbage strike in a Toronto suburb?

The more serious complaint is that national policies of a century ago are no longer appropriate to a very different Canada and a more mature western region. What the West's litany of policy grievances — whether on tariffs, transportation or resource taxation — most importantly boils down to is one deeply-held conviction. It is that longstanding federal policies are holding back western economic development, particularly of a more diversified industrial base.

For example, Ottawa has always seemed to westerners far less successful at negotiating favourable trade terms for export industries *they* want to develop (such as petrochemicals and food processing) than at perpetuating the 19th century protective tariffs that safeguard central Canada's manufacturing industries. As Alberta's former Premier Harry Strom used to complain, "We see the logic of protecting infant industries. But some of the 'infants' are now 80 years of age — and we are tired of paying their pensions."

True, many of western Canada's traditional problems had as much to do with economic realities — such as a relatively small population and great distance from markets — as with a dead hand in Ottawa. But even economic realities change. Along with the West's population growth, its energy and its minerals, the growth of markets in the Pacific and U.S. West has given the region new muscle.

The output of western Canada's economy has climbed to almost 80% of Ontario's, versus less than 65% a decade ago. Much of the increase is linked to energy resources, but by no means all. Western Canada is also manufacturing products like farming and logging machinery, and trailers and prefab homes that are exported worldwide. Helping to finance business expansion are new institutions like the Bank of British Columbia and the Winnipeg-based Northland Bank. It thus should hardly have come as a surprise when, as a benchmark of western Canada's new economic clout, the Calgary-based Foothills Pipelines group won out over Bay Street's Canadian Arctic Gas Pipeline consortium in the contest to build the Alaska gas pipeline — the most costly private construction project ever planned in Canada.

On the shores of Lake Ontario are infants 80 years old.

A Process as Natural as Breathing

What Does Quebec Want?

The question resounded through Canadian life for two exasperating decades, until the English became as sick of asking it as the French were of answering it. On November 15, 1976, Quebec elected a premier who for the first time seemed willing, and certainly claimed to be able, to answer that question with total clarity and absolute finality. To answer it, for that matter, in a one-syllable word.

What does Quebec want? Quebec, declared Premier René Lévesque, wants "out."

There is no gainsaying that Premier Lévesque's dedication to the goal of an independent Quebec is shared by many of the province's articulate and influential intellectuals, artists, teachers, journalists and technocrats, and by many of the young. But the question did not begin with Lévesque, and his is far from the only answer. Quebec, like Canada, is much too diverse a place for its feelings to be summarized in words of one syllable.

Its metropolis of Montreal is the largest French-speaking city in the world, after Paris. On a weekend evening in Montreal, the student Latin Quarter around Rue St-Denis, with its cafés, jazz *boîtes* and sidewalks crowded with summer strollers, feels not unlike Paris' Boulevard St-Michel, albeit freeze-dried. There has been a migration of many young anglophones from the province; one Montreal area English-speaking high school even held last year's 1959 class reunion in Toronto, since so many alumni have moved there. But over one million non-francophones remain in Quebec, a number that is larger than the population in five of Canada's ten provinces. Most of them live in Montreal, where their voices can be heard in the cavernous *bouzouki* palaces of Park Avenue or in crowded English-style pubs like *Le Cock n' Bull* (a new form of franglais inspired by some of the more dubious provisions of Quebec's language law).

Outside Montreal is a province that no less defies simplifications. At James Bay, Quebec engineers — working entirely in French — have just finished building the first stage of one of the largest hydroelectric projects in the world. But in the gentle countryside some farmers live in the same high-roofed grey stone houses, and speak the same 17th-century-accented tongue, that they have for ten or more generations. To the west, among the bare rock and spruce of Abitibi — about as close to Toronto as to Montreal — Quebecers who earn their living from the forests do much of their business, and share a modern frontier-style life, with northern Ontario.

What many urban and rural Quebecers share, and have shared for several centuries, is not a desire to get "out" of Canada but an enduring ambivalence about it. They have considered themselves good Quebecers and good Canadians, and have traditionally rejected the advice of anyone who tells them they cannot be both. That may be one reason why Premier Lévesque's Parti Québécois has increasingly played down a direct choice between federalism and independence by proposing an "association" — which has been described as sounding like a "fairy-tale Confederation where there'll be lots of candy and no medicine." Comedian Yvon Deschamps captured the ambivalence in his observation that what Québécois want is "an independent Quebec — in a strong Canada."

Throughout Canada's history, it has more often seemed to Quebecers that it is not the *indépendantistes* within, but English-speaking Canadians who have told them they could not be good Québécois and good Canadians at the same time. *Québécois* began calling themselves *Canadiens* long before Confederation. English-speaking Canadians did not stop calling themselves





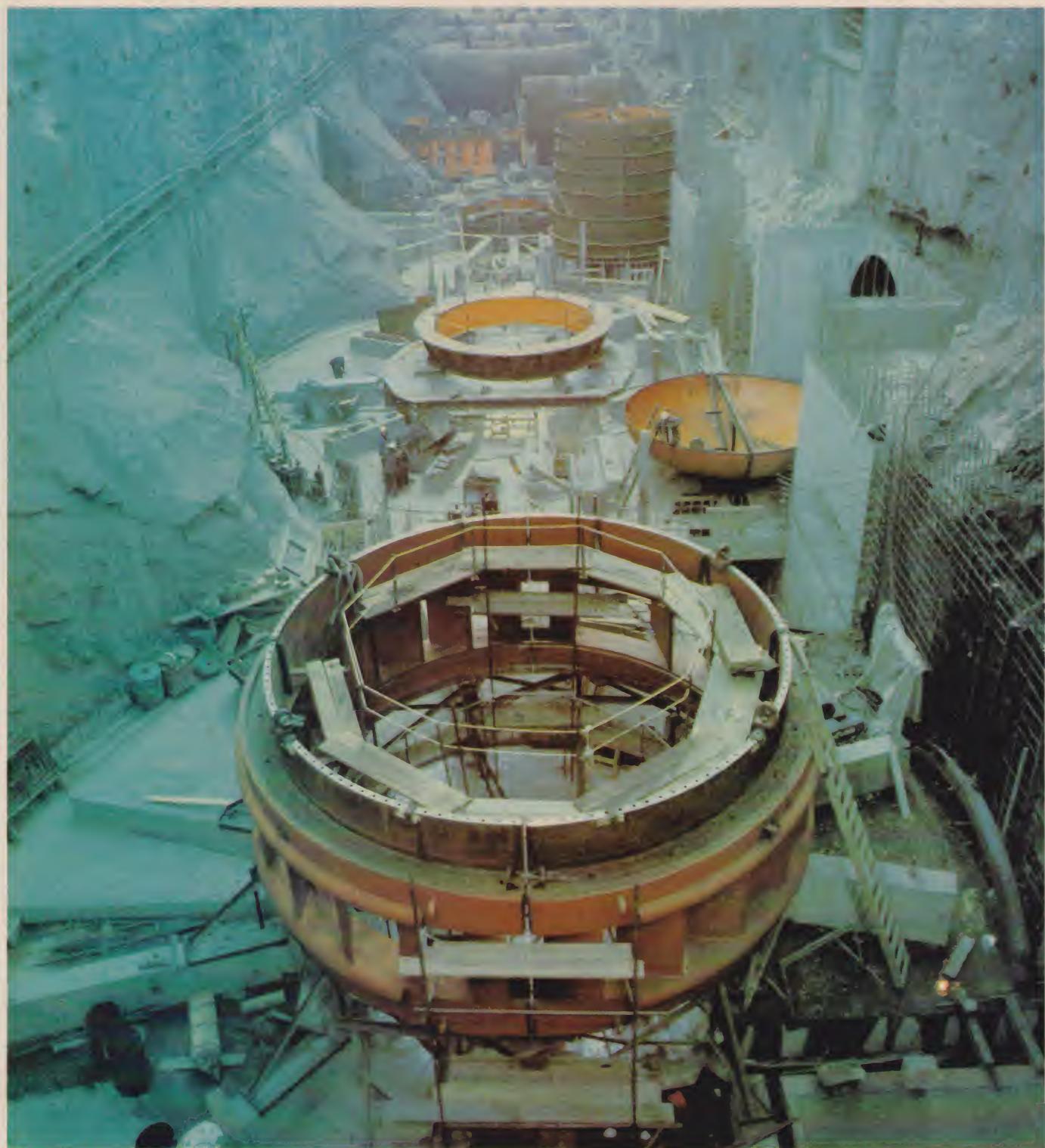
"British subjects" until well into the 20th century — nor did they harbour much doubt that the *Québécois* would eventually assimilate. English-speaking Canadians might instead have taken note of historian Arnold Toynbee's observation, in his book *Civilization on Trial*, that "whatever the future of mankind in North America, French-Canadians will be there at the end of the story."

No aspect of the survival of more than five million francophone *Québécois* as a distinct society in North America has been more clouded by misunderstanding than the question of language. Outside Quebec, many English-speaking Canadians seldom hear a language spoken other than their own. Some ask, even at this late date, why anyone living in North America would insist on speaking anything but English.

The short answer, as Prime Minister Trudeau once explained to an English-speaking audience in Manitoba, is that "just as when you speak English, when a Quebecer speaks French it is something he does naturally and automatically — almost like breathing. And when you limit a person's use of his language, it is almost like interfering with his breathing. When we cannot speak our own language — to borrow a famous phrase some of you use about French — we feel like someone is 'ramming something down our throat!'"

Within Quebec itself, the security of the French language is more and more taken for granted by today's generation of young *Québécois*. In fact, what often are called "language issues" are at bottom concerned with other

Quebec's LG-2 hydroelectric power development at James Bay.



realities — personal fulfillment, psychological security and a fair share of economic and political power.

There is a very clear reason for this. In a country where more than one language is widely spoken, *which* language is used in government, business life, the professions and schools becomes a vital index of, and doorway to, status and success. Even where just one language is used, the accent with which it is spoken can enormously help or hinder economic opportunity and social acceptance. It certainly was true, and too often still is, that immigrants arriving in English-speaking Canada could find their situation mirrored in novelist James Baldwin's remark about class-conscious Britain: "To open your mouth in England is to have confessed your parents, your youth, your school, your salary, your self-esteem and — alas — your future."

Baldwin's remark applies — alas — to what it has meant to speak French in Canada through much of Canadian history. In plain language, these were not the terms of the original bargain. The French explorers, after all, planted the blue *fleur-de-lis* from Hudson Bay in the north, to New Orleans in the south. At Confederation in 1867, Canada's first Prime Minister, Sir John A. Macdonald, promised that there would be no "attempt made to oppress the one language or render it inferior to the other." Not only were language rights constitutionally entrenched in Quebec and the federal Parliament. Laws and statutes for both Manitoba, and the territories which were later to become Saskatchewan and Alberta, provided for French educational rights, and for official status for French as well as English.

French rights in the West were swept away by the end of the 19th century. In Ontario, the infamous Regulation 17 restricting French schooling was passed shortly before World War I, leaving Quebec's Henri Bourassa to wonder why French-speaking Canadians should be sent to fight the Prussians in Europe, when they were the victims in their own country of "the Prussians of Ontario."

Even inside Quebec, the outlook for the language of the majority was for generations not reassuring. As the saying goes, money talks. In Quebec, until recently, it usually spoke English. When the 1960s began, an English-speaking Quebec male wage earner brought home an average 51% fatter wage envelope than did a French-speaking Quebecer. In part, this was because Montreal's dominant English-speaking business establishment made little room at the top for francophones. Even as recently as 1976, a study of Quebec's 100 largest business firms showed that 43 had not a single French Canadian senior executive, and all but four of them had five or fewer.

The second-class status of French went far beyond the executive suites. Montreal is a city where more people speak French than the number who speak English in Vancouver. Surely, no job applicant at a large Vancouver company would dream of being accepted if he or she understood no English, or be routinely turned away for speaking no French. Yet in Montreal, that frequently used to happen in reverse.

In Vancouver, an English-speaking housewife would not expect to be told by clerks at Woodward's department store that they couldn't understand what she was saying. Yet this is what French-speaking Quebecers were frequently told at stores, restaurants, and banks in downtown Montreal. In Vancouver, English-speaking parents frantically bringing a child to a major hospital's emergency room would not have to try to explain what was wrong in a language other than their own, because the medical staff was unable to understand the predominant language of the city. Yet that, too, was often the case for French-speaking parents at major hospitals in Montreal.

Earlier generations of *Québécois* retreated to an inward-looking stronghold, where they could be sheltered beneath the high silver steeples of



At school in Montreal: "French, I speak it from the heart."



Quebec's Catholic churches, and on the neatly divided oblong farms of the countryside. But then came the revolution: the not-so-Quiet Revolution that shook Quebec to its foundations in the 1960s, and is still shaking up old power relationships, old clichés, and old ways of doing things in Quebec and in Canada as a whole. For by the end of the 1950s, a new generation of *Québécois* saw that their destiny could not be fulfilled by resisting the modern North American world, but only by conquering it, and conquering it in French.

The pride and self-assertion of the new Quebec is reflected in every sphere from business and education to popular entertainment and the arts. Quebec, in fact, is now more secure culturally, and culturally more vital, than any other part of Canada. In literature, the claustrophobic world of priests and old seigneurial families has given way to the more universal psychodramas of novelists like Marie-Claire Blais and the late Hubert Aquin, and to the poetry of a Paul Chamberland. Such established theatre companies as the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde and Rideau Vert have been joined by excellent newer companies inside and outside Montreal. Some of the musical high notes in Quebec these days are being provided by composer-performer François Dompierre and pianist André Laplante, winner of Moscow's prestigious Tschaikowsky International Competition.

Many Québécois fretted that the age of television would obliterate their culture. Like English-speaking Canada, Quebec has its share of Hollywood reruns. But Montreal has now become the centre of a French-language TV production industry stronger than that of France itself. Television also helped to popularize performing artists like Gilles Vigneault and Diane Dufresne, who not only are stars in Quebec but pack theatres like the Olympia and Bobino in Paris.

The most radical change of all, perhaps, was the reform of Quebec's educational system, which helped lead to a spectacular catching up in many sectors of modern business and technology. Today, Pierre Laurin, director of the École des Hautes Études Commerciales of the Université de Montréal, says that business students account for 15% of Quebec's university enrollment — a higher proportion than in the rest of the country. Robert Laflamme, a vice-president of Greenshields, reflects the new world of young Québécois businessmen: "Status used to mean English. You bought clothes at Holt-Renfrew, you stayed at the Ritz. Today status can also mean a night at the Meridien or clothes from Brisson & Brisson. Today there is a choice."

Quebec consulting engineers have been providing the technical know-how for major transportation systems in Africa and hydroelectric projects in South America. Hydro-Québec, now one of the largest Canadian companies of any kind by assets (\$12.8 billion), has a first-rate reputation on world investment markets for the quality of its financial management and technical expertise. Like Montreal's giant Power Corporation, more and more Quebec firms no longer confine themselves to the province's borders. Quebecair has been dickering to buy Nordair from Air Canada, and Provigo (annual sales: over \$2 billion) has major food and other merchandising interests as far afield as western Canada and the U.S.

It is now exactly ten years since the giant General Motors assembly plant at Ste-Thérèse, Que. became a flaming symbol of language inequality during a highly publicized strike at a plant where half of the foremen couldn't speak French. Today, General Motors supervisors and foremen at Ste-Thérèse almost all speak French, and more than half the senior management are francophones. Yet there remains in English-speaking Canada a firmly held belief that "English is the language of business" — always has been, always will be.

It is worth recalling that a related article of faith — "English is the international language of aviation" — was the battle cry in English-speaking Canada during the 1976 strike over bilingual air traffic control at Quebec airports. That ugly crisis managed to erupt, complete with T-shirts showing beavers choking frogs and proclaiming "Where are you, General Wolfe, now that we need you?" despite the fact that, as a blue-ribbon commission subsequently found, English is not "the" language of aviation. The International Civil Aviation Organization specifies air traffic control in "the language normally used by the station on the ground" — such as French in Quebec — with English "available on request."

Language conflicts seem to be fuelled in English-speaking Canada because of two other persistent myths: that francophones are "all bilingual," and that they are demanding "special privileges, when they are just like any other minority."

In fact, unlike the vast majority of francophones that English-speaking Canadians meet outside Quebec, most Québécois are *not* bilingual. More than three-quarters of Quebec's five million francophones speak *only* French — equivalent to the entire population of the three Prairie provinces. Surely this fact alone means that English-French bilingualism is not some artificially imposed "special privilege," but a paramount human reality about Canada.

In recent years, many English-speaking Canadians have been saying: "I agree they ought to be able to speak French in Quebec — but why should

there be French, with French schools and all that, *outside Quebec?*" One compelling answer is still that provided by *Le Devoir*'s late editor, André Laurendeau, in the 1960s: "The only place that a French Canadian can really feel at home is in Quebec. And if Quebec is the only possible place to live, why should a French Canadian be interested in the rest of Canada?"

As Laurendeau warned, much of the new generation of modern *Québécois* has grown to adulthood defining its spiritual and economic space as Quebec, and less than convinced about the importance of any Canadian dimension to their lives. The danger of this, says no less staunch a federalist than Quebec's Marc Lalonde, is that "like intelligent and energetic young people anywhere in the world, many of them will rise to the top in their society. If they are blocked from rising to the top in *Canadian* society, then they will find the temptation to do so in a separate Quebec quite irresistible. And they will lead others with them."

The alternative is for Quebecers to feel — and to be — part of the life of the whole country, sharing power and its rewards, not only in the federal government but in business corporations and national organizations. Ottawa, at least, is a very different place from what it used to be. For the first time since Confederation, the Canadian government is generally able to provide public services to taxpayers in French as well as English. For the first time, *Québécois* have held key federal Cabinet economic portfolios, and the Ottawa bureaucracy (though not yet in all its senior ranks) more or less reflects the French-speaking proportion of Canada's population. French-language television programming is now available nearly everywhere across the country. "Hardly a 'French takeover,'" says Keith Spicer, the former official languages commissioner, "but not the perpetuation of an 'English colonial regime' either."

Outside the federal establishment, progress still comes an inch at a time. Perhaps a third of the million or so francophones who live outside Quebec no longer use French — even at home. But in recent years, Ontario and New Brunswick, where more than three-quarters of non-Quebec francophones live, have begun to provide increased French-language education, and some additional government and legal services in French.

Long-held attitudes do not, of course, change smoothly or overnight. Public protests against park rangers wearing uniforms that say PARC JASPER PARK, or the booing of *O Canada* when a verse is sung in French in Vancouver and Toronto, sound like thunderclaps in Quebec. But backlash voices are now, in fact, far less representative of attitudes among younger English-speaking Canadians than groups like Canadian Parents for French. This organization has 5,000 member-families seeking, among other things, public school French immersion courses, which have a remarkable record of success, as well as long waiting lists in Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Regina, Saskatoon and Winnipeg.

In the long run, this emerging attitude is one of the most salutary changes in a country where francophones have borne almost the entire burden of bilingualism. Today, in Montreal and Ottawa, young people far more frequently talk in French when they are in linguistically mixed groups than used to be the case. In Vancouver, it is even possible to hear young B.C. anglophones chatting with *Québécois* visitors or students in French, while watching the Pacific sunset over daiquiris in the English Bay Café.

Young anglophones across Canada are not, of course, going bilingual *en masse*. But many of the best and brightest of the new generation of English-speaking Canadians have acquired a warm admiration of what Quebec has done, and of what it has become. The Quiet Revolution was always destined to change Canada — one way or another. Which way, may

Is Quebec the only place that feels like home?

now be significantly influenced by how many English-speaking Canadians share with the Québécois the transformation they have undergone in their own self-image — from a somewhat folkloric *belle province*, to a people exuberantly capable of full participation in modern North American life.

No Longer So Vertical — or Inhibited

"The English," he whispered. "Pa, the only people who count are the English. Their fathers got all the best jobs. They're the only ones nobody ever calls foreigners. Nobody ever makes fun of their names or laughs at the way they talk. Nobody," he concluded bitterly. "'Cause when you're English it's the same as bein' Canadian."

This rather touching *cri du cœur* might well have been voiced by generations of French-speaking youngsters told to "speak English" by their schoolmates, neighbours, and eventually their employers. In fact, it is an episode from John Marlyn's *Under the Ribs of Death*, a novel about growing up ethnic in Winnipeg's crowded North End.

World history does not always record that people who are put-upon rationally make common cause with their equally put-upon potential allies. So, in Canada's debate on national unity, it is more ironic than surprising that francophones and so-called ethnic Canadians often sound as if they are each other's principal opponents. It is ironic because both groups have shared a long history of profound discomfort at the hands of what each saw as a dominant, and sometimes domineering, Anglo-Celtic establishment that defined "bein' Canadian" as being "English." It might be thought that each group would embrace the other for having played a vital role in the evolution of a mutually more congenial definition of Canada: the francophones by having made impossible the imposition of a unitary state and "melting pot" culture; the so-called "third force" by softening the numerical and social dominance of an Anglo-Celtic majority.

Yet they have seldom recognized a common cause. Instead, spokesmen for many ethnic groups have protested fiercely against "special privileges" for francophones. For their part, many French-speaking Canadians have responded with outright hostility to the idea of official multiculturalism. Each group has never really understood the reasons for the other's fears and suspicions.

The classic dream of immigrants who came to the New World was to build greater economic opportunity for themselves, and above all for their children. As they saw it, wherever in Canada they first settled, they were coming to "North America" where, they had always heard, the first requirement for mobility and success was to learn the English language. Thus even in Montreal, the vast majority of immigrants aligned themselves with the anglophone community and sent their children to English schools, thereby reinforcing the longstanding francophone belief that large-scale immigration was at bottom a plot to swamp Canada in a sea of new recruits to the English-speaking majority.

Still, French-speaking Canadians always felt that the security of their language and culture would continue to rest on the sheer size of their community — 29% of Canada's population versus only 6.1% and 3.5% for the next largest non-British groups, the German and Italian Canadians. Above all, it rested on their status as a "founding race" of Canada that had endured for nearly 400 years. When the "newer" and smaller ethnic groups who had joined the English-speaking majority suddenly asserted claims to cultural and language rights of their own, and Canada was officially styled a "multicultural" country in 1971, many francophones saw the devil again. As the Fédération



des francophones hors Québec put it, multiculturalism was yet another anglophone Trojan horse intended to undermine their very existence — because it "far too easily and subtly relegates us to the level of just another ethnic minority."

While francophone suspicion of an officially multicultural Canada can be understood, French-speaking Canadians ought to understand why things look very different to millions of ethnic Canadians. They look particularly different in western Canada, where far more of the population is of neither French nor British origin than in the East.

A Ukrainian Canadian in the West, for example, might wonder why his favourite U.S. cable channel should be forced off the air to make room for a French channel understood by only a handful of the population. Or why his son should have to master a language he has virtually never heard if the boy wants to rise to the top in the armed forces or public service of his country. Or why a neighbour in the feed grain business has to go to the expense and trouble of labelling his product in a language none of his customers understands.

Such questions are by no means asked exclusively by the non-Anglo-Celt who lives in western Canada. But to him, the questions have an added force. It comes from feeling, rightly or wrongly, that he is frozen out of a particular conception of the country — the view of Canada as "an equal partnership between the two founding races." He says that *his* part of Canada was "founded" by *his* "race," by his Ukrainian or Finnish grandfather who settled there before Alberta or Saskatchewan even became provinces. For many of the 6.5 million or so Canadians of neither French nor British ethnic background, the idea of "two founding races" seems downright insulting, because they feel it suggests they are somehow regarded as second-class citizens in their own land.

The conclusion can hardly be avoided: there must be a more practical basis for national acceptance of the duality of modern Canada than a "founding race" concept that is widely rejected among nearly a third of the population. It may lie in the simple recognition that there exist in Canada two language communities, each with the talent, resources, and numerical strength to go it alone and sunder the country. Or to work and live together as Canadians, on the basis of respect for each other's language and culture in all parts of the country.

If for no other reason, English-French linguistic equality makes sense because all but 1.5% of Canadians speak one of the two languages. That certainly does not — indeed must never — imply an inferior status for Canadians who are of neither British nor French ethnic origin. A pervasive source of resistance by ethnic Canadians to special protection for French language and culture outside Quebec is the hard memory of how roughly conformity to the majority was forced upon *them*. Through much of the past century, many of them, like many Quebecers, lived the experience of a country where, as the Winnipeg youngster in the novel testified, "the only people who count are the English."

Oddly enough, these days it sometimes appears that the only people who *don't* count are "the English." At a time when nearly everyone in English-speaking Canada celebrates being an "ethnic," and the *Québécois* are busily "freeing" themselves from *les anglais*, about the only put-down that seems to be universally acceptable in polite society is to call someone a Wasp. In fact, the contribution to Canada of the English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh could hardly be more immense. No one has done more to build Canada into a modern nation, from the CPR on. Nor are their contributions material alone. Canada's constitution, its parliamentary democracy, its criminal and (except in Quebec) civil law all flow from its English inheritance. Retired Senator Eugene Forsey notes that most of the voices in Canada's multicultural choir are "full and strong, even *fortissimo*. I see no reason why the Anglo-Celtic voice should be *pianissimo*."



In truth, there has never been a "typical" experience shared by all immigrants to Canada. Today, a world of difference exists between growing up as the son or daughter of an isolated Greek or Lebanese immigrant who runs a *donair* (meat sandwich) stand in a small Maritimes town, and the life of an Italian Canadian teenager in Toronto. Metro Toronto's Italian community is now almost as large as the entire population of Florence, sustained by strong community and social organizations, its own churches, newspapers and radio station. It even has its own *Italiuese* vocabulary, a mixture of Italian and English extensive enough to have been studied by academics. Some examples: *bisini* (business), *bordi* (boarders), *fruttistendo* (fruit stand) and *scrima* (ice cream).

At the turn of the century, western Canada was the chief destination for the largest wave of immigration in Canada's history, and the first after Confederation that was significantly non-British. Responding to Sir Clifford Sifton's campaign to fill the farmlands of western Canada with "stalwart peasants in sheepskin coats," more than three million immigrants arrived between 1896 and 1914, many of them from Eastern Europe. Sometimes living at first in unheated sod huts, many settled in their own isolated farming communities, which still persist in the distinctive ethnic checkerboard pattern of some parts of the Prairies. Cities bear the imprint, too. Rather than just the inevitable statue of Queen Victoria, outside one entrance to the Manitoba Legislature is a bust of the Ukraine's national poet Taras Shevchenko. Along Winnipeg's North Main St., all in the space of a few blocks, a visitor will find the Polish Combatants Association, the Cracovia Trading Co., the Carpathia Credit Union, the Ukrainian Trading Co. and the black and gold onion domes of Eastern churches.

The immigrants came to an English Canada basking then in the high noon of the British Empire, with Anglo-Celtic supremacist attitudes to fit. In the 1920s, the Ku Klux Klan alone attracted some 40,000 members on the Prairies. The tone had been set during World War I, when western businessmen regularly dismissed non-Anglos from their jobs for "patriotic reasons" — and then demanded their mass internment because they were "idle and impoverished." No more logical was the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire of that time. The good ladies approved a resolution demanding that new Canadians be made "100 percent British in language, thought, feeling and impulse" — and then passed another inveighing against "foreigners" who were taking British names.

Assimilation, of course, was never even a choice for the Canadians who are now called "visible minorities" because their skin colour is not white. West Coast orientals were for decades the victims of oppression, and on the Prairies, provincial and local statute books were littered with barriers to prevent their permanent settlement. The comfortable image of a tolerant, openhearted Canadian "mosaic" was never more seriously shattered than by the internment of the Japanese Canadians (parallelled by a similarly atrocious act committed by the U.S. government against Japanese Americans). In 1942, 22,000 West Coast Japanese Canadians, most of them native-born citizens, were stripped of their civil rights and property, and imprisoned in internment camps. Most lost their freedom for three years and were never fully compensated for their loss of property.

The popular notion that Canadians discriminate racially less than Americans may have been less inaccurate in the days when far fewer white Canadians had other races to discriminate against. The situation has changed considerably since Ottawa introduced its supposedly racially-neutral "points system" into the immigration laws in 1967. Until then, only 7% of Canada's immigrants came from Asia, the Caribbean, and Central America. Less than a decade later, fully 41% of new immigrants were from those heavily non-white areas. Now, ugly incidents like "Paki-bashing" occur in cities like Toronto and Vancouver. A Canadian Civil Liberties Association survey in Ontario a few years ago showed that the vast majority of real estate and employment agen-

Within a tolerant, comfortable mosaic:
"Thatsa my boy."

cies were screening out non-white applicants whenever their clients requested them to do so.

In a report last fall on police-minority relations in Toronto, Roman Catholic Archbishop Emmett Cardinal Carter deplored "the tendency to exclusivism and possessiveness in practically all of the white English-speaking population of Canada." The Cardinal's point was painfully underlined when Toronto's Tony Lupusella rose in the Ontario legislature to urge action on the Archbishop's report. An Italian Canadian, he was repeatedly interrupted from across the aisle by another member yelling insults like "Mamma Mia," "It's the wop show," and "Thatsa my boy."

Charles Caccia, a longtime Italian community leader and federal member of Parliament from Toronto, believes that official adoption of multiculturalism as a state policy enables Canadians with a strong ethnic identity "to be less inhibited and more at ease than we would be in the United States. Here we know there's nothing wrong with it — because the state is officially telling us so." A different view of official multiculturalism is that highlighting ethnic differences has the effect — and, some suspect, even the purpose — of heightening inequalities, and hence perpetuating a top-dog position for a basically Anglo-Celtic establishment. This was the argument of the late John Porter, whose study *The Vertical Mosaic* described a Canadian political, business and intellectual establishment overwhelmingly Anglo-Celtic and Protestant. The mosaic has become somewhat less vertical in the 15 years since Porter's study was published, notably in many university faculties and the senior levels of the federal government. The Joe Clark Cabinet was the first with a significant number of names like Hnatyshyn, Paproski and Mazankowski.

The official ideal of cultural pluralism has obviously not built a Canada free from racial and ethnic abrasions. No large group of Canadians knows that better than Canada's native population.

The country's 300,000 or so status Indians are so diverse that they speak languages as different from each other as Danish and Arabic. Most of them live on poor and isolated reserves, or in the native ghettos of western Canadian cities, where Indians and Métis often arrive at drop-in facilities with the somewhat Orwellian name of Native Friendship Centres. Some drift aimlessly into skid row areas like Vancouver's lower Hastings St. or Calgary's 7th Ave. East. During the early afternoon in a beverage room off Regina's South Railway St., the customers are Indians in baseball caps and windbreakers glumly drinking beer, their silence punctuated by the whistle of a freight train crossing the prairie.

In recent years, Canada's native communities have produced a new generation of Indian — as well as Inuit — leaders. Some, like the chiefs of B.C.'s Nicola Indian bands, now run their own businesses and reserve social programs. Many native leaders are newly articulate in demanding land rights and other claims. They are getting a more attentive hearing from governments, courts and business corporations, partly because of fears that native land claims will prevent development of vital resources. "The larger society," says National Indian Brotherhood President Noel Starblanket, "has no divine right to take our lands and resources," or to deny the "inherent sovereignty of the original people of Canada." His rhetoric sounds very much like that of some of white Canada's leaders when they talk about "their" resources, or Quebec's "inherent sovereignty."

Beyond the Balance Sheets

Canadians have been hearing talk of renewing the country on sounder foundations for almost as long as they can remember. But the issue no longer actively engages only Quebecers. As the western premiers and other leaders have



demonstrated, there is now a wider coalition of Canadians who see clearly the need to make things work better for everyone.

Chipewyan Indian of northern Alberta.

What is standing in the way? For more than a decade now, politicians, professors and pundits have been talking about reforming Canada's institutions and constitution, dispensing prescriptions as fast as a corner drugstore. But usually questions like "What does Quebec want?" or "What does the West want?" are answered as if they mean "What does the Quebec government or the Alberta government want?" The question seldom asked, and vital to answer, is: "What do the Canadian people want?"

What Canadians want is what they have always worked so hard to build: a society of fulfillment and opportunity, of freedom and personal identity — a society where all men and women are treated with respect.

Canadians enjoy so relatively high a degree of personal and political freedom partly because of the value they place on local identity in place of stifling national conformity. This aspect of the Canadian character drew from the late American literary eminence Edmund Wilson the salutation: "All power in its recalcitrance to that still uncoordinated, unblended and indigestible Canada!" But if Canada, in a more relaxed fashion than most countries, gives to each of its citizens a large measure of personal freedom and elbow room, preserving it will require something *from* each Canadian as well.

One of the noblest phrases in the literature of democracy are the three simple words that begin the U.S. Constitution — "We, the People." But how long has it been since the people of Canada, of whatever region, language, or culture, spoke those words together? These days, Canadians too often psyche themselves into a state of mind where, instead of "We, the People," there is only a "we" and a "they."

We anglophones speak "the language of business, the language of North America"; *they* do not. We francophones have our own profoundly original culture and identity, as well as our special privileges as a "founding race"; *they* do not. We in central Canada own "our" industries, and we in other provinces own "our" resources — and *they* better not get in our way.

So many Canadians are clutching economic and cultural chattels to their breasts, or making fists in their pockets as they watch others clutch theirs, that they seem to have all but forgotten the fatal flaw in such feelings — that "they" *is* we.



It is difficult, for example, to see a secure future for the distinctive and independent Canada beloved by English-speaking nationalists — unless it embodies a national commitment to preserve a distinctive French-speaking culture based in, but not confined to, Quebec. It is difficult to see greater respect for the equality and dignity of French-speaking Canadians, wherever they live or travel in Canada — unless francophones also honour the absolute equality of Canadians of other descents, wherever *they* happen to live.

Similarly, a stronger western Canada need be no threat to central Canada. On the contrary, a West that is at last coming into its own, along with a stronger Atlantic region, are vital elements in a more balanced, stable national economy. At the same time, provinces will have to continue to share the benefits from their resources if Canada is to preserve an economically manageable and socially progressive federation.

It is only by such sharing that Canadians, wherever they live, can be assured a decent standard of education, health care and social services. Or that the whole nation can cushion workers and their families, in particular industries or communities, against calamities caused by economic forces beyond their control.

Three of the noblest words in the literature of democracy.

The principle of sharing does not imply a special burden for — or waving a finger at — any province or region. Today, funds which might otherwise flow to the Alberta Treasury are helping to subsidize home-heating costs in Quebec and P.E.I. In earlier years, equalization funds and job opportunities provided by central Canada assisted Canadians from the West. Just as the Maritime provinces were among the most prosperous when Confederation began, Newfoundland may be — if oil gushes — five or ten years from now.

The instrument of sharing and redistribution is the federal government in Ottawa. It alone performs such functions, though it almost never does so to anyone's complete satisfaction. In recent years, Ottawa's self-assurance has been undercut by new regional realities with which it often has seemed out of touch. At the same time, the provinces have been exercising powers undreamed of more than a few decades ago — and certainly not by the Fathers of Confederation, who foresaw that the provinces would play a role no more significant than that of "municipal appendages."

Some appendages. Apart from owning everything from airlines to television stations, and largely controlling the development of natural resources, the provinces administer billions of dollars in health, education and welfare programs. They receive more than half of all tax revenues, and together with their municipal governments spend 48% more than Ottawa does, compared with 28% less than Ottawa did 25 years ago.

If the voting public seems undisturbed by the trend to greater provincial power at the expense of Ottawa, one reason is that many Canadians have increasingly questioned whether Ottawa is "their" government, reflecting their concerns. Witness, for example, the fury of western farmers over the decay of the country's grain handling and transportation system, which has cost them up to \$2 million a day in lost sales. Or the ire of Newfoundland because Atlantic air-sea rescue equipment was located for many years on the mainland, where it could not respond effectively to emergencies off the island's coast.

It is little wonder the Task Force on Canadian Unity found that Ottawa is widely regarded as "a remote shambling bureaucracy that exacts tribute from its subjects and gives little in return." Many argue that the parliamentary system in its present form virtually guarantees that regional voices will not be effectively heard in Ottawa, that the doctrines of Cabinet solidarity and strict party-line voting in the House of Commons undercut the ability of ministers and MPs to act as effective regional spokesmen.

Complaints about Ottawa have fuelled demands to decentralize, to give even more power to the provinces. An alternative course would be to reform federal institutions, making them more sensitive to regional concerns. Surely most ordinary Canadians do not want a weaker national government, but a more effective national government, more responsive to all regions, yet still strong enough to equalize the benefits and burdens of the nation's wealth.

But Canadian federalism is not primarily a system of economic partnership — a fact which appeared to escape many on both sides during the run-up to the Quebec referendum campaign. In recent months the dimensions of Quebec's debate have broadened, with publication of the Parti Québécois government's proposals for a politically sovereign Quebec, economically associated with Canada, and of Liberal leader Claude Ryan's detailed blueprint for a "New Canadian Federation." But for most of the last three years Quebec City and Ottawa bombarded each other with statistic-laden *dossiers* purporting to demonstrate in dollars and cents how much a) independence, or b) remaining part of the federal system, would "cost" Quebec.

Obviously, Quebec as well as the rest of Canada would lose economically if Confederation broke up. Just as obviously, Quebec — with more resources, higher incomes per capita, and a larger area than the vast majority of

Flag-bedecked farmhouse in Wakefield, Que.



the world's sovereign nations — could exist economically on its own if it really wished to do so. And so, for that matter, could any other region of Canada.

But the economic balance sheet approach to Canada (which is also popular among some regional grievous in the West and elsewhere) falls gravely short of grasping what the debate over Quebec's future — and Canada's — is all about. As Quebec's Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau acknowledges, "Very few men and women are going to change their country for the price of a few bottles of beer a week." Indeed, the most profound questions that all Canadians should be asking themselves about the future of Canada and its federal system go far beyond economic profit-and-loss columns.

"They," in the End, Is All of Us

Nothing is morally sacred, or fixed eternally in marble, about a country's territorial borders or form of government. Rather, the only sensible justification for preserving — or changing — them is that doing so would clearly provide the greatest amount of liberty and well-being to the people who live there.

That proposition leads to a number of questions which should be put to those who propose to separate Quebec from Canada, and to those who favour reforming a Canada which includes Quebec. For example, would their proposals give the 23 million people of Canada greater strength to cope with (and even modestly help overcome) international economic and political challenges? Greater collective security for their language and cultural identities? Greater individual liberty? Greater opportunity for their children and grandchildren to lead fuller, more caring lives?

Federal systems like Canada's are very different from an economic association, such as the one proposed by Premier Lévesque. This is because federalism is not an economic common market but a political system — a way for different people to live together as citizens of a common land that is the home and inheritance of them all. A federal system is certainly no political wonder drug for all that ails modern society; neither, for that matter, is democracy. But federalism is a widely successful means, as Harvard's professor of government Samuel Beer has written, "to divide power so as to avert the evils and realize the benefits of free government."

Dividing, and thereby limiting, political power is particularly important in a country like Canada, with two official language groups and many regional and ethnic communities, all of which are "minorities" in one place or another. When power is divided between two levels of government, total power becomes infinitely more difficult to achieve over any particular minority, by either the national or provincial majority. At its best, federalism also provides a central government strong enough to champion nationally felt imperatives over locally entrenched special interests. And it empowers provincial governments to preserve community identities and interests against domination or uniformity threatened by a national majority.

Canadian federalism also divides power at the provincial level — ten different ways. For the individual citizen this can mean a freer and wider choice of lifestyle within his own country. For Canadian society as a whole, it means a larger range of economic and social experimentation and, as a by-product, more opportunities to discover solutions to common problems developed by others. Ottawa, for example, learned so much from the superior design of the Quebec Pension Plan in the 1960s that it remodelled the Canada Pension Plan along Quebec's lines. All of North America was the beneficiary because Tommy Douglas' Saskatchewan government had the freedom to experiment with public hospital, medical and auto insurance. During an age of big, pervasive government, perhaps yet another benefit of federalism for the citizen is "the unlikelihood," as an Ottawa mandarin has dryly put it, "that all eleven



governments will decide at one time to do the same foolish thing to people."

Living in a pluralistic federal Canada has its difficulties and heartaches, above all the suspicion and hostility that are almost bound to occur where different races and cultures live together. They can of course choose to live apart, particularly Canada's English and French language groups — each large and powerful enough, as they are, to break up the country.

The Parti Québécois choice is to do just that, no matter the incalculable loss to Quebecers and to all other Canadians. Another choice, which seems to appeal to an ominous number of English- as well as French-speaking Canadians, is the creation within Canada of two gigantic language ghettos. But with Quebec speaking only French, and the rest of Canada only English, the two would have less and less to talk about, and would inevitably one day drift apart.

There is a more promising choice. A country's political framework and values are not something to be knocked down this Monday and built anew by next Friday. They are more like a garden, to be nurtured in harmony with the landscape. The Canadian landscape began to shift two decades ago, and now the season has come for change.

It should begin with recognition that the existence of two great language communities and many regional and cultural realities, which we so often insist are problems that cripple us, are in fact opportunities that can enrich and free us. For "they," in the end, is all of us.

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Show Business

Look out, highway. Here comes Eddie

Eddie Eastman is a wandering boy from Terra Nova, Nfld., and, in country music, he's definitely on the move

Almost every night Eddie Eastman is onstage somewhere in Canada singing, "I'm eastbound 401—look out highway here I come." All country singers vocalize about highways, but for Eastman they have a special significance. It was "Eastbound 401," his first single, that put him on the road to country-music prominence. Moreover, his first paying audience was a Trans-Canada Highway construction crew who sought out his parents' house in Terra Nova, Nfld., for an evening's entertainment. "I used to sing and play the guitar for the crew," Eddie says. He's the youngest of Maxwell and Gwen Rowsell's 10 musical children. "They'd put a \$2 bill in my pocket to keep me going—sometimes I'd be up till three or four in the morning."

Eddie was only nine. Now, at 30, he still performs into the early morning

Someday...a custom bus and band of seven

at country bars and clubs from St. John's to Rocky Mountain House. He and his three-man band travel the highways in a red Chevy van, which in less than two years has gone more than 100,000 kilometres. Life on the country-road circuit is neither glamorous nor highly lucrative, but right now Eddie Eastman and the Terra Nova Express are riding high. A virtual unknown, Eastman was named Best New Artist at the 1978 *RPM* Big Country awards ceremony, and last year he got the plum: Top Male Vocalist.

What's he got? Big, brown eyes that look like Paul McCartney's; a cheerful and engaging stage presence; and, most of all, a big, expressive voice. "People don't believe that such a voice comes from such a little guy," he says. Without his cowboy boots, Eastman measures just under five-five.

Though recognition is recent, Eddie Eastman is no newcomer to country music. He kicked around Newfoundland's bars and clubs for seven years. Then, in 1975, soon after he married Paulette Blackwood from St. John's, Eddie pondered his future. "You can be an entertainer, play the bars, have a good time, but where does it lead?" Eddie moved to Ontario, and a job as a nightshift computer operator. But he itched to be back onstage and placed a newspaper ad saying he wanted to put together a country band. The only reply was an offer for him to sing in someone else's. That seemed good enough.

While picking up his union card, Eddie ran into Bob Cousins, who had also gone down the road to Toronto. In the early '70s, Cousins had run Newfoundland's only full-time talent agency, and had arranged the odd booking for the Country Ducats, one of the many groups with which Eddie had worked back home. Cousins remembered Eddie only "as the fellow who could really tear me apart when he sang Merle Haggard's 'Emptiest Arms in the World.'" They got to know each other better in Toronto. "We'd get together for parties," Cousins says, "and Eddie would sing these really nice songs."

Within a few months, Cousins offered, "If you got a group together, I might get foolish enough to manage you."

Eddie assembled the Terra Nova Express (David Wells from Gander, Nfld., Austin Collins from Hare Bay, Nfld., and Nova Scotian Albert MacDonald, who has since been replaced by Mark Richards from Cochrane, Ont.). As crazy as it seemed to him, Bob Cousins became Eddie's manager. To launch his renewed career, Eddie changed his surname. "There were too many Rowsells in the business," he explains. His brothers Kevin and Austin and his Gander cousins Freddy and George were all entertainers, and so was Scott Rowsell (no relation). "I was racking my brain for a name," Eddie says, "and then it dawned on me. Eastman! I'm from down east so it was a natural." He also liked the look of the big EE on a record.

At that stage, however, Eddie Eastman had neither a record nor even a company interested in recording him. Cousins solved the problem. He set up Bel Air Records in the laundry room of his house. Near the end of 1977 the unknown artist recorded his first single on the unknown label. Eddie carried a box of them along on his Christmas visit to Terra Nova. Acting as his own sales-and-promo man, he persuaded a St. John's distributor to buy 200. Soon "Eastbound 401" was number one on the local radio chart.

Last May Eastman had a bigger hit in "Easy," as well as a Nashville-recorded album of the same name. When he returned to St. John's to perform (and set an attendance record) at the Lions' Carnival, he arrived in style, thanks to his ever-inventive manager. "Nothing attracts news in Newfoundland like either Joey Smallwood or the Bullet," Cousins says, "so I arranged to get the Newfie Bullet back on the tracks from Holyrood to St. John's"—the same train that, years earlier, Eddie Rowsell had often flagged down in Terra Nova at 1 a.m. to ride into town. But on May 29, 1979, the Bullet belonged to Eddie Eastman and his friends and fans.

With the national awards and a solid new album (*Eddie Eastman*) just behind him, he dares to imagine the day that he'll tour North America in a customized bus and a band of seven. At the moment, however, he and his band of three continue to travel Canada's highways in their humble Chevy van. But there's no question about it—Eddie Eastman is on the move.

—Winston Collins

PETER GROSS



Al Rioux: A tough Fredericton battler boosts small business

He fought Louis Robichaud, political pressures and prejudice. Now he fights banks, government red tape

Al Rioux was running his own small but growing construction company in Fredericton when he got his first hard lesson in the politics of business. In 1968 he was president of the local Chamber of Commerce, an organization that opposed then New Brunswick Premier Louis J. Robichaud's controversial Equal Opportunity program. Rioux found himself heading an army of one and staring financial disaster in the face.

"Robichaud was out to ruin me, and he damn near succeeded," Rioux says. Overnight, his construction business dried up as provincial government contracts went to other firms. The members of the Chamber of Commerce, anxious to make peace with the powerful premier, left Rioux to twist slowly, slowly in the wind. But far from souring the Bathurst-born engineer on politics, it only whetted his appetite.

It was an unrequited passion. He failed in repeated attempts to become mayor of Fredericton and to gain Conservative nominations for provincial and federal seats. He's convinced that, despite his having lived in Fredericton since 1945, anti-Acadian prejudice kept him from public office. "The funny thing is that the English of Fredericton consider me too French while the Acadians think of me as too anglicized," Rioux says ruefully. "Instead, I'm probably the living example of the ultimate Canadian." (Rioux went to the University of New Brunswick and has worked and lived in English-speaking Fredericton for more than 30 years. He's more comfortable in English than French—which puts him on all fours with thousands of his fellow Acadians.)

Twelve years after his near-disastrous début in the rough art of opposing governments, Rioux has found the job that lets him combine his business knowledge with his penchant for politics. Last December he became general manager of the Toronto-based Canadian Federation of Independent Business, one of the biggest (55,000 members—4,000 of them in Atlantic Canada) and best-financed (a \$3-million budget) of the country's business organizations.

Rioux has learned a lot since 1968.

"I now realize just how much government influences every facet of our economic life and just how little one small businessman can do to affect government thinking. Big businesses have the resources in money and personnel to get a hearing, but the little guys must band together if they're to make their voice heard. In terms of strength, we're more like labor unions than large corporations. I also realize just how vital it is to have your homework done when you approach politicians and bureaucrats. They understand just two things: Political clout and solid arguments."

Solidarity and sound research are the twin pillars of the eight-year-old Canadian Federation of Independent Business. It's Rioux's job—and that of federation founder and full-time president John Bulloch—to ensure the first while guiding the second. Although the federation's 10 governors represent every region of the country, communications and policy development are constant challenges in an organization whose membership is scattered and composed of varied interests.

For Rioux it means leading a 100-member staff (soon to be 120), about two-thirds of them field representatives, the rest administrators, economists, researchers and "political action" people—lobbyists. It means a steady diet of travel, too. He's just returned from a trip to West Germany and the United Kingdom. This year he'll visit every Canadian province and attend business conferences in Australia and the U.S. He'll also oversee design and construction of the office building the federation will move to next year.

Although Toronto is his business base, Fredericton remains Rioux's home. He, his wife Marguerite, a senior administrator with the N.B. Insurance Department, and two of their three children, Holly, a first-year law student at UNB and 15-year-old Kerry, live on posh Golf Club Road in a beautiful home Rioux built 10 years ago.

His three-acre property overlooking

the Saint John River and his present job are far removed from the modest ambitions he harbored growing up in Bathurst, during the Depression. As the seventh of a bricklayer's 13 children, his greatest aspiration was to get a steady job at the local Consolidated Bathurst paper mill. The Second World War and the veterans' benefits that followed helped raise his sights.

Rioux enlisted in the RCAF at the outbreak of war and spent most of the next six years servicing bombers at bases in Durham and York, England. On furloughs during those years he learned to love Scotland, a land he's visited "about 25 times" since. He was mustered out in 1945, and promptly enrolled at UNB in engineering, graduating in 1949.

He started taking on small contracting jobs, as a student, to supplement his veteran's allowance and his interest in the problems of small business are rooted in his own often unhappy experiences. Like many entrepreneurs, Rioux lavishes no affection on bankers: "When you need them, they say 'no'; when you don't need them, they can't give you enough money." Nor does he think governments understand how red tape and overregulation can stifle business initiative. "The minute you hang your shingle up in a new business, governments immediately pounce on you like vultures, demanding fees and forms to be filled out," he says.

Rioux's involvement with the federation began six years ago when he was N.B. vice-president of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council. He met John Bulloch during a DREE-sponsored conference on small business in St. John's, Nfld. The Fredericton contractor and the former Toronto haberdasher turned Ryerson business instructor hit it off immediately. Rioux agreed to become a director of the federation. Bulloch had founded two years earlier in reaction to federal Finance Minister Edgar Benson's White Paper on Taxation. He became vice-president last September and in December took over as the federation's full-time general manager.

Rioux is tackling his new job with what can only be called youthful vigor.



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JIM WILKES

Al Rioux says, "The little guys must band together..."

He has unbounded admiration for the 46-year-old Bulloch who is, he says, "recognized all over the world as a small business authority." At 59, Rioux has the enthusiasm and physique of a man half his age. Although he loves parties and will play his chromatic harmonica at any hint of encouragement, he drinks sparingly and doesn't smoke. Gardening and regular swimming in his self-built, 60-foot indoor pool help keep his 5'10" frame at a rock-hard 170 lbs.

The political and economic problems facing Canada and Canadian business in the Eighties will tax all Al Rioux's physical and mental energy. He says the federation's first goal is to ensure the reintroduction of investment tax credits for privately owned, independent business and the deductibility of salaries of spouses employed in unincorporated firms. These amendments, advocated by the federation and contained in the last budget, were washed out when the Clark government was defeated last December.

For the long term, Rioux says, the federation will zero in on the economic factors that affect small business growth. He defines small business as enterprises that employ no more than 200 persons with annual sales not exceeding \$3 million. Part of this effort will be directed toward the problems of business in slow-growth regions like the Atlantic provinces. But the results will concern all Canadians. In the last seven years, Rioux says, 59% of all jobs created in the country were in the small business sector.

—Harry Flemming

Feedback

Scrappy? You bet

I just had to write about your article on Tignish, P.E.I. (Small Towns, January-February). If you have any sense of justice, maybe you will let someone from Tignish write your article about Alberton. I'm sure we can find out about their history by looking at all the tombstones. It seems Kennedy Wells got some information and then just enlarged on it from his overactive imagination. Maybe our people are not grand enough for Kennedy Wells but we are "real" people. And scrappy? Who says? Perhaps you are referring to some minor tussles we have at the rink. And last, but not least, where do you get off talking about an English-Acadian question? We are all very happy and intermarried, so we get along just fine, thank you. If people like yourself kept quiet, we wouldn't even think about differences. After all, we are all ordinary human beings.

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Want to sell ambulances? Go East, young man

David Hall, a nonstop hustler from Yarmouth, N.S., went to Baghdad. Here's what happened

Up to his elbows in grease, giving his bush vehicle a lube job, David Hall says, "I'm picky. I like to know these things are done right." His attitude has a lot to do with the swift success of his Tri Star Industries. It's a long way from a Yarmouth, N.S., grease pit to the mid-East but, for Hall, it's become a pipeline to profit. In little more than two years, Tri Star has built a multimillion-dollar export trade. Working with basic General Motors chassis, it makes ambulances, hearses, paddy wagons, police cars, wreckers—the list of special-purpose vehicles is as endless as Hall's own ingenuity—and sells them to the oil-rich Middle East. The company has sold more than 600, mostly to Iraq. Orders from Morocco, Greece and Egypt are now in the works.

Hall started Tri Star in '75 to compete in the lucrative ambulance market, dominated by American and Upper Canadian manufacturers. The car dealership of his father, Roger Hall, had already been distributing U.S.-made ambulances, and this gave the Halls a jumping-off point. Brother Jim provides financial savvy. But the Canadian market wasn't big enough to keep a full-scale factory going, and early marketing efforts in South Africa, Chile and Puerto Rico foundered on politics and financing.

In '77, however, Hall took a few ambulances to the mammoth International Fair at Baghdad, which annually draws a million visitors from all over the world, and in '78 he went back with a better-prepared pitch. The result? The Iraqi government gave Tri Star a million-dollar order for 50 ambulances. Then, last August, Iraq's state-owned oil company ordered 100 buses for \$2.4 million. Tri Star was off and running.

Tension over the Jerusalem-embassy issue scuttled a pending order for 127 ambulances. Tri Star sent 21 different kinds of vehicles to the Baghdad Fair last year—the biggest vehicle display on exhibit—but, again, the Jerusalem issue made Tri Star's prospects look grim. Hall says Arab businessmen said they'd like to deal with him but, "After what your government has done, we would pay twice as much to buy vehicles else-

where." On Oct. 10, however, Joe Clark told the Commons he'd shelve the plan to move the Canadian embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. The mood changed in the Middle East. A \$40-million contract came through, for conversions to more than 400 cars, buses, vans. Hall handled the deal for Tri Star and a group of other manufacturers.

At the '79 Fair, Tri Star got inquiries from China, Colombia, Mexico, Jordan, Sri Lanka, Sweden, Gabon, from every continent except Australasia. The queries were about vehicles even Hall had scarcely considered: Street sweepers, dump trucks, fire engines, even railway ties.

"There's no magic to selling abroad, even in the politically touchy East," Hall says. "You just need hard work and willingness to understand the foreign businessman's point of view and practices. The smallness of our industries is an advantage when you're making small numbers of specialized products. Big U.S. manufacturers won't look at orders for 200 widgets. They're only interested in 20,000." He is less than enthusiastic.

Hall: With help from GM, and Syria on the phone

tic about Canadian government agencies that are supposed to help develop export trade: "Iraq consumes 20,000 tons of fish a year. Often they can't get as much as they need. I have repeatedly told provincial and federal agencies about this potentially lucrative market. They don't even bother to reply."

With co-operation from General Motors of Canada, Hall started courses for Iraqi mechanics. One group has already spent four weeks in Oshawa and Yarmouth. Two more groups will soon train here on bus maintenance. "The Arabic countries are desperate for technical skills," Hall says. "Here's another opportunity. Develop a mechanical training centre, perhaps even in Yarmouth, to provide training, under contract, for mid-East mechanics."

At Tri Star's old beachrock buildings in Yarmouth, the pace is hectic. Recently, 28 employees produced 50 ambulances in 15 days. Expansion is in the works. The company has opened a Halifax office to handle shipping and export problems and, as a first step into the American market, Hall has opened a Boston dealership. American gratitude towards Canada for rescuing its diplomats in Iran made the time ripe for such a move. International crises and diplomatic rhetoric rarely weaken Hall's drive and often enforce it. He talks about slowing down but shows no sign of doing it. Bev, his wife and partner, interrupts our interview with yet another overseas call: "Dave, I have Syria on the phone. It's about those airport crash trucks."

—Peter Croxall





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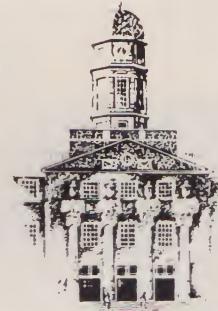
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Small Business

Imapro of Charlottetown leads the whole world

At what? Turning satellite information into color photographs of the earth

Fred Andreone is a man in a billion, which is one reason his tiny Charlottetown firm is beating the industrial giants of the world in a competitive and complex field: Making photographs from electronic information. Andreone, 29, is president of Imapro Inc., a four-year-old, eight-member firm that has developed a unique system for converting information from satellites into top-quality color photographs of the earth. Last winter, he delivered a prototype of his supercamera to the Canada Centre for Remote Sensing, the federal government agency that surveys and monitors Canada through satellites and aircraft. Now he's starting to work on spinoffs from the technology—gadgets he believes will be useful in fields ranging from medicine to publishing.

Government scientists say researchers throughout the world have been trying for years to invent a picture-making system as sophisticated as Imapro's. Only Japan and the United States have even come close. What's the secret of Imapro's success? For a start, there's its president, who did most of the design work. On paper, he has only a bachelor's degree in engineering from the University of B.C. But because of jobs he's held in Ottawa and Montreal, he figures he's one of only eight or 10 people in the world with a grasp of mechanics, computer systems, electronics and optics—four aspects of his current specialty. Moreover, beneath his breezy manner, there's a man who not only devotes roughly 100 hours a week to his work but also has the confidence

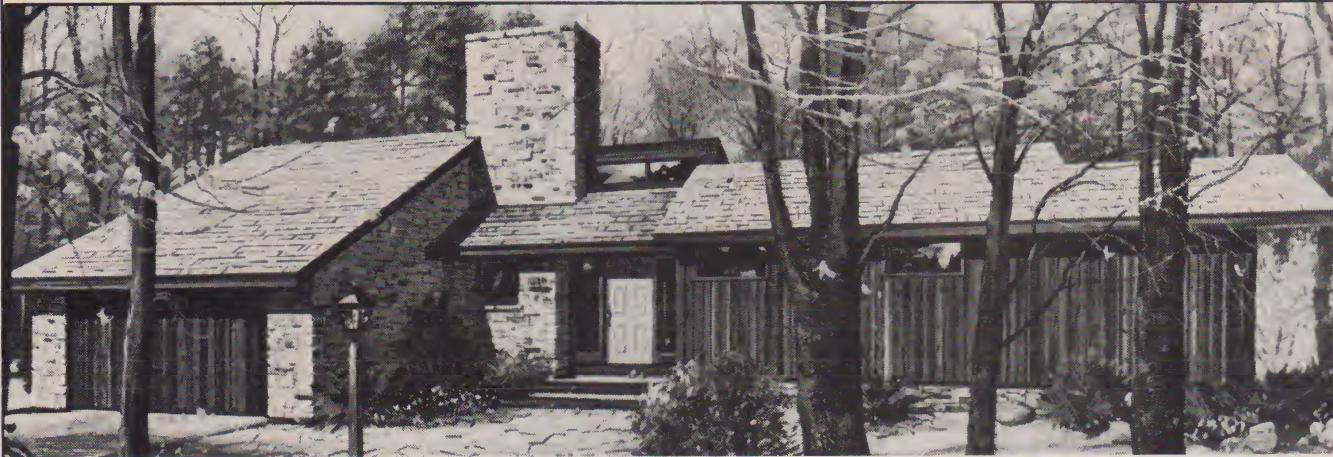
to see the project through.

"I guess it just takes bravado," Andreone says. "If I see a pretty girl, I go up and pinch her bum. Why not? I figured, I'm young. I'll try it. If I fail, I fail. I put up my money, and instead of having a good time finding a mistress, I'll spend some time with my own mistress, the machine."

The project began in 1976 when Andreone, who had been working for a Montreal aviation electronics company, founded Imapro with three other young engineers and his wife, who handles the firm's accounts. Andreone suggested to the Science Centre of the federal Supply and Services Department that his company could solve a problem that has been perplexing scientists for years: How to produce, quickly, accurate color photographs from satellite information. Existing systems couldn't provide good color registration and uniform color. The feds agreed to pay Imapro \$261,144 to develop a new system, and the P.E.I. government came up with mortgage money for capital equipment. Imapro decided to set up shop in Charlottetown, Andreone says, because "we were able very quickly to get a

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decision from the P.E.I. government as to whether they wanted us or not."

With programming help from two "top-notch" University of P.E.I. students, he developed a system that processes information from two Landsat satellites orbiting the earth on a polar circle about 500 miles up. The satellites send information in electronic form to stations in Prince Albert, Sask., and Shoe Cove, Nfld. Once that information gets to earth, it's stored on a computer tape and made into color photographs by Andreone's machine.

The advantages are that the pictures are clear, sharp, detailed and produced in 10 minutes, about three times as fast as those that other equipment makes. The machine exposes the three primary colors with one pass of the information, like a painter filling in a canvas by holding three brushes in his hand at once. Less sophisticated machines—the U.S. equipment, for instance—require three passes of the electronic information. The photographs have uses in mining, farming, surveying, ice reconnaissance, crop evaluation, forestry and so on. Foresters use satellite pictures to get a quick fix on the extent of fires, detect tree disease and insect infestation, chart logging activity. Agriculturalists can monitor the health of crops, plot the course of disease, estimate crop yield.

"Because our black box exists," Andreone observes, "we can make good color photographs so that people can say, 'Here's Resolute Bay, here's where the ice is. How are we going to get in with an icebreaker? Where should we be looking for oil?'" Andreone estimates there's a North American market for about six of those black boxes. (The cost—about \$500,000 for the next machine—means only governments can afford them.) But using the same technology, Imapro will be working over the next two years on a smaller black box that Andreone believes will "revolutionize" the production of color photographs in magazines and brochures. It will mean, he says, that a printer will be able to make color-separated images at half the present cost.

In other applications of the same technology, people may soon transmit high-quality photographs through telecommunications lines. Hospitals and medical research units might make hard-copy color photographs from tomographic and scanning x-ray machinery. Film animators, using computerized graphics systems, might put images directly on film. Having built the better mousetrap, Andreone is watching the world beat a path to his door. Inquiries have come from Japan, Europe, and U.S. government organizations that work with information from

satellites. "It's going to take time, but people are starting to call us. Word is getting around that we've done a good job. I'll be happy when the orders come in because that's the proof of the pudding."

Ironically, though, there's been little recognition of the home-grown invention from the Island government.

Andreone says, "I haven't heard anybody on the Island say, 'Hey, Fred, you've done a good job here. Thank you very much for being here.' It's partly my fault. I didn't go out and wave my flag. I thought, well, I'm willing to spend my time, my efforts to make something go here. I'm creating new jobs and hoping to create more. It's just that we're from away....And it's more important that some guy manages to sell an extra 100 pigs. Well, fine. But the fact that we've invented this here doesn't mean anything to them."

—Marian Bruce



Andreone: No home cheers

Profile

He's 50 now. His night to remember was 22 years ago. He laughs a lot, cries a little but, either way, puffiness closes his eyes. A hard but gentle man who's led a hard but ungentle life, he is still

Yvon Durelle, fighter

By Stephen Kimber

Outside, a dusting of new snow freckles the hard earth of Baie Ste. Anne, N.B. A streetlamp lights up the parking lot and renders eerie and somehow sad the sign above the padlocked building behind it. The sign announces that the place is The Fisherman's Club, but it also bears a portrait of a dark-haired, square-jawed young man. He stares out into the night, his fists poised in a traditional boxer's stance. The cars and trucks that hurry past that scene on this winter night do not slow down. Their occupants do not glance at the determined face of that young man frozen in a time long ago and far away, and they do not bother themselves to wonder what has become of him.

Inside, in the warmth of the kitchen of the white bungalow that stands beside The Fisherman's Club, the face from the sign is no longer frozen in time and the years have done it no favors. Yvon Durelle, the Fighting Fisherman from Baie Ste. Anne who became a Maritime boxing legend in the 1950s, is 50 years old now, and about the only thing that remains true to his boxing statistics today is that he is still 5'9" tall.

His hard, flat, boxer's stomach is still hard, but it's no longer flat. His hair has almost all fallen out, and what remains is as white as the snow outside. "It fell out after 'the trouble,'" he explains cryptically. A neat scar—the result of a recent operation to ease the pressure from a jaw that was once crushed back into his head by a fist and never previously repaired—traces a line across the back of his scalp. His voice is throaty and sometimes he thinks too fast for his words. He has to repeat himself to be understood.

"I'm not punchy, I'm not crazy. It was just 'the accident,'" he explains,

reverting to the private code he favors. The skin around his eyes, cross-hatched with scars from stitches, is puffy and outsized. He looks vaguely Oriental and unmistakably menacing, but when he laughs or cries, the puffiness closes his eyes and he looks childlike. On this night, the eyes have been shut often—with laughter for the good times and tears for the bad. The bad times far outnumbered the good, but in the remem-

bering there's more laughter than tears. We are sitting at a kitchen table piled high with memories and beer bottles. He has shown me his tattered press clippings and his scars. He has bragged about fights for which there are no records. ("Yvon has a tendency to exaggerate," a friend says. "If he told you he had 291 fights, you can probably cut the number in half and be close to the truth.") He has boasted about exploits to which there were no witnesses. He

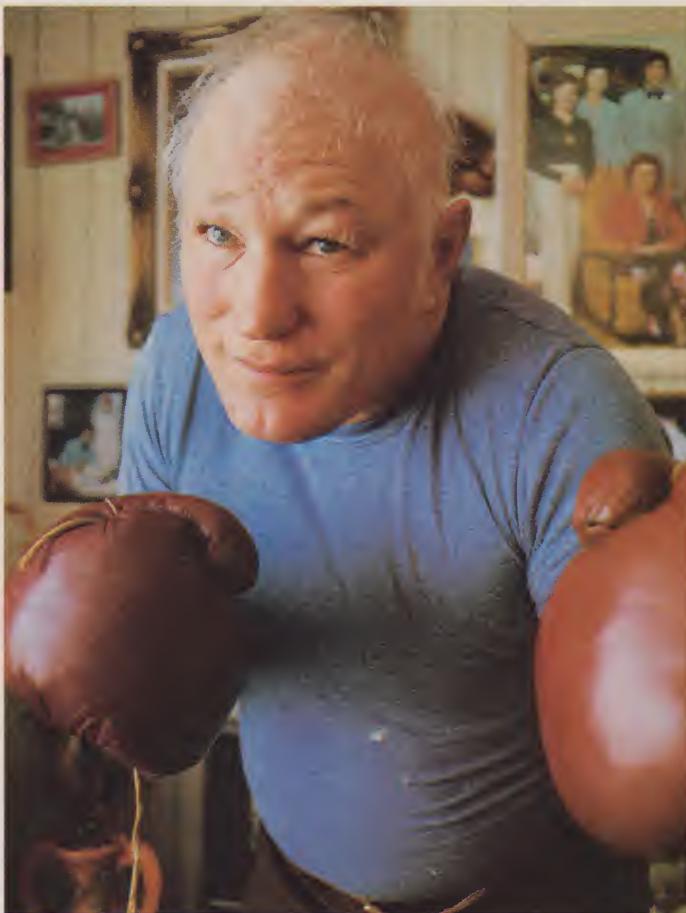
has taken his ring (size 19) off his finger and demanded that I put it on my thumb. It hangs loose like a bracelet. He has hauled out the yellowing teletype roll of a telegram. It weighs four pounds, three ounces, he tells me proudly. It's half a mile long. It contains the names of 11,700 east-coast boxing fans who just wanted to let him know—on that December night in 1958 when he fought Archie Moore for the world light-heavyweight championship—that they were rooting for him. The telegram is still his most prized possession. "I'd like to meet those people sometime," he said as he stuffed the roll back into its plastic bag. "I'd like to thank them."

PHOTO BY STEPHEN HOMER

Now, however, he is fiddling with a troublesome tape recorder. He wants me to hear a cassette of a radio documentary the CBC put together about him. "Open up some more beer," he orders as he tries to press small buttons with meaty fingers. He's told me he doesn't drink much anymore. "In the beginning I was, you know, a heavy drinker, but I don't need it anymore. It doesn't achieve nothing." But tonight is a special occasion. We're talking about the old days. About the good times.

"Moore is really staggered..." Suddenly, on the tape recorder, it is December 10, 1958, and a 28-year-old Yvon Durelle, "a fistic nobody, an inarticulate, beer-swilling hardrock," is challenging the legendary world's champion, 44-year-old Archie Moore, "a teetotalling, non-cursing dandy." At the Montreal Forum, the excited fight announcer is beside himself. "Durelle is going in for the kill IN THE FIRST ROUND!" Durelle smiles, the eyes shut tight, and he bobs and weaves awkwardly in his kitchen. "The crowd is going crazy... Moore is down again... Archie won't get up... He's gone bye-bye in only round one... Wait... He's up... He got up!"

Durelle flips off the tape machine.



Durelle: Happy—but missing times that are gone

"I'm proud of that fight," he says in a voice that is a mixture of gravel and fondness. "I fought the best in the world and I fought goddam hard. I was beaten by a better man, that's all, but I did the best I could and I'm goddam proud of myself." Durelle has an old, scratchy film of that fight. He has seen it a hundred times or more. Each time, he discovers something new: A long count that denied him victory, a moment when he should have hit and didn't, an instant when he might have backed away but didn't.

But nothing he sees now can change the fact that Archie Moore rallied from the shock of being knocked down three times in the first round and once more in the fifth, and hung on until he was able to put Durelle away in the 11th round. "All Mr. Durelle had to do," Moore said later about those early rounds, "was blow against me, and I would have been gone." Durelle had come within whispering distance of boxing immortality, but the record book is deaf to whispers. All it says is, "World light-heavy title, Archie Moore, KO by 11, 12/10/58."

Durelle sits down again in his chair and pours his beer. Tippy, his chihuahua, climbs up, snuggles in his master's arms. "Try and touch me, go on, just try," Durelle tells me. I reach out for his arm. The tiny dog snaps and growls and lunges for my hand. Durelle laughs, delighted. "No one touches me, not even my wife. The dog loves me. She's like a kid. I love that dog."

Durelle takes a long swallow of beer. In spite of all the awful, crazy, sad, and ultimately incredible twists of fate that have turned him upside down and twisted him inside out in the 21 years since he fought Archie Moore, he will tell you today that he is as happy as any man has the right to expect to be. "I don't owe nobody nothing. I'm not rich in money but in happiness, I'm wealthy." He smiles and the eyes close again.

"I got some money put away so I don't have to work if I don't want to. The house is mine, the kids are gone and there's just me and the wife. We sit at home and watch the TV at night and I'm happy. Every day I go to Chatham and I have coffee with my friends and then I come home and I have my wife and my dog." He is silent for a long moment, the eyes still closed. "I'm a proud man, you know. I'm proud of myself and I'm happy."

It's hard to believe.

The color of almost all the days that have slipped away from him since December 10, 1958, has been unrelieved black. His troubles began almost from the moment he stepped out of the ring that night, a beaten but heroic Rocky-like figure, the simple fisherman who

had almost stolen a world boxing championship and brought it home to Baie Ste. Anne. Before his rematch with Moore the next summer, however, Durelle smashed his spine in a boating mishap (he refers to it as "the accident") that cost him his balance and made him a wobbling punching bag for the sure-footed, smart-fisted and no



The Moore fight telegram, a half-mile long



In memories, more laughter than tears

longer cocky Moore. Durelle was gone in three quick rounds and soon, reluctantly, he was gone from boxing as well. His doctor had warned him that if he continued to fight "neither heaven nor hell will be able to help you."

He spent the next decade as a forest ranger, earning \$50-odd a week and ignominiously making ends meet by picking up spare change as a wrestler. At the end of his day's work in the woods, Durelle would get into his Volkswagen

and drive to Moncton or Halifax or wherever it was that the show had to go on that night, force himself to go through the motions of grappling with the likes of Bulldog Brower or Killer Kowalski, and then hop back in his car for the long drive back to Baie Ste. Anne and another day as a forest ranger. In a good week, he might clear an extra \$200 for his trouble.

Durelle did it because he needed the money. There were still four kids to feed, clothe, and educate and, worse, there were also those grey-suited men with their adding-machine minds. They were from Revenue Canada and they were convinced Durelle had neglected the nicety of reporting all the money he made as a boxer. As soon as he left the ring, they began hounding him for the state's share of the take from his glory days. But, by the time they caught up with him, the glory days were long gone and so, too, was whatever money there might have been.

Durelle says he still doesn't know how much he made in the ring or where it all went. He cheerfully admits he knew good times, gambling, and gallons of whisky, but he also knew any number of fast-talking hustlers and money-grabbing hucksters. They are as much a part of pro boxing as the smell of stale sweat and cigar smoke, and they made off with more than their fair share of his winnings. When Durelle finally settled up with the income tax officials in the early '70s for \$2,500, he had to borrow every cent of the payment.

His luck at last seemed about to turn in 1972. Oland's Brewery hired him to tell his boxing stories and peddle their beer on the north shore of New Brunswick. But one night in 1973, his house in Baie Ste. Anne burned to the ground. He lost almost all his possessions. A few months later, during a company reorganization, Oland's let him go.

Trading on what was left of his fast-fading boxing reputation, and desperate to make a few bucks, Durelle wangled a liquor licence and a loan for \$40,000 in '74, and opened The Fisherman's Club next door to the new house he had built in Baie Ste. Anne. His battered boxing gloves hung behind the bar and Durelle regaled the crowded club with tales of times they all remembered while the beer flowed as though there were no bottom to the barrel. He began to make money again and this time there were no zealous auditors sniffing around the books for signs of mischief and no hustlers trying to steal it from him. He was happy. Of course, it couldn't last.

On an April night in 1977, Durelle pumped five bullets from a .38 calibre revolver through the window of a car in the parking lot of The Fisherman's Club, and Albin Poirier, a 32-year-old

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with Tahiti
with ice
with London
with her
with vodka
with Janis
with Graham
with music
with dessert
with cream
with friends



Tia Maria
goes.

Profile



Dec. 10, 1958: Durelle vs. Archie Moore

sometime fisherman from Baie Ste. Anne, was dead. Durelle claimed the man had been harassing him and threatening his family, that he had fired the gun in self-defence because Poirier was trying to run him over with the car. Although the jury took just 50 minutes to acquit him of a charge of non-capital murder, the ordeal frazzled Durelle's already jangled nerves. He had nightmares. His hair fell out. He broke out in a sweat whenever he thought of The Fisherman's Club. In the spring of '78, he sold the place. Today, he refers to the incident only as "the trouble" and whenever he tries to talk about it, he begins to cry. He switches the subject.

"You say there was a fight tonight? I wish I'd known." While we were drinking beer in Baie Ste. Anne, Trevor Berbick of Halifax was slugging it out with a Nigerian in an elimination bout for the Commonwealth heavyweight boxing title. Despite the two decades that have disappeared since Durelle retired from the ring, he is still occasionally invited to be at ringside or to referee at pro boxing matches. In St. John's one night, the crowd gave him a 15-minute ovation. They did the same in Winnipeg last October. "It bothers me, it's so nice," he says. "I choke." But on this night, he hadn't even been

invited to Halifax to sit at ringside and hear the adulation of the fans. The neglect hurts him more than a fist in the face. "I'd have gone," he tells me. "I got nothing else to do and, you know, I still like the fights."

He was born with that love of "the fights." The sixth of 13 children of a poor fisherman and his wife, he still remembers fighting for his supper. Literally. "Me and my brothers, we'd fight like hell to see who would get the supper. The loser went to bed without any." Durelle loved to fight. He tangled with his brothers in the woods behind their home, he tussled playfully and "for nothing" with school chums at the side of the school, and he would slug it out with any anglo tough from Hardwicke or Escuminac who was brave enough or crazy enough to venture into Baie Ste. Anne.

Like most New Brunswick francophones of his generation, he grew up in linguistic and cultural confusion. At home, he spoke French, but at school his teachers and his schoolbooks were English. He dropped out after Grade 3 and only later taught himself to read and write—in both English and French—so he could read his press clippings.

Out of school, he worked on his father's fishing boat and toned his muscles shaping the anchors that his

father made in his own blacksmith's shop. Durelle was just 14 when he fought his first official bout, a three-round exhibition fight in a makeshift ring in a farmer's field at Baie Ste. Anne. He won and, a month later, turned professional. "I weighed 115 or 120 pounds then," he says with a laugh. He has since added 100 pounds. "But fought like hell. I loved to hit people over the head." He knocked out his first opponent in his first pro bout at the old Opera House in Chatham and earned eight dollars for his trouble. Soon he was a featured attraction all over New Brunswick's French shore.

"I can remember my father sitting by the stove with his feet in the oven and listening to Yvon's fights on the radio," remembers Thérèse Durelle, Yvon's wife and rock-solid centre for almost three decades. "My father would get so excited, his legs would shake. I didn't know what all the fuss was about." She did know, however, after their first date, that she would marry him. "I knew there was only one guy I cared for," she says. "He was—how do you say it in English?—doux. He was very sweet. I still call him that. 'Doux' is his nickname." Yvon still calls Thérèse "Mam'." They were married in 1951.

By then, Durelle was spreading his fistic reputation all over the Maritimes. In his first decade in the ring, he lost only four fights (one on a foul), and in 1953 in Sydney he beat Gordon Wallace for the Canadian light-heavyweight title. Four years later, he won the British Empire crown and decided he was ready to challenge Archie Moore for the world title. He did not always win. His official ring record stands at 44 knockouts and 38 decisions in 105 fights, and he was knocked out by the likes of Floyd Patterson, Jimmy Slade, Yolande Pompey and George Chuvalo, as well as by Moore. But his fists were always fearsome.

"I hit the whites until they turn black and the blacks until they turn



"I was beaten by a better man"



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Ron Hicks flew this plane to Chicago, a distance of approximately 2600 miles. The trip took him 3 days, one way.



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Range: 300 mi.



Ronald E. Hicks

an employee and plane builder

Ron was born at Havelock, New Brunswick and he has been with the Company since June 1951. One of the original workers at the Havelock plant, Ron was Physical Tester for 24 years until 1975 when he became Welder. Since April 1979 he has been working as a Machinist Apprentice.

Although interested in hunting and hiking, Ron's main hobby is building and flying his own planes. Over the past 15 years he has built 3 aircraft, the 2nd being of rather unusual design and referred to as a "pusher", with the engine mounted on the rear of the aircraft. To prove his trust in his workmanship, he flies his own aircraft and over the years he has logged over 1,400 hours or approximately 105,000 miles. He is a member of the Havelock Flying Club which is associated with the New Brunswick Soaring Association. Ron has also been a member of the Havelock Volunteer Fire Service for the past 25 years.

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Profile



PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HOMER

In Chatham: "I have coffee with my friends...then I come home"

white," was the way he once described his boxing strategy and, in truth, he was a brawler without style. He rarely trained for his fights, he was often overweight and he knew almost nothing of finesse. But he would give a punch and he could take a punch and he loved to do both. "Yvon was an 80% natural fighter," says Chris Shaban, his old friend and manager. "If he had trained earlier and harder..."

"I beat lots of guys," Durelle brags in retort. By his own count, he knocked out 223 of the 291 boxers he faced in his career. "And most of them, they didn't fight again after I beat them."

Whatever his boxing boasts, Durelle admits he was a loser at home during his career. He spent much of his time travelling to fights or training for fights and, when he did come back to Baie Ste. Anne for weekend visits, he would arrive with the entourage of managers, trainers, sparring partners and hangers-on who made him feel important. They would drink and laugh and shout until they left again on Monday morning. "Sometimes," Thérèse sighs, "I remember wishing he wouldn't come home at all when he was like that."

Durelle says now he was simply too young. "I couldn't settle myself down." For much of the time his boxing career was at its height, he was also estranged from his children: "I'd come home and my kids would run away from me. They were scared of me. My own kids! I cried." The four children, two boys and two girls, are all grown now and the family has made its peace. One of the boys is a welder in Fredericton, the other a policeman in Moncton. Neither ever wanted to be a boxer. "That was my doing," Thérèse

says forcefully. "It's no life. Two grown men hitting each other. It's crazy."

"Mam'," Durelle says suddenly, as if he hadn't heard her. "We got to call. Where's the number?" Thérèse tells me resignedly the bill for long-distance calls to their daughters—one is a computer technician in Calgary, the other a mother and housewife in Yellowknife—runs to about \$75 a month. Tonight, he talks with his daughter and granddaughter in Yellowknife. "Listen," he says, holding the phone to my ear while three-year-old Jenny tells her grandfather what she wants Santa Claus to bring her. "She's smart, that one. You listen." The eyes are closed.

Thérèse brings out peanuts and potato chips and Yvon opens up some more beer. "Right now, Mam' is the most important thing in my life," he tells me. "If it weren't for her, I'd be the worst hobo in the world." Even in the worst of his best times, when he was ignoring family responsibilities for fistic fame and the good life, he would still occasionally remember how much



"The dog loves me...I love that dog"

he loved her. While training for the Moore fight, for example, he ran away from his training camp one weekend just so he could get back to Baie Ste. Anne to see her. Today, their relationship is bantering, warm. "No other woman in the world would put up with me," he says.

Durelle is happy. He has the love of a good woman, children and grandchildren on whom he can lavish attention and, thanks to money he made from the sale of The Fisherman's Club and reinvested, enough income to see him comfortably through his old age. He has good friends in Chatham who welcome him each morning when he shows up for coffee and, of course, the dog who is devoted only to him. Yvon Durelle is a happy man, but...

He is also bored. And he misses the times that are gone. The realization sneaks up on you like a punch from the blindside. In the flurry of his earnest efforts to convince you how happy he is today, he drops small hints: The disappointment in his face when he realizes there's a fight in Halifax and he won't be there, the need to exaggerate his already formidable achievements, the suggestions that I should arrange for a club in Halifax to invite him to show his film of the Moore fight. "They'd sell a lot of beer," he says. "I know they would. People love to see that fight. They still love to talk to me."

His fists brought him to that fight and the fight brought him, briefly, to the world. But other fists sent him home again and, today, fewer and fewer people remember what those fists could do. Tonight, all they can do is try to keep time with the music.

"Lie-La-Lie..."

We are listening to the end of that radio documentary about his career and Durelle is singing along with the theme music in a strange, high-pitched voice. The producers chose to end their tribute to him with "The Boxer," a song by Simon and Garfunkel.

*In the clearing stands a boxer,
And a fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders
Of ev'ry glove that laid him down
And cut him till he cried out
In his anger and his shame,
"I am leaving, I am leaving."
But the fighter still remains...***

"That was an old song, and they wrote new words—about me," Yvon Durelle says. It isn't true, but that doesn't matter. The song is Yvon Durelle.

He picks it up again. "Lie-La-Lie..." His eyes are closed.

*©1968 Paul Simon. Used by permission.

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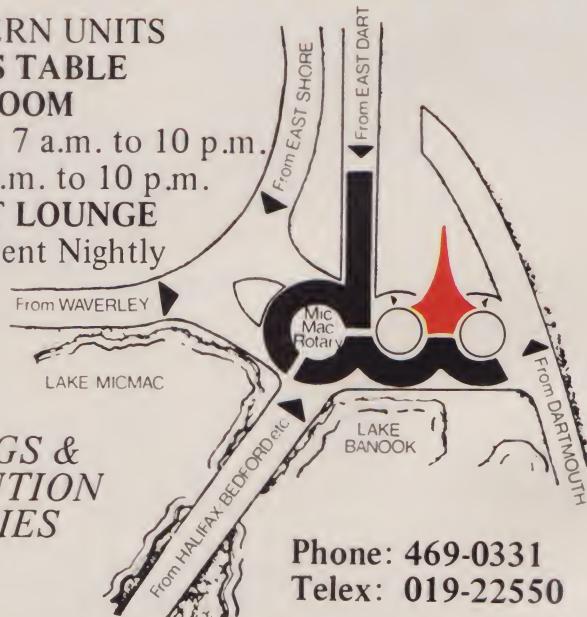
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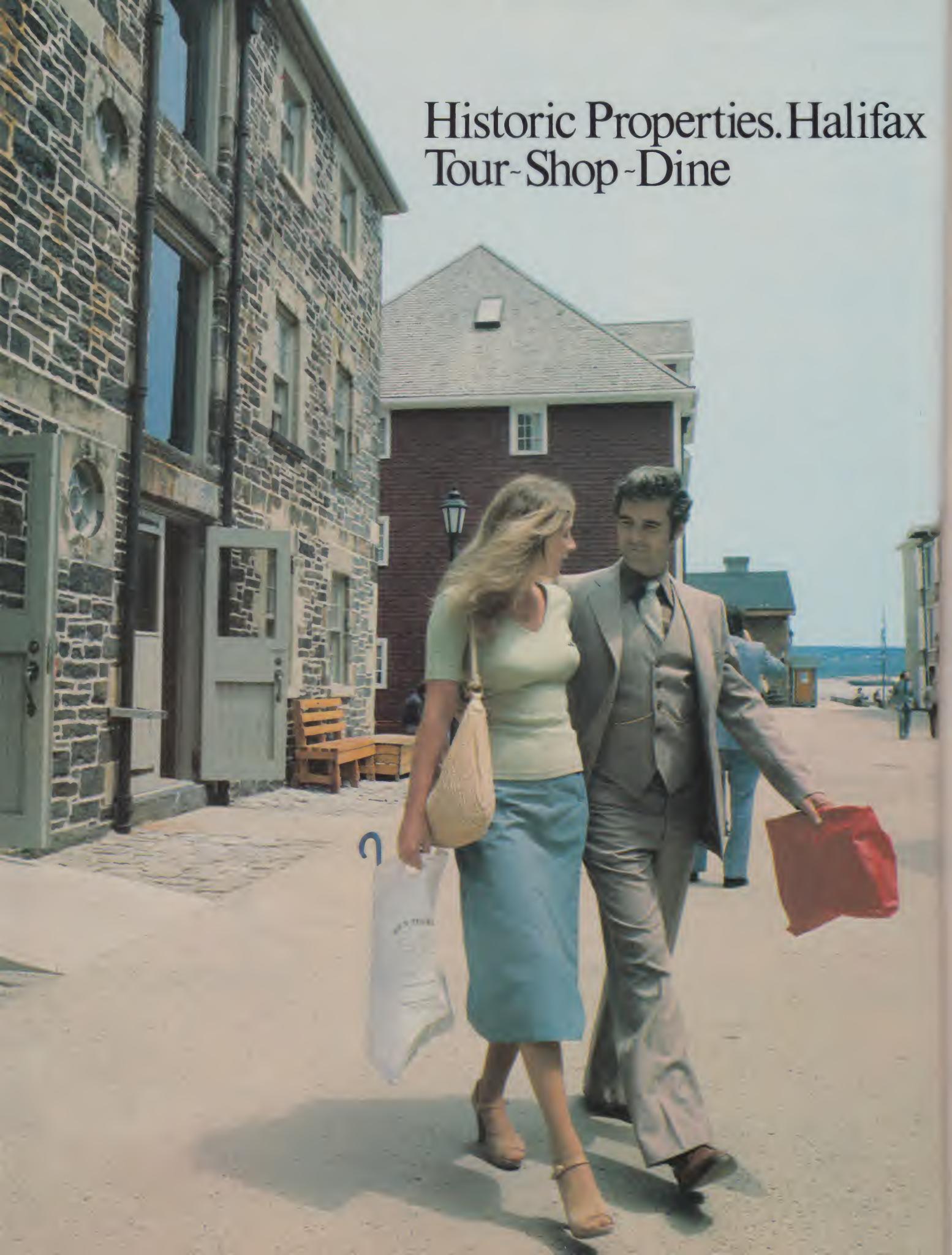
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Feedback

Wild about Henry

I enjoyed reading the article on Dr. Henry Hicks, *Henry Hicks, Senator* (January-February), and found the contents informative and, with one exception, accurate. You state that while people admire Dr. Hicks and marvel at his skills, they do not "in the end, like him." Please be assured that those of us at this institution who have worked with Dr. Hicks do indeed "like him" and recognized his contribution to education and to friendship among Maritime institutions by awarding him an honorary degree at our most recent convocation.

Alan M. Sinclair,
President
Acadia University
Wolfville, N.S.

Melanson vs. Knelman

In reaction to Martin Knelman's review of *Kramer vs. Kramer* (January-February), I wonder what he thinks feminists want, since he believes that they will react negatively to the film. *Kramer vs. Kramer* served feminists and people in general well by showing that whether you are male or female, the bond with your child can develop, albeit at a late date, that mothers can love generously and choose to leave their child with a good father without necessarily being a monster, that fathers can and want to take responsibility for their child even if it means a less demanding job, and that some homemakers lose their other sources of self-worth and confidence if they do not keep outside interests. Possibly, *Kramer vs. Kramer*, by portraying a deserted father instead of a deserted mother has made us feel the plight of the deserted parent more deeply. But we must remember that it is women who find themselves in Ted's position most often and that their situation is not easier because women are used to the idea of taking care of children and Ted was not. Their situation is often worse because their job options and self-confidence are not as good as Ted's.

Rosella Melanson
Moncton, N.B.

Second opinion

Mr. Nowlan's column, *Canadian Doctors Should Pay for Their Mistakes. We Do* (January-February), has so many holes in it that it reads like a piece of Swiss cheese. I know what diseases and operations can do to you physically, but perhaps the cigarette in the accompanying photo is partly to blame. A doctor is legally responsible for his or her diagnosis if that diagnosis is unreasonable or made repeatedly in the face of

new developments to the contrary. In Canada, physicians cannot "do as they like." Otherwise I wouldn't have to have multi-references from past performances to get a job and join societies and hospital medical staffs. By far the majority of doctors who have their licences revoked have been convicted of negligence and/or incompetence pertaining directly to their work as physicians and not more "conventional" crimes.

Brian MacKinnon, M.D.
Norton, N.B.

Amiable Amy

Plucky, courageous, brave, fearless, daring, audacious, intrepid, lionhearted, valiant, spunky, venturesome, madcap, impetuous Amy Zierler! Not that ugly, repulsive, nasty buzz-word "gutsy." Maybe Amy uses it herself, but I'm old enough to be her mother and my maternal feelings object to having vivacious, attractive, sparkling, individualistic, petite Amy called by that adjective.

Joan M. Payzant
Dartmouth, N.S.

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Psst! Want a hot art book? It'll cost you only \$2,100

But where else can you get the selected works of Christopher Pratt, bound in goatskin?

Exactly 279 copies of the book will be for sale. It's a limited, deluxe edition, illustrating the work of Christopher Pratt, the Newfoundland artist, and it's designed to appeal to collectors of first editions: The text will be on Stonehenge, a heavy, antique-finish rag paper; the photographs of Pratt's work will be on Quintessence, a top-quality, glossy paper; the strip of leather that goes around the spine of the book is high-class goatskin (it's called Oasis Niger); and, naturally, all binding will be done by hand.

The book, called *Christopher Pratt*, is also designed to be an attractive investment. It costs \$2,100 (you can order it now, even though you won't get it until December) and, if it follows the recent trend in Canadian limited-edition art books, it will sell out quickly and the value will skyrocket. If you want it simply because you're interested in art, the pictures are rather good, too. There are 76 of them—60 color plates and 16 black-and-white—and they represent roughly 80% of Pratt's professional work. Pratt is 44 years old but he's so meticulous a craftsman he completes only three or four pieces a year.

At the moment, he's working on

Pratt: "A sense of hidden force...and mystery"

some original silkscreens for the book. The 279 copies will be divided into three volumes of 93 copies each. Pratt is making three new prints—one for each volume. (In other words, if you want all three prints, you have to buy three volumes.) He works in his home on the banks of the Salmonier River at the head of St. Mary's Bay, where he's lived and painted for the last 17 years. Not surprisingly, water is a common element in his paintings and prints, but never crashing waves. Instead, Pratt paints calm, lightly rippled seas. Frequently, the water is visible in the background, past the edge of a house or through a window, and he draws these foreground objects with an austere precision. Your immediate impression is likely to be of peace and calm—but always there is a sense of hidden force. Pratt's works contain mystery.

This has sparked a long debate among art critics. They can't decide what to call him. Usually, they say he's some kind of realist, and they give him a double-barrelled label—he's a poetic realist, or a magic realist, or a hyperrealist. Mira Godard, Pratt's dealer, owns and operates art galleries in Toronto and Calgary, and she says he

is an *abstract* realist. Pratt himself says he'd rather not be in any of these categories. "I think of myself as a representational artist," he says. Basically, that means you can recognize what he paints. "I don't like the word realist," he says, "because I'm far more interested in the image I create than the real object which inspired it." Whatever you call him, he's unquestionably one of Canada's foremost artists.

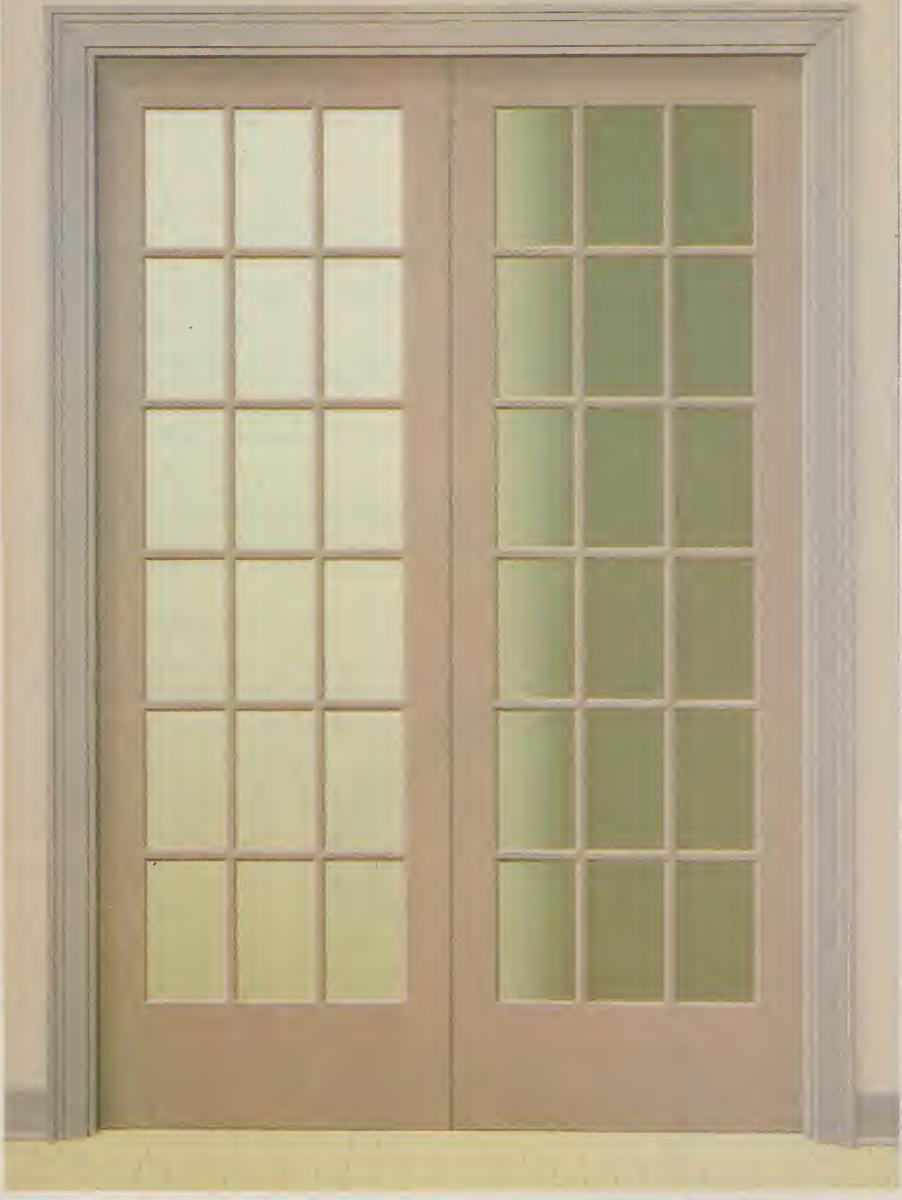
The book is the first publication of Quintus Press, but the five Quintus partners (all of them Pratt-lovers) have, collectively, a fair bit of experience. Mira Godard, the gallery owner, is one of them, and she's organizing the collection of works Quintus will reproduce in the book. The paintings and silkscreens will all be shipped to Toronto to be photographed, and getting them there is a mammoth task. They're spread across the country, in galleries and private collections from Charlottetown to Vancouver. One painting is in India.

Other Quintus partners are Anna Porter, president of Seal Books, a joint venture of McClelland & Stewart, and Bantam; Michael de Pencier, president of Key Publishers, which publishes

Below, left to right: "Railway," "Above Montreal," "Light Northeast"



EXIT



Toronto Life and *Quill and Quire*; Ernie Herzog, printer, color specialist and president of Mintmark Press; and Roderick Brinckman. Brinckman owns Monk Bretton Books, a bookstore that specializes in rare books, and he has a special interest in illustrated volumes.

Aside from their various talents, each of the five has provided Quintus with a list of potential buyers. Godard, for example, can identify 1,200 people who have bought Pratt works. Brinckman knows first-edition collectors. Herzog has a list of art-book buyers. Together, they've rounded up about 2,500 names of people who might be interested in the book, and they've sent out promotional brochures to all of them.

Pratt has just about finished work on the three sets of original silkscreens. They take about six weeks each, he says, and even though the printing process itself is fairly mechanical, he insists on doing all the work personally. "I'm making these prints exactly the same way I've made all my others," he says. "We thought of sending them off to Toronto to have the printing done commercially, but I want to be able to say 'These are Pratt prints,' without having to add any qualifications."

He makes 250 copies of each print initially, then edits them down to the 93 that are unblemished by dust or imperfect printing. Pratt and the publishers will split on an additional 12 volumes among themselves. This is an unusually large number, because Pratt wants six copies. With every print he makes, he keeps one for himself, one for his wife (artist Mary Pratt), and one for each of his four children. We'll do the multiplication for you: Six copies, times three volumes, times \$2,100 equals \$37,800.

— Doug Tindal

"Exit," left, is typically spooky

Mowat's Bestiary for Unnatural Children

Farley Mowat is not known as a poet, but, as Alden Nowlan remarks on page 82, many writers begin with poems. In a letter Mowat sent to Atlantic Insight with the following nonsense rhymes (and they aren't as nonsensical as they appear at first), he says, "Poetry was, by all odds, my firstest and bestest love. At the age of five I was rhyming like a mad fool...I've always had this sly, sneaking urge to revert to childhood and to poetry. And now I'm doing it." Right. The verse on these pages is proof. It's part of an upcoming book that, for the moment anyway, he's calling "Mowat's Bestiary for Unnatural Children." Read on

The Neighborhood Has Gone To Hell

A Gull by breed, a Hawk by nature,
The Skua defies nice nomenclature.
She lays her eggs upon the ice,
And feeds her young on baby mice.
When other Skuas come to call,
She eats them...beak and bones and all.

If I was a bird I would eschew a
Neighbor as nasty as the Skua.

He's Pretty Strange, Isn't She?

The Earthworm is bisexual.
He's he, but also she.
Though this may seem a happy state
It's not quite trouble-free.

For one end is the female end,
The other is the male.
And so the Earthworm seldom knows
Just where to find his tail.

Newfoundland Joke

An Ant is an Emmet in Newfoundland,
The Bald-headed Eagle's a Gripe.
What they call a Shag is a Cormorant,
And the Curlew's diminished to Snipe.

A Loon is a Loo in Newfoundland,
Where the Dolphin is called the Seapig.
And Wamp is their name for an Eider
Duck,
While the Pintail Duck is a Sprig.

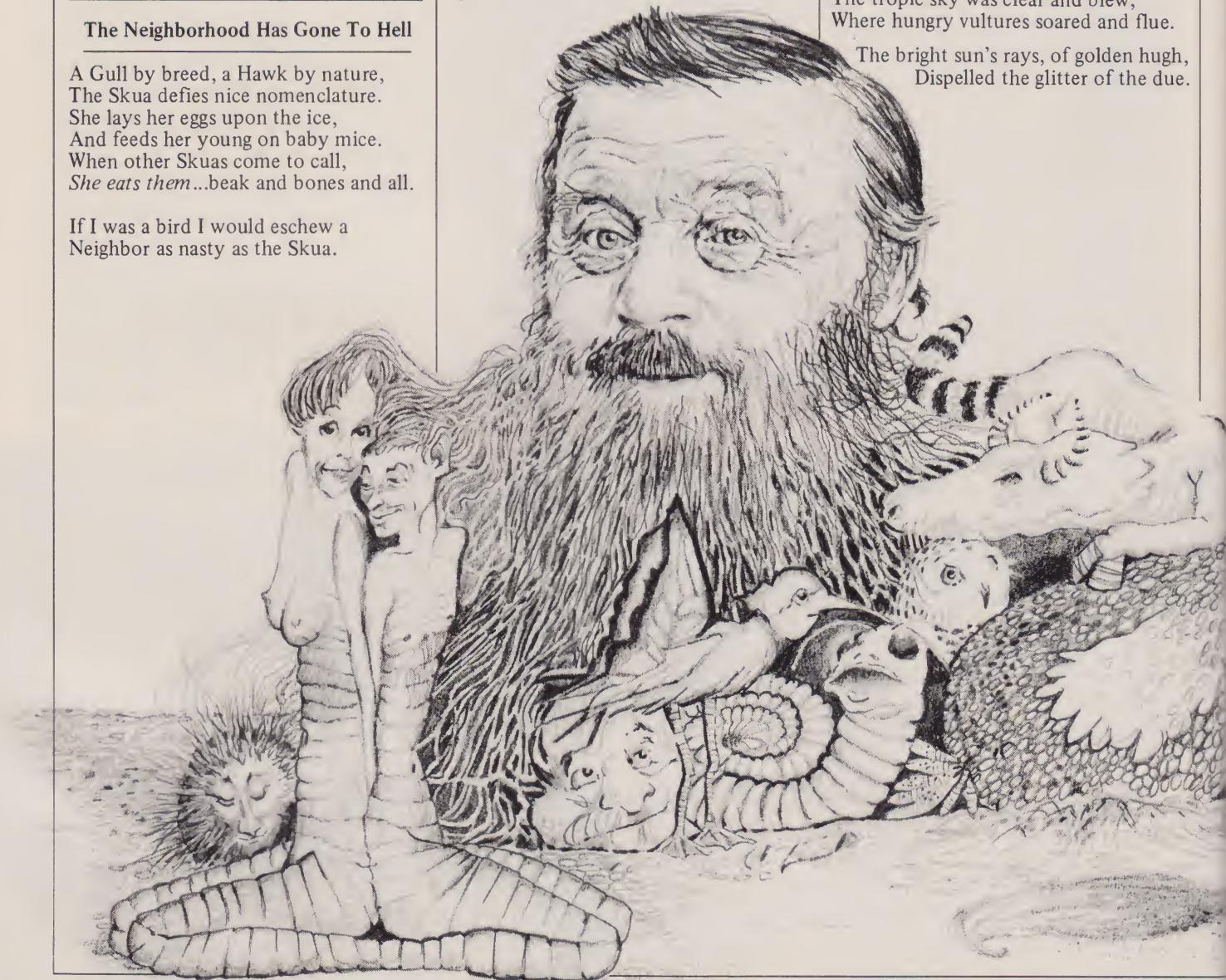
A Murre is a Turr in Newfoundland,
A Sea-urchin is a Whore's Egg.
Hagdown's their name for a Shearwater,
And a Butterfly is a Maeg.

An Owl is a Howl in Newfoundland,
The Fulmar's a Bawk. But alas,
The Kittiwake's fate is the worst by far.
They call him—the Tickle-ass.

He's A Gnu

The tropic sky was clear and blew,
Where hungry vultures soared and flue.

The bright sun's rays, of golden hugh,
Dispelled the glitter of the due.



Out on the veldt a man named Loo
Pursued the unsuspecting Gnu.
And when, at length, the beast he
slough,
He made of it a savory stue.

Except the hooves. Which went for glou.

With Or Without Dressing

The Ptarmigan (a kind of grouse)
Lives in the Arctic with his spouse.
Though Ptarmigan are smart and perky,
They don't taste half as good as pturkey.

Dynastic Disaster

A gigantic beast was the Brontosaur,
who lived in an epoch long before
the time when the animal world began
to degenerate into Modern Man.

The Brontosaur vanished so long ago
that our learned savants still don't know
the why and the wherefore of his fall.

But *I* know what drove him to the wall!

The Brontosaur had a fatal flaw.
He suffered from hyper-avoirdupois.
He weighed some *eighty-five thousand*
pounds!
Such a hell of a weight to drag around
that he hated to put on his clothes and
shoes,
preferring to stay in bed and snooze.

Although his ardor was sometimes fired
by the sight of a lady he admired,
he'd woo her with such a tremendous
yawn
that, when he awakened, she'd be gone.

So no little Brontosaurs ever got sired
...because their papa was too damn tired.



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like it—because
nothing beats
good flavour.



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Dave Richards's first novel may reach 250,000 Russians

He's from Newcastle, N.B., and "the River." He may be "the best young fiction writer in Canada"

The young man drinking beer in the Black Horse Tavern in Newcastle, N.B., arrived on a motorcycle. With his slight frame, fair skin, Harry Hibbs cap and green-and-black-checked shirt, he might be tallyman in a sawmill or the fellow whose job it is to keep a record of how much gravel is being trucked away from the pit. In fact, he may be the best young fiction writer in Canada.

His byline is David Adams Richards and already, at 29, he has published two novels and a collection of short stories. Admirers of his prose include two of the country's foremost literary critics, George Woodcock, founder of the University of British Columbia magazine, *Canadian Literature*, and Fred Cogswell, long associated with the University of New Brunswick magazine, *Fiddlehead*. Here and there, after a drink or two, some professor of CanLit has grown sufficiently bold to murmur that young Richards might, just might, turn out to possess something called "genius."

Soon, unless the transaction becomes another casualty of the new Cold War, his first novel, *The Coming of Winter*, will be translated into Russian and published in the Soviet Union. Its Canadian publisher, Michael Macklem of Ottawa's Oberon Press, estimates that this Russian translation will reach 250,000 readers. (In Canada, a novel that sells 5,000 copies ranks as a best-seller.)

What is David Adams Richards doing in Newcastle? "This is my home," Dave Richards would answer. His family first came to the Miramichi country of northeastern New Brunswick in 1805. (New Brunswickers call it simply, the Miramichi, except for those of them who live there, like Dave Richards: They sometimes call it, even more simply, the River.) He has travelled across Canada and in Europe and made three long visits to Spain. "But I've never felt comfortable anywhere else for any length of time."

The Coming of Winter, his second novel, *Blood Ties*, his collection of short stories, *Dancers at Night*, and his play, *The Dungarvon Whooper*, are all set on

the River and describe with relentless honesty the lives of its people, in whom the genes of the dour and thrifty Lowland Scot and his half-brother, the Scotch-Irish Ulsterman, intermingle uneasily with those of the wild and prodigal Gael, both Highlander and Irish.

It's supremely appropriate that a novel by Dave Richards should be translated into Russian. His literary heroes are the great 19th-century Russian novelists Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy. He says, "I always think of Leningrad as St. Petersburg," the name it bore under the czars. But he had resolved to become a writer before he ever heard of a troika or a samovar. As a boy, he went twice a week to Newcastle's Old Manse Library, located in Lord Beaverbrook's childhood home. There he found *Oliver Twist*. "It was the first 'adult' novel I ever read. I loved it, the way Dickens made the reader feel things. I knew that was what I wanted to do too."

Like many writers, he began with poems. He didn't turn to prose until he enrolled at St. Thomas University in Fredericton and there, on the campus which it shares with UNB, met the Ice House Gang. The Ice House Gang was, and is, a group of writers and aspirant writers, some of them faculty members and some of them students, who meet

informally one night a week to read and criticize one another's work. It takes its name from its meeting place, a little white Hansel and Gretel cottage that actually used to be the university ice house.

Nancy Bauer, a writer, critic and publisher (New Brunswick Chapbooks) and a key figure in the Ice House Gang says, "Dave is the most natural writer I've ever come across. The way he structures his novels is quite incredible. There's a very sure movement, as if it were all preordained. He never talks about his characters as if they were characters in a novel: It's as if he had known them personally and was simply writing down what they had done." After a pause, she adds, "In some ways it's almost as if an angel were speaking through him." She sounds a little surprised at herself for having said that, and a little embarrassed: After all, she's a New Englander. But she doesn't take it back.

Richards himself would rather write than talk about it. Ordinarily, he works from midnight until 5 a.m. "I've tried to switch to working in the daytime but I can't seem to pull it off." He seems very much at home in the Black Horse Tavern, where the regulars may greet him with, "How's the book comin' along, Dave?" in pretty much the same spirit as they might say, "How's the boat comin' along, Dave?" if it were a boat that he was making.

It is not so much a question as a pleasantry. The conversation soon turns to other matters, most of them local. The people of the Miramichi aren't parochial: They simply have the good sense to realize, as Dave Richards does, that the place where you are is as close to the centre of the universe as you're ever likely to get.

—Alden Nowlan



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The nouvelle cuisine of Larry Wilson

Only in Charlottetown, you say? Magnifique!

By Marian Bruce

When Larry Wilson opened his restaurant in Charlottetown 4½ years ago, his own staff wouldn't take his fancy ideas seriously. Wilson wanted to sell fine wines, *Sole Marguery* and the understated elegance of a good French dining room; his customers wanted something hearty with a large side of fries. Sole was lobster bait. "The first two years," sighs Wilson, a boyish-looking 28-year-old, "were very, very painful."

Wilson grew up in Charlottetown. He's a self-taught cook who sharpened his palate and developed his repertoire of international recipes by studying cookbooks, experimenting at home and picking up tips from friends. He got interested in cooking at 14, preparing meals for his father and three younger sisters. At 17, he bluffed his way into a job as third chef at the Charlottetown Hotel and spent a few summers as a cook and bar manager and a few months as a waiter at an exclusive men's club in Toronto. By then he was ready to give Charlottetown what he considers its first experience in gracious dining.

For the first 18 months, the restaurant—called Minnie's, after his grandmother—just scraped by. At the time, Wilson says, Charlottetown was a culinary pioneer village. "A few years ago," he says, "Islanders used to judge the quality of a restaurant by the number of fries on their plate. If there were more on their plate than they could eat, it was a good place."

Wilson's favorite dishes are French and Italian. He describes himself as a food purist, which means he insists on real butter and cream, imported sherry in the soup, choice cuts of imported beef, vegetables just this side of crunchy. The most nerve-wracking part about the first two years, he says, was training from scratch a staff that would meet his exacting standards for food and service. (Once, a harried waitress dropped eight platefuls of dinner on the floor, garnishing a customer with salmon and cream sauce and sending the deceptively mild-mannered Wilson into such a rage, he had to run around the building five times to cool off.)

But chef and customers learned from each other. Wilson adapted his international cuisine to local tastes. The

recipes he created turned out to be in the spirit of France's *nouvelle cuisine*—lightly sauced and delicately seasoned. His big break came in the spring of 1977, when *Gourmet* magazine discovered Minnie's. By summer, the tourists were lined up outside the blue and white dining room, and the locals came around to see what all the fuss was about.

Now, Wilson's a minor celebrity around town, starring in a radio show, teaching a gourmet cooking course, greeting customers who keep Minnie's busy winter and summer. He's even thinking about becoming a travelling consultant for new restaurants across Canada. He's proud of having coaxed some Islanders to switch from milk to Beaujolais, from deep-fried scallops to *Coquilles St. Jacques*. "It was a gradual thing," he says. "Through the restaurant, people have acquired a taste for things like pepper steak, wine and escargots."



Wilson: A minor celebrity...at last

Strawberry Crêpes

8 crêpes, or very thin pancakes
 8 tbsp. clear butter
 4 tbsp. white sugar
 1½ oz. brandy
 2½ oz. curacao triple sec
 rind of 1 small lemon, grated
 2 cups sliced fresh ripe strawberries
 ½ cup sour cream. Serves 4.

Marinate strawberries in 1 oz. of brandy and 1 oz. of triple sec for at least 1 hour in refrigerator. Warm up large frypan and add clear butter and sugar. Stir until sugar dissolves. Add rest of brandy and triple sec and lemon rind. Set afire. Simmer 1 minute or until flame goes out. Do not allow to caramelize. Mix marinated strawberries and sour cream. Place 1/8 of mixture on each crêpe and roll up. Pour warm sauce over, allowing 2 crêpes per person. Top with dollop of whipped cream and a strawberry.

Curried Beef with Coconut and Raisins

1½ lbs. cubed sirloin
 ½ cup chopped onions
 ½ cup small yellow raisins, soaked in ½ cup water
 1 cup beef stock or consommé
 1 cup water
 1 tbsp. curry powder
 1 tbsp. cream of coconut (available at a delicatessen)
 4 tbsp. olive oil or vegetable oil

Dredge beef in flour. Warm oil in heavy frypan until almost smoking. Add beef cubes and onions and brown, turning pieces with spatula or wooden spoon. Remove beef from pan. Remove pan from heat. Add curry powder, stirring it into remaining oil. Loosen any brown bits clinging to the pan. Add beef stock and water and drained raisins. Simmer slowly for 1 hour, uncovered, until sauce thickens like gravy. If too thick, add more water. Just before serving, stir in the cream of coconut. Serve on a bed of curried rice. Serves 4.

Breast of Chicken, Supreme Sauce

4 7-oz. chicken breasts, boned and skinned
 4 to 6 tbsp. cooking oil
 2 tbsp. Hungarian paprika
 6 tbsp. flour mixed with 4 tbsp. soft butter
 2 cups chicken stock
 ½ cup fresh cream
 ½ tsp. onion powder

Dredge chicken in flour. Warm oil in heavy saucepan. Add chicken and brown on both sides. Remove chicken from pan and keep warm. In a saucepan, warm butter and flour mixture, but do not brown. Add paprika and onion powder. Stir rapidly over medium heat. Add chicken stock and stir until boiling. Add cream and some water if too thick. Serve sauce over chicken breasts. Garnish with mushroom caps.



Small Towns

Annapolis Royal, N.S.

It's 375 years old, and sometimes you'd swear you could still smell the smoke from cannons that roared centuries ago. Now, after a long sleep, its future looks exciting, too

By H.R. Percy

Sometimes of a summer's morning the old town lies so perfectly mirrored in the placid surface of the Annapolis Basin that it's hard to tell which way is up. Minutes later a ruffle of wind or an errant cloud alters the aspect entirely. And so it goes, around the clock and round the year. Seen from its sister settlement of Granville Ferry, the ancient capital of Acadia wears a thousand faces, as varied yet as characteristic as the events of its long history. And often evocative of them. When the low-profiled town hangs ghostly among its mists the cannon on the earthworks of Fort Anne seem to be still reeking from their last salvos against the French in 1745.

From the water, the town has a Currier and Ives quaintness. Its beauty is far more than the sum of its parts, for in the business district fire and the philistine have long been taking their toll. Much has been lost. The house where Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton wrote the first history of Nova Scotia was torn down to make way for a Texaco station. In a series of conflagrations, houses in which princes dined and colonial governors were born have passed away. Hotels where the imperial soldiery caroused met the same fate, and so did wealthy commercial establishments that once thrived upon the ceaseless flow of shipping through the Digby Gut.

Annapolis Royal is often called "a sleepy little town." It invites the cliché. Its official population is only 738 and, until recently, a tourist strolling down St. George Street on a Saturday afternoon would find the stores closed and the street deserted. Yet the sleepiness seemed merely a state of suspended animation. If the town dreamed of the days when

Seen from the water, "the town has a Currier and Ives quaintness"



Its faces are varied as its history

it was capital of Nova Scotia—when subduing its fortress meant possessing the whole peninsula—it also seemed confident of the princely kiss that would one day restore it to something of its old vitality and grandeur.

That kiss came not long ago in the form of an agreement by the federal government to bankroll the town's rejuvenation to the tune of more than \$2 million. And since the slumber had been long and deep, a second kiss was in order: The Annapolis River causeway will become the site of the first tidal-power plant in North America, at a projected cost of \$40 million.

Paul Buxton, the hustling executive director of the town's development commission, radiates confidence and enthusiasm. He also hastens to point out that the largesse of the federal Department of Regional Economic Expansion (DREE) creates far more problems than it solves. Buildings can be purchased and restored, construction can be planned and streetscapes designed, but not a penny will drop into the town's depleted pocket until each project is shown to be self-sustaining. DREE, for instance, will finance the creation of a 70-acre "heritage gardens," but it will neither pay for the purchase of the land nor contribute to the \$70,000-a-year cost of maintenance. But in the



prevailing mood of optimism the development commission is going into hock for the land. Its quiet-spoken chairman John Johnson, a longtime leader in the town's historical circles, is sure that this and other well-advanced schemes will succeed.

The people of Granville Ferry say a little smugly that Annapolis Royal should be taxed for the privilege of looking across at their lovely old village. The development commission concedes the point, at least to the extent of approving construction of a boardwalk to open up Granville Ferry's long-neglected waterfront and exploit the old-world panorama of its shoreline. This walk, founded upon several hundred metres of rock fill, will extend from the government wharf, where a freighter loading pulpwood occasionally overowers the town, almost to Fort Anne, a Mecca for 130,000 tourists in the summer of '79.

Pausing in his stroll along this landscaped walk, the visitor may sit by a lighthouse and dream upon a prospect that has few equals on the whole continent. Seeing it for the first time, in the spring of 1604, Champlain wrote, "We entered one of the most beautiful ports which I have seen on these coasts, where two thousand vessels could be anchored in safety...which I have named Port Royal."

Port Royal it remained until 1710, when Colonel Francis Nicholson and his New Englanders claimed it. They named it for their "Sovereign Lady Queen Anne." The original name survives at the small village halfway down the Granville shore where in 1939 Champlain's Habitation of 1605 rose again in splendid replica. During the summers of their sojourn there, the Sieur de Monts and his settlers tilled the first grain-fields in North America on land where Annapolis Royal now stands.

If our daydreaming visitor has done his historical homework, he will live in fancy through the 16 attacks on the old fort—"the football of the nations." French and English wrested it from each other seven times. Even after Nicholson's triumph, attacks by the French and Indians continued until 1746. As if that were not enough, 40 men from two American rebel privateer schooners stole into the fort one summer night in 1781, and took possession of it "with no loss of life except that of their own pilot, whom they killed by mistake." After a day of pillage and terror, they left. They took two hostages and all the personal belongings of the inhabitants with them.

A fitting retribution, our visitor might observe, for the town's part in the infamous expulsion of the Acadians. In August 1755, five ships were ordered from Boston to Annapolis "to ship on board one thousand persons, reckoning at two persons to a ton." The garrison commander was instructed to collect all the Acadians of the district "by any means, particularly the heads of families and young men," to be dispersed among the colonies to the south. The same order bountifully authorized "five pounds of flour and one pound of pork to be delivered to each so shipped, to last for seven days."

As Councillor Daurene Lewis sits weaving in the window of Studio Wefan, within sight of the fort, she is highly aware of the history around her. Her ancestors helped make it. Free Negroes, they were among the 2,500 Loyalists who inundated the tiny town, and spread out to settle land of the dispossessed Acadians. But who could have imagined that when Rose Fortune, humble scion of this stock, met the Granville ferry with her handcart in 1840, that the business she founded would still be flourishing, as Lewis Transfer, in 1980? Rose was a "character," bizarre of dress and engagingly eccentric. In response to growing lawlessness, she appointed herself the town's first police constable. Even the illustrious creator of Sam Slick did not intimidate her. "Come along, Jedge, come along," she admonished as he lagged behind. "Yo know right well yo got to ketch that boat." He tipped her a shilling and called her his "black

Venus."

The formation of the Fort Anne Weavers in 1957—Daurene's mother, Pearl, was its first president—started the modern growth of Annapolis Royal as a centre of creativity. Now, a surprising number of craftsmen, painters and writers live within a few miles and, like most of the other residents in the district, they all feel passionately that they belong to the town and the town belongs to them.

Small wonder. The town lies in a countryside whose every prospect is a delight. St. George Street is a heritage-hunter's dream. And not a building over four storeys tall within 60 miles. Even the two ranges of "mountains" that cradle the place seem anxious not to transgress some divine height bylaw.

The initiative that saved some of the oldest buildings, and resulted in the town's understanding that its past is its future, came from a small group of dreamers: Robert Patterson, whose house in Granville Ferry is now a provincial museum; librarian Marguerite Wagner, who risked her own savings to preclude destruction of the historic O'Dell house; Evan and Jean Petley-Jones, whose years of voluntary work helped bring about the current turn in the town's fortunes.

This group formed the penurious but indomitable Historic Restoration Society, which by working small miracles got the money to restore and open key waterfront properties. These included the O'Dell Inn, relic of coaching days; the 18th-century McNamara schoolhouse; and the old Pickles and Mills store, which catered to the community when sailing ships were being built on a slip alongside and trade with the West Indies was brisk. Under the leadership of another of that first visionary few, Mayor Jack Kerr's energetic wife Shirley, the society's good work goes on, still relying on miracles rather than millions.

In the early 1800s three sisters ran a "ladies' emporium" in the town. One of them, Susan Foster, used her share of the considerable profits to build the 25-room Hillsdale House (scene of Margaret Armstrong's play, *The Haskell House*). After the place became a hotel (1870-1964), its long guest list included the Prince of Wales (George V), two governors-general and Prime Minister Mackenzie King. Even in those days of execrable roads and spartan sea travel, the charm of Annapolis and the fame of the Hillsdale drew such eminent "tourists" from distant parts. It is now the home of Dr. J.A. (Sandy) Lawrence, but if anyone feels inclined to restore the tradition of elegant Hillsdale hospitality for the visitors expected to flock to the town in the years ahead, it's on

Tom Fortier's 86. It's "this new progress" that fascinates him



Small Towns



PHOTOS BY JACK CUSANO

Hillsdale House sheltered King George V

the market.

All around Hillsdale, upper St. George Street stands largely intact in its 19th-century opulence. A score of houses in several styles testifies to the prosperity of Annapolis Royal when wharfs and shipyards lined its waterfront, when fruit from surrounding orchards, some planted by the earliest Acadian settlers, went out by the shipload. Parish livings in those days were apparently as lucrative as ladies' emporiums; in 1817 the Rev. Mr. Millidge brought an architect from England to build one of the finest houses in town. The contrast of its Regency style with that of its neighbors, and the magnificence of its grounds, bring many a tourist's car to a halt every summer. It's then that the Runciman sisters are in residence, enjoying a property that has been in their family for 150 years.

The Queen Hotel—built in 1860 “by Mr. William Ritchie in anticipation of a fortune being left him in England, but which never materialized” is the second to bear the name. The first, situated downtown, was destroyed by the great fire of 1921, a disaster still so much part of the communal consciousness that one finds it hard to believe it occurred two generations ago. But time means little to a town that's celebrating its 375th anniversary. Time passing over the Queen Hotel has wrought little change, and it is fitting that its Victorian elegance should now be enjoyed by the elderly men and women who live there. Some of them remember it in its heyday. It was so popular it took over a nearby historic house as “The Queen Annex.” Although the last guest departed years ago and the annex now belongs to Heritage Canada, its name survives.

Among all this grandeur the Barclay House is modest. But it dates back to 1699 or earlier, and not surprisingly it's endowed with ghosts. Mrs. Barclay (circa 1790) and one of her slave girls are said to haunt the rooms and passageways, and since the girl is said to have died after her mistress left her hanging by her thumbs, they probably haunt each other.

With the recent increase in tourism, Annapolis Royal has suffered from a shortage of accommodation and eating places. Two pressing needs arise. One is to encourage rapid expansion in these industries. The other is to make sure the expansion does not spawn flashy motels, hamburger joints and other destroyers of the town's fragile charm. Kisses are one thing. Rape is quite another. One hopeful sign, however, is that some older houses, far too big for single families, are now opening as guest houses to revive Annapolis Royal's tradition of warm hospitality in elegant surroundings. The first two such establishments are Kip and Betty McKaigue's Garrison House and John and Barbara Taylor's Bread and Roses. Both have a long history.

The tidal-power plant will be number 17 among Annapolis Royal's North American “firsts.” They include the first grainfields, gardens, grist mill, dramatic presentation, Masonic Lodge, and of course the first social club. A revival of “The Order of Good Cheer” has flourished since 1927. The town's oldest surviving church, St. Luke's, opened in 1821, but the colorful religious history of the community goes all the way back to the baptism of the Micmac chief Membertou in 1610.

For those who feared to see Annapolis Royal become embalmed in history like a fly in amber, the tidal-power project comes as a relief. But perhaps the last word on the town's future should come from Tom Fortier who, with his father before him, has been so intimately concerned with its past. (L. M. Fortier helped get Fort Anne established as Canada's first national historic park.) Tom was drawn into his father's historical pursuits, and is now the only living charter member of the Annapolis Royal Historical Society.

In pursuing his livelihood, however, he has always been forward-looking, and has established several forest-related industries that have flourished in defiance of the town's declining fortunes. From Hog Island, once the scene of public executions and soon to be the site of the 300-ton tidal-power turbine, the Fortier plant shipped goods all over the world. In older houses all across eastern Canada, people are still walking on birch floors that the Fortier mill dressed. All that is past. No trace of the mill remains. But Tom says, “All that history is fine, but it's the future that's really exciting. This new progress is fascinating.” Tom is 86. ☑



Lewis: Her ancestors made history

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange old-fashioned silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses quaint and brown.

Longfellow, *Evangeline*.

Amidst the rural Joys, the town is seen,
Enclos'd with Woods and Hills, forever green:
The Streets, the Buildings, Gardens, all concert
To Please the Eye, to gratify the Heart.
But none of these so pleasing, or so fair,
As those bright maidens, who inhabit there.

Roger Viets, “Annapolis Royal,” 1788.

Dresden Galleries

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Heritage

A precious photo-record of pre-Confederation Newfoundland

These photographs are survivors. They're also part of the first-ever major exhibit of early Newfoundland photography. Fire, neglect, the fragility of the medium and abuse all but ensured the disappearance of pre-Confederation Newfoundland, as recorded in black and white on coated glass. Elsie Holloway, who ran a studio in St. John's for the

Labrador mission "snapshot," taken between 1907 and 1914



Portrait of Mrs. William Parsons, daughter-in-law of Nfld.'s early commercial photographer



Portrait of three women: S.H. Parsons studio, St. John's



Heritage

first half of this century, continued to use glass plates until she closed shop in 1946, well after film had taken over everywhere else. Some of these unique latter-day negatives ended up in greenhouse frames.

Last year, 5,000 glass-plate negatives, the result of 10 years' collecting by the provincial archives, arrived at the Newfoundland Museum. It was a day of celebration. Then the work began. Sorting, ordering, cleaning and researching box after box of negatives was a labor of love for Antonia McGrath, a devoted young photographer and photo historian. She culled 100 plates from the collection. Painstakingly printed by Manfred Buchheit, they make up *Newfoundland Photography 1849-1949*. The exhibit opened at the Newfoundland Museum in St. John's in late February and will travel Canada for the next two years. Later this year, Breakwater Books will bring out a coffee-table collection of the prints.



Tinsmith, advertising photo from S.H. Parsons studio



The Jannasch family, Moravian missionaries

The photographs are more of historical than artistic interest, McGrath says. "Their fascination is in their subject matter, not always in the beauty of the image itself. There are the representative fishermen and fish flakes, but many of the images show life in a much more casual, a more haphazard way than I've ever seen in old photographs before."

There are Victorian portraits from the St. John's studios, Sunday picnics on Quidi Vidi Lake, turn-of-the-century snapshots of Labrador's Inuit communities and the Moravian families who set up missions there. The show also includes examples of early commercial photography, like S.H. Parsons's romantic (but completely staged) fishing scenes, probably used for travel brochures. Each photograph is a contact print (not enlarged from the original plate negative) and matted full-frame so the entire image is visible, chemical spills, backdrops and all.

The Newfoundland Museum, like the glass plates, has been battered by time. But this exhibit marks the start of a promising new era for the century-old institution. The Duckworth Street building, which has housed the museum since 1907, closed in 1976 for massive renovations, the first in 70 years. After



Mrs. Perrett, children, in Hopedale garden

three years of labor, the museum is now an associate of the National Museums of Canada, in Ottawa, which makes it part of a national exhibition network. The photography collection is the museum's first travelling show since it reopened.

—Amy Zierler



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They've resurrected Micmac culture

And about time, too. Rich, masterful and ancient Micmac artifacts are at last touring all Canada

By Roma Senn

About 1840, Mary Thomas, a Micmac at Shubenacadie, N.S., made her daughter a navy-colored woolen skirt, bordered with subtle silk appliqué and dainty beads. The daughter was 15. She wore the skirt for the next 72 years, and today it is still exquisite. It's part of the nationally touring exhibit, *Elitekey—Micmac* for "I fashion things"—and the show is a first. No one before has ever mounted a major exhibit of the remnants of the rich Micmac material culture. It includes costumes, basketry, moosehair embroidery, objects made of quills, birchbark, wood, stone and bone.

The force behind the show is Ruth Holmes Whitehead of the Nova Scotia Museum. In '75, she began research on the remarkable quillwork that Micmacs had used for decoration but, during her hunt, the diversity of other Micmac crafts impressed her. She decided to round up artifacts for a more comprehensive collection. National Museums of Canada helped with \$44,600 for research, exhibit design, tour costs, but organizing the exhibit was tough. "There's not a hell of a lot of any one item in any one spot," Whitehead says.

The Micmacs were a vital part of Atlantic Canada history—more than 9,000 still live in the region—but, in the past, we've neglected their old culture. Whitehead says they "got hit" by European culture as early as the 16th century. The white man not only disrupted their lives but also brought new materials and techniques. Traditional crafts took a beating. "Much native culture disappeared," Whitehead says, "and many decorative techniques were lost." Joining old and new methods, however, the Micmacs continued to make superior items, even if these were not "distinctively native." They switched from leather, bone, feather, shell and ivory to cloth and metal.

Of the earliest work, little remains. Even the best of the European-influenced artifacts are scarce. Mostly, *Elitekey* celebrates these somewhat later crafts, their strikingly minute detail and fine craftsmanship. The 20th-century stuff, like other modern goods, is sometimes shoddy. Compared to Mary Thomas's creation, for instance, a 1930 skirt is gaudy and poorly sewn.



PHOTO BY JACK CUSANO



Coat for a captain: Micmac gift, 1841

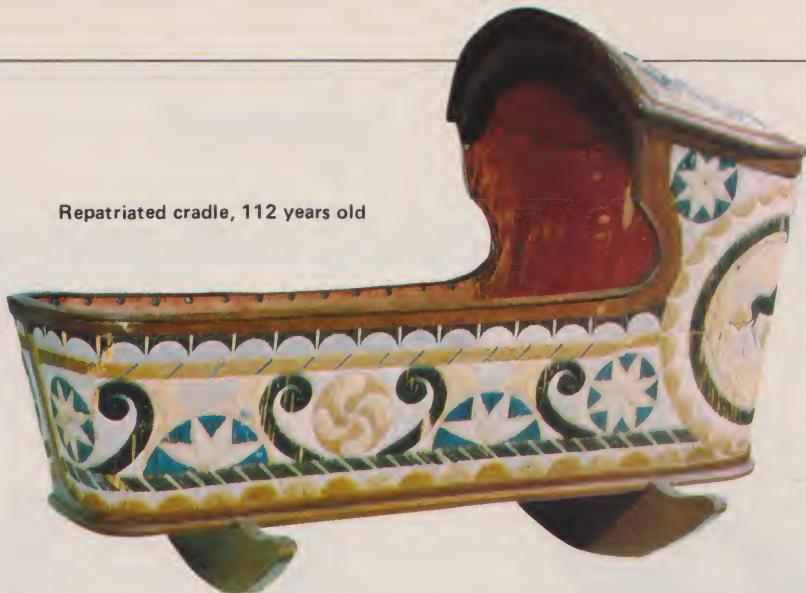
Still, an elegant silk wall hanging affirms that fine, old Micmac skills survive even now. Suzanne Swannie, a Danish-born textile artist, used the Thomas skirt as the basis for the wall hanging's pattern, and Eskasoni (Cape Breton) Micmacs Phyllis Denny, Frances Paul and Marlene Christmas did the handwork. The result is a stunning creation. Its range and beauty surprise viewers. One said, "I had no idea the quality of Micmac work was so dazzling." Whitehead wants *Elitekey* to jolt viewers, destroy their misconception about a "primitive" people, "smack them in the face."

Micmac ceremonial clothing rivals that of any society. The show includes a woman's royal-blue, silk jacket, trimmed in more silk and satin, and a delicately beaded peaked cap. One eye-catcher is a copy of a 19th-century, military-style coat. Micmacs in northern New Brunswick gave it to a British captain, Henry O'Halloran, in 1841, while making him an honorary chief. National Museums bought the coat (for more than \$60,000) at an auction in London. Two Cape Breton women spent three months copying it from a newspaper photo and, though their version is not exact, it's technically competent. Whitehead says, "We were very glad to get it."

Elitekey thrilled Sarah Denny of the Micmac Association for Cultural Studies, Sydney. It "brought back memories of the older days." She had never seen several of the items because "our stuff is everywhere." For the European market, Micmacs made beaded tea cozies, moosehair-embroidered card trays, purses, picture frames. Whitehead says beautiful quillwork boxes went to France "by the ton." Europeans regarded such items not as art but as practical, household objects and, when something wore out, often just threw it away. Moreover, the Micmacs gave away many things they made and, now, the location of the gifts is anybody's guess.

All of which makes *Elitekey* the more remarkable. It includes a mahogany-framed cradle, panelled in birchbark, lined in velvet, covered in quillwork. Mary Morris made it in 1868 for a baby in Bridgewater, N.S., but by the time she'd finished it the baby was too big. Other babies used it however, and

Repatriated cradle, 112 years old



Exquisite border of Mary Thomas's skirt. Her daughter wore it 72 years



Peaked cap: Micmac ceremonial clothing "rivals that of any society"

eventually it went to Missouri. The Nova Scotia Museum refused to pay \$50 for it in 1917 but, later, a relative of someone in Bridgewater brought it home. Mary Morris made an identical second cradle, gave it to the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. Its whereabouts remain a mystery.

Whitehead's search took her to Canadian, British and American museums. In New York, Scott Robson of the Nova Scotia Museum was browsing in a bookstore and mentioned the research to a clerk named Deborah Dennis. She had relatives in Nova Scotia and happened to own a fabulous quill-work collection. She gave it all to Elitekey and, in Whitehead's words, thereby "made an enormous contribution."



New wigwam proves old skills still survive

The Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, contains roughly four million items and provided "little esoteric things no one had ever seen before." But many museums argued that fragile Micmac articles couldn't stand up to travel, and therefore refused loans. What Whitehead couldn't find, she re-created, picking up clues from early writings, pictures, and living Micmacs. She tried rush-mat weaving and basket weaving. A museum botanist gave her tips on how to make 16th-century natural dyes and, to make red dye, she chewed on alder bark. ("It was yukky.")

After all that work, the hearty approval of the Micmacs themselves gratified Whitehead. Sarah Denny says Elitekey is "wonderful." She thinks that, as it travels across the country, the inventiveness of her people will surprise Canadians. From St. John's—Elitekey's there now—to British Columbia, and points between, Canadians will get a taste of five centuries of Micmac culture. That, Denny says, "will open their eyes."

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Opinion

It's time Nova Scotia got off its bluenose butt

So far as controlling the impact of offshore resources goes, it's years behind Newfoundland

By Bruce Little

The discovery of oil off Newfoundland and gas off Nova Scotia underlines a major difference between the two provincial governments. Newfoundland has done its homework and knows exactly what it wants out of offshore resources; Nova Scotia is at least five years behind and is only now moving tentatively towards major decisions.

The Newfoundland government began to bone up on offshore resources in the early 1970s, when the prospect of real oil was still distant. It hired experts, funded research, sponsored conferences and seminars, hammered out a policy, passed new laws, wrote tough regulations for the oil companies to follow. Politicians, government officials and businessmen travelled the Norway-Scotland-Venezuela-Louisiana circuit to find out how others had coped with offshore oil, and to learn from their mistakes.

Newfoundland may not be ready for the full impact of the Hibernia discovery. But it's safe to say that *because* the provincial government acted, there is in government, business and the community at large a broad awareness of both the benefits offshore oil offers and the problems—economic, environmental and social—it brings with it. Newfoundland, at least, has a head start.

Nova Scotia, whose Venture gas discovery near Sable Island came four months before Hibernia, is only now beginning to sort out its priorities. The province's oil and gas laws are 38 years old. The provincial government is planning to change them—probably this year—but it still doesn't know exactly what it wants to do. Its first attempt to arouse interest came in January with a seminar that attracted about 400 people.

At least two speakers made it clear that Nova Scotia no longer has the luxury of time in which it can methodically make the decisions that will determine the course of offshore gas development. D.G. Little, the president of Mobil Canada Ltd., gave the province two years in which to sort out

its jurisdictional disputes with Ottawa and write new regulations before running the risk of scaring off the oil companies. Rowland Harrison, who runs the Canadian Institute of Resources Law, compared Nova Scotia unfavorably to both Newfoundland and New England, which has spent seven years assessing the probable impact of offshore development

Little: It may be too late for provincial controls

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"even though the likelihood of that development has been far more speculative than has been the case here and the potential is far below the Scotian Shelf."

Nova Scotia's lag is so pronounced that even the Halifax *Chronicle-Herald*, hardly the province's most perceptive or critical observer, has noticed it. "There is no excuse this late in the game for not being able to state clearly what we want and how we propose to have it," the *Herald* said in February.

Most of the blame for Nova Scotia's

tardiness lies with former premier Gerald Regan. When an early flurry of activity produced no more oil than the vial Regan had gloatingly held up at a press conference in 1971, the then premier was left with egg on his face. Despite pressure from some advisers to parallel Newfoundland's work, Regan simply ignored the possibility of a discovery. "He dealt with everything on a case-by-case basis," one of those advisers says. "No one had discovered oil, so there was no point in trying to

'be prepared.' He clearly was never a boy scout."

That same fear of getting burnt afflicted the Conservatives under John Buchanan when they came to power in 1978. Buchanan only began to move when the Venture well was reported last May. Suddenly, the job was urgent. The newly elected Prime Minister Joe Clark had promised the province control of offshore resources, and Nova Scotia wasn't ready for it. Buchanan brought in Bill Shaw, a St. Francis Xavier University geologist, as deputy minister of Energy and Shaw began to work on the problem. The January seminar was intended as a first step. In February, the speech from the throne, which opened a new session of the provincial legislature, promised early negotiations with the feds and training programs designed to prepare local workers for the demands of the industry—but little else.

Pierre Trudeau's return as prime minister in February removed some of the urgency from the task (he won't give offshore control to Nova Scotia), but even without control of the resources, the province will still have some say in how they are developed.

Two routes are open to Nova Scotia. The Newfoundland solution insists on employment and business preferences for Newfoundlanders, a move that raises the oil companies' costs and thus reduces the money left over for provincial royalties and taxes. In effect, Newfoundland gives up revenues to get jobs. The Alberta solution is the opposite. Alberta's overheated economy doesn't need jobs, so Alberta makes things easier for the oil companies and piles up the increased revenues in its Heritage Fund. Alberta can use that to create jobs after the oil and gas industry winds down.

But that kind of decision requires sophisticated thinking and a clear definition of objectives. As Rowland Harrison said at the seminar, Nova Scotians still need "an appreciation of the potential impact on the province of various development scenarios." Nova Scotia may have missed its chance to develop that appreciation slowly and carefully during the Seventies. The danger now is that it'll make decisions hastily and lock itself into the wrong policies. If the Venture gas find turns out to be enough to support only a medium-scale development, Nova Scotia may escape the disruptions of a massive discovery. But if it's a whopper, or if other hydrocarbons are found, it may already be too late for the province to control what happens.

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Peter Parnham is back in England but here at the bar in St. John's, his wife and co-proprietor Sheina is attacking an egg sandwich. Speaking first, she turns and asks, "And now who are you?" as if this were her living room and she'd come in from the kitchen and found a stranger sitting there. That's the way it is at the Ship Inn. It looks like a proper public house, but it feels homey.

There's a properly crackling fireplace near the door. There's Herb ("just call him Herbie," Mrs. P. says) Cranford and his properly pleasant piano, playing for weekday lunchers. There's a proper soup each day, and a proper fish chowder Fridays. After 2:30 or so, when the red-and-white checked tablecloths are put away for the day, there's a proper meat pie to go with a late afternoon beer. The Ship is such a proper pub, one Newfoundland brewery filmed an ad there. ("But they never put our name on it," Mrs. P. grumbles.)

Tucked into the hill between Duckworth and Water streets, off one of those banks of sidewalk steps which make old St. John's a place for walking, the Ship is home for all who care to claim it. History knows the passageway as Soloman's Lane, but today it's called the Telegram Steps. The *Evening Telegram* building is next door. The Ship is St. John's unofficial press club, and when *Telegram* reporters went on strike last winter, there was free coffee at the pub for frozen picketers. Foreign seamen often nip in under the sign of the old ship that recalls St. John's first public house. "Half the stuff in our guest book I can't understand," Mrs. P. says. "It's in Polish or Portuguese or something. But I assume they're saying nice things."

The man who put down the first dollar for the first beer that opened the Ship two years ago turned out to be a rather dubious character, "but we didn't know it till later. Flo Paterson, our favorite Newfoundland actress, was our second customer." An especially rowdy drunk may be shown the door now and then, says Mrs. P., "but we get rid of them gently. We're very polite and we're ever so proud of our pub."

Although there's the requisite dart board in a corner, it's not what draws most of the customers. "The main reason they come in is to play Crazy-8s," Mrs. P. says. The Ship may be the

only pub in pub-studded St. John's—perhaps the only one in the world—to sponsor Crazy-8s round robins. One of the large pewter mugs hanging above the bar serves as a trophy. "We put champagne in it, Canadian champagne," Mrs. P. says, "and we all have sippers."

Peter and Sheina Parnham, both from Liverpool, England, fell into the pub business accidentally. He's a consulting engineer and they bought the five-storey building at 256 Duckworth "quite a long time ago anyway." Peter set up his own offices, rented the rest to

the place with a pot of soup. "We didn't know beans from beans," Mrs. P. says. "This was a completely new venture, but we're great people for ventures."

Manager Ivy McGarvie returns to the bar with a hot bowl of chile and a warm smile. "You were asking who comes in? Everybody, but everybody." She points out a writer, an artist, a publisher, a sealing captain, a couple of politicians, lawyers conferring with clients over smoked-meat sandwiches. Another pub owner stops in to cash a cheque after bank hours. The mayor, Dorothy Wyatt, is a friend of Ivy's and directs the tourist trade down



Herb (just call him Herbie) Cranford and his properly pleasant piano

lawyers and surveyors, and that was that—until an employee decided to turn the Dickensian basement printing shop into a pub. The Parnhams politely moved the printer to more suitable quarters and became landlords to "Dirty Dick's," named for a well-known English establishment. The new pub was a success but the owner ran into some trouble with the law and left, leaving the Parnhams, now in their mid-50s, with a pub of their own. They cleaned it up, hung a new sign out front and rechristened

to the Ship.

"There's a fellow now who'll have some stories for you." Ivy nods towards the door where Bill Aston, chief pilot with Gander Aviation, has just come in. Capt. Aston has the St. John's-St. Pierre run, one of the North Atlantic's shorter international flights. But he owes his real claim to fame to the Ship. He's the undefeated Crazy-8s champ. What accounts for his astounding success? "I wrote the rules." Proper thing.

—Amy Zierler

Movies

The Changeling: A con job that's entirely Canadian

"The best movie ever produced in Canada?" Don't you believe it

By Martin Knelman

I have always had a special fondness for the Jacobean tragedy *The Changeling*, by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, first produced in London in 1622. Betrothed to a man she does not wish to marry, the heroine of the play dispatches a wicked servant to get rid of the creep. Not wishing to be confronted by anything sordid, she asks the servant to bring back, as proof, the ring she gave the victim. In one of the most memorably gruesome scenes ever staged, the servant returns, offering his mistress the ring—but still attached to the doomed man's finger. It would not come off, he explains obligingly. She recoils in horror. So do we.

The point has been made: You cannot save yourself from confronting the

nasty consequences of your own choices. A new film, also called *The Changeling*, has almost nothing but its title in common with the play, least of all my good opinion. I rushed to see it because here was a \$6.2-million movie produced by the controversial Garth Drabinsky and his partner, Joel Michaels, and because it was rumored to be a hot prospect to sweep the Canadian film awards (Genies), and because a movie-industry insider had remarked at my dinner table that this was probably the best movie ever produced in Canada.

But *The Changeling* turns out to be instructive only as a perfect case study of what is happening in this country now that the producers have become the true *auteurs*. Actors are "used" rather than given a chance to act,

writers have nothing to do but fill in the blanks in a marketing concept, and directors are forced to stop seeing themselves as artists with visions and start seeing themselves as hired hands who manage the traffic. Packaging, in short, is all.

The Changeling is basically a haunted-house tale, suitable for nine-year-olds huddled around a beach fire on a summer's night, but here blown up to epic proportions with a big budget. You can almost hear the coins dropping into the bucket every time there is an effect intended to make you gasp or jump. Oh, I know, if we wanted to be gracious we could make knowing comparisons with Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw*, and the fine 1961 movie *The Innocents* inspired by the James book. But *The Changeling* doesn't have, to put it mildly, a Jamesian concern for the complexity of human experience. What could be less Jamesian than George C. Scott clomping around and glaring at us, as if to say it's *our* fault he can command more than a million dollars for appearing in witless comic books when any fool can tell he needs the challenge of great roles?



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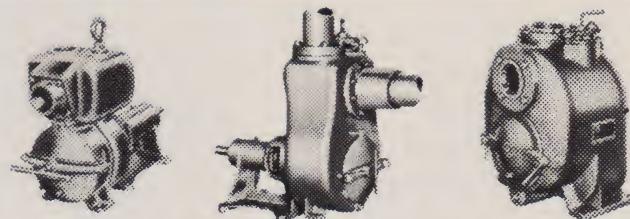
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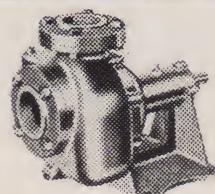
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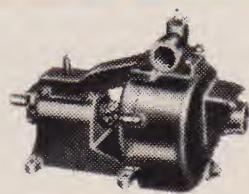
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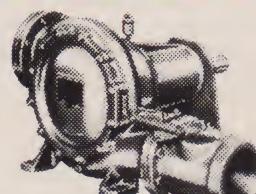
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Movies

The press releases for the film don't call it a ghost story; they say it is based on "a horrifying parapsychological experience." We are back on the turf plowed so profitably by writer William Blatty and director William Friedkin in *The Exorcist*. We are invited to be naively credulous. If not, the film threatens, non-believers will be scared and jolted into submission.

George C. Scott smoulders even in his sleep, and he can't play ordinary people. He has to be cast as either a giant or a buffoon—or a little of both. Here he's John Russell, a distinguished composer-musician who leaves New York after his wife and daughter have been killed in an accident. Flamboyant, brilliant, charged with musical energy and snarling, silver-haired egomaniac, Russell is like a non-Jewish Leonard Bernstein. He takes off for Seattle, where for reasons that are never explained, a sprightly real-estate agent (played by Trish van Devere, Scott's wife) finds a Gothic mansion for him.

Now, I ask you, why would a 55-year-old man living alone want a mansion? In Seattle? Because of the wonderful piano, of course. It becomes apparent that the house has a mind of its own. Doors creak open when there is no one there. A wheelchair becomes a treacherous runaway. Russell starts looking into the affairs of all the

families who occupied the house. Surprise, surprise: He latches onto something foul. I won't give it away, except to say it has something to do with an elderly gent (Melvyn Douglas giving another of his patented old-fart performances), considered one of the richest people in town.

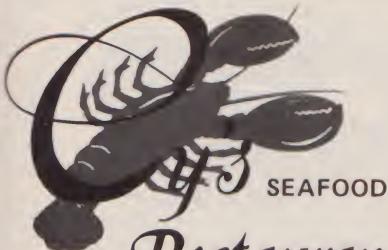
Peter Medak, the director, doesn't have the style to smarten up the hoary material. He settles for terrorizing the audience. Medak is a Hungarian who has done most of his work in England, where his heavy labor included directing film versions of such stage vehicles as *Joe Egg* and *The Ruling Class*. The tone of *The Changeling* is heavy and unplayful. It is almost never humorous by intention, though it sometimes is by accident—as when a medium scrawls almost illegible messages from the beyond, recalling Woody Allen's botched holdup notes in *Take the Money and Run*.

An impressive number of well-known Canadian actors appear in the credits, but what does a film like this do for our performing talent? (Never mind that Vancouver is tarted up as Seattle.) People like John Colicos, Roberta Maxwell, Frances Hyland, Ruth Springford, Barry Morse, Eric Christmas and Helen Burns are trotted out, each with a pathetic little cartoon to do, and you know this is all so the produ-

ers can say, "Look what we're doing for Canadian talent."

The Changeling is very glossy, and it's commercial as hell. It keeps zapping along, and it's efficient at what it attempts to do, and it is probably salable. But that doesn't explain why people have been talking about it as if it were a movie we could really be proud of—as if this were the payoff we had all been waiting for. Maybe it's just that in Canada we have always had a curious envy of American slickness at its most hollow, especially through years of watching the CBC and the NFB fail to imitate it.

In a roundabout way, the story makes the same point as the Jacobean play I mentioned earlier: You can get away with a crime in the short run, but eventually the consequences will come back to haunt you. This is a theme that merits further study on the part of those setting the policy for current Canadian movies. I wonder whether any of them ever feel uncomfortable in their screening rooms, looking at what they've helped put on the screen. Do they ever feel the shudder of that Jacobean heroine staring in horror at the finger and the ring? Probably not. They may not even understand that a movie like *Running* or *The Changeling* isn't made for people who know and care about movies. It's made for people who know and care about deals. ☐



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Calendar

NEW BRUNSWICK

April - Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, April, 27, Saint John; April 28, Fredericton; April 29, Moncton

April - Theatre N.B. presents "Twelfth Night," April 1-5, Fredericton; April 7, St. Stephen; April 8, Edmundston, April 9, Campbellton; April 10, Dalhousie; April 11, Bathurst; April 12, Chatham; April 14, 15, Moncton; April 16, Sussex; April 17-19, Saint John

April 1 - New Brunswick Hawks vs. Springfield, Moncton

April 1 - 19 - Vivre en ville: An Exhibit on urban life by two Quebec artists, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

April 1 - 23 - Donald McKay: Thirty abstract paintings and drawings, N.B. Museum, Saint John

April 8 - 25 - Wallace MacAskill: Photographs, St. Andrews

April 12 - May 16 - Ron Bolt: The Inner Ocean, Art Gallery, Mount Allison University, Sackville

April 14 - Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado," Perth-Andover

April 19 - Nana Mouskouri: Singer, Aitken University Centre, Fredericton

April 26, 27 - Moncton Kennel Club Champion Dog Show, Moncton

April 28 - N.B. Competitive Festival of Music, Saint John

April 28 - May 2 - Drama '80: N.B. Provincial Drama Festival, Fredericton

April 28 - May 17 - Quatre par quatre: Paintings by Jean-Marie Martin, Moncton Museum

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

April 1 - 5 - JoAnne Stewart: Paintings, Great George St. Gallery, Charlottetown

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April 1 - 13 - Prints of the Impressionists, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

April 1 - 30 - Horse Sense: The workhorse in pioneer P.E.I. life, Eptek Centre, Summerside

April 3 - May 5 - Les Vieix acadiennes: Acadian Society on P.E.I. through historical photos, Eptek Centre, Summerside

April 9 - May 4 - David Bolduc: Paintings, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

April 13 - Galliard Ensemble: Exhibit, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

NOVA SCOTIA

April - Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, April 9, Liverpool; April 10, Chester; April 14, Digby; April 15, Church Point; April 16, Yarmouth; April 17, Shelburne

April 1 - The Buck Starts Here: Consumerism, Main Library, Dartmouth

April 1 - 12 - Glooscap Maple Syrup Festival, Cumberland Co.

April 1 - 13 - Brahma and Buddha, Mount Saint Vincent Art Gallery, Halifax

April 1 - 15 - Children's Art Exhibition, Firefighter's Museum, Yarmouth

April 1 - 20 - Neptune Theatre presents "Butterflies Are Free," Halifax

April 2 - 30 - Karl Spital: Paintings and Drawings, Acadia University, Wolfville

April 3 - May 4 - Fifth Dalhousie Drawing Exhibition, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

April 11 - 12 - International Irish Genealogical Seminar, Saint Mary's University, Halifax

April 12 - Maple Syrup Festival, Kenzieville, Pictou Co.

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April 12 - The Ink Spots: Singers, Dalhousie Arts Centre

April 15 - Theatre Games and Improvisation, Main Library, Dartmouth

April 16 - 27 - Theatre 1707 presents "Spoon River Anthology," Halifax

April 20 - Concert by Aeolian Singers of Dartmouth, United Baptist Church, Chester

April 21 - Community Concert with harpist Heidi Lehwalder, Glace Bay

April 26 - Concert by Aeolian Singers of Dartmouth, Prince Andrew High auditorium, Dartmouth

April 26 - May 25 - Hutterites, Des Brisay Museum, Bridgewater

April 28 - Vancouver Chamber Chair, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

NEWFOUNDLAND

April - Fusion Workshop, April 28, 29, Grand Falls; April 30, 31, Gander

April - Maple Sugar: Music and Dance, Arts and Culture Centre, April 21, Stephenville; April 22, Corner Brook; April 23, Grand Falls; April 24, Gander; April 26, St. John's

April - The Ink Spots: Singers, Arts and Culture Centre, April 14, St. John's; April 15, Gander; April 16, Grand Falls; April 17, Corner Brook

April 1 - 15 - Christopher Pratt Exhibition, Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

April 1 - 15 - Lise Sorenson Works, Arts and Culture Centre, Gander

April 1 - 15 - St. Michael's Shop Proofs, Arts and Culture Centre, Grand Falls

April 1 - 30 - Labrador Craft Producers and Photographers, Arts and Culture Centre, Happy Valley

April 4 - 6 - Curling Bonspiel, Gander

April 5 - Labrador Cross-country Ski Meet, Labrador City

April 7 - Annual Easter Carnival, Clarenville

April 7 - Sports Day, Makkovik, Labrador

April 7 - 12 - Newfoundland Drama Festival, Grand Falls

April 8 - 13 - Minor Hockey Tournaments, Gander

April 11 - 13 - Atlantic Diving Championships, Aquarena, St. John's

April 17 - May 18 - Elitekey: An Exhibit of Micmac Material Culture, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

April 18 - Newfoundland Symphony, Arts and Culture Centre, Gander

ITTLE FEAT • BOB WELCH • NEIL YOUNG • BOOMTOWN RATS • JO
ACKSON • ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION • HALL & OATES
OOPER • ALAN PARSONS PROJECT • BLONDIE • DUTCH MASON
RUCE COCKBURN • TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS • LE
EPPELIN • PINK FLOYD • SEGARINI • GARFIELD • RUSH • FOGHAT
AN HILL • STEVE FORBERT • TOTO • STYX • QUEEN • FLEETWOOD
MAC • MINGLEWOOD BAND • PRIVATE EYE • KENNY LOGGINS
PRISM • DAN FOGELBERG • THE EAGLES • LONG JOHN BALDRY
THE DIRT BAND • RUPERT HOLMES • ZZ TOP • CLIFF RICHARD
LITTLE RIVER BAND • STONEBOLT • JOHN STEWART • SANTANA
FOREIGNER • PRETENDERS • NICOLETTE LARSON • TOD
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CARLY SIMON • SUPERTRAMP • GEORGE HARRISON • CHARLI
DANIELS BAND • RITA COOLIDGE • ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
PETER FRAMPTON • EARTH WIND & FIRE • THE COMMODORES
JENNIFER WARNE • BARRY MANILOW • NICK LOWE • VAN MORRISON
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Fiction

Rugelman

BY MORDECAI RICHLER

Any new novel by Mordecai Richler is a significant event in Canadian literature. Author of *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, *St. Urbain's Horseman*, other novels, short stories, film scripts, magazine articles and essays, he is exactly what The Oxford Anthology of Canadian Literature says he is: "A persistent critic of Canadian manners and society and one of the country's best and most prolific writers of fiction as well." Two of his novels have won the Governor-General's Award for fiction, and McClelland and Stewart will soon publish his latest. It's called *Joshua Then and Now*. On these pages, *Atlantic Insight* offers readers an excerpt from that upcoming novel. Be warned, however. It contains what certain movie ads call "Coarse and Vulgar Language," and may be "offensive to some."

The morning Detective-Sgt. Stuart Donald McMaster had entered his life, as if he didn't have enough troubles already, Joshua quit his house at 10:30 a.m., nothing accomplished. What the hell, he decided, he could bend his own work rules if he felt like it. He went out for a walk.

Their street of terraced houses, in lower Westmount, was now a thicket of *Vendre-For Sale* signs, slush everywhere, crumbling frozen dog shit lying in the snow. Joshua's Montreal was a failing city, a wasting place, many of its shiny new office towers crying out for tenants. The construction hammers silenced, the stock exchange mute. Almost everybody he knew was jittery, drinking more, inclined to stumble out of bed at 3 a.m. to jot down a list of redeemable assets on the back of an envelope. Or study French verbs. Many English-speaking natives were packing their bags, making ready to run. Safety deposit boxes had been emptied, bank accounts cleaned out. Lawyers, twenty years out of school, were eschewing noonday squash to bone up on the bar requirements of other provinces. Doctors were brooding over real-estate portfolios suddenly struck with malignancy, involved with ill health at last, if only their own.

The Canadian dollar continued to sink. There were rumors it wouldn't bottom out until it reached eighty cents American. A disaster for many, but not for Izzy Singer. Izzy had added to his fortune, speculating on the international exchange. But Izzy, who had considerable holdings in *la belle province*, was not in good shape. He had broken out in shingles, his skinny little body girdled in scabs. Becky rubbed him down nightly with atropine, a cocaine ointment, which only served to exacerbate the ail-

ment, for Izzy was secretly fearful that the salve might be habit-forming. Izzy, keenly aware of the Italian syndrome, was also scared of being kidnapped and consequently he now varied the time of his daily departure from his office, cunningly driving home by a different route each night. He wouldn't open thick envelopes or ride in an elevator with a Japanese in it. He carried a doctor's letter with him at all times, properly notarized and addressed To Whom It May Concern, saying he was allergic to down pillows, must be kept on a salt-free diet, and responded poorly to physical pain. Attached to it were Japanese, French and Arabic translations. Izzy triple-locked his doors; there were double bolts on his windows. He had had his alarm systems renewed and bought a new pair of German shepherds. So now he tip-toed about his own house, not only itching everywhere, but also terrified of being torn apart. Coming home from his office, he slid out of his Cadillac already in a crouch, proffering gifts, minced steak or calf's liver from Dionne's, doing his utmost to ingratiate himself with his new hounds. "Here, boy. Here. Easy does it now. It's me, only me. Izzy."

In this city, Joshua's Montreal, nobody he knew was redecorating. Or planting. Everybody was thinking hard. The more cultivated were buying sterling silver, diamonds, jade, gold, and other movables: The coarse, Saturday Night Specials.

There were many who feared that the city was teetering over an abyss. Certainly standards weren't what they had once been. Take the Ritz Carlton, for instance, the most opulent of their hotels.

The Ritz, desecrated.

The incomparable Ritz. Where once impeccably schooled brokers could conspire over malt whiskies and dishes of smoked almonds to send a dubious mining stock soaring. Where, after a morning of trying on dresses in neighboring Holt Renfrew, matrons of good family could meet for a lunch of cold Gaspé salmon and tossed salad in the garden café. Where, in halcyon days, even the doorman, an appraiser born, could make him feel Jewy. The Ritz had fallen on such hard times that it now admitted visiting hockey players to its gilt bedrooms. Even the players from expansion teams. The Café de Paris, the Maritime Bar, would never be the same anymore. This winter, the sweetly scented ladies in their mink wraps and the gentlemen in their beaver coats, drifting in after a hockey game, were obliged to actually mingle with the players. Youngsters with angry boils on their necks, only a season out of northern mining towns, whooping it up at the bar, attended by groupies reeking of cheap

perfume. Taut-sweated girls who favored bikini panties, DYNAMITE embossed on the crotch. O God, Joshua thought, where once only the very best Westmount had to offer met for discreet assignations, now one groupie working a floor could service the power play, obliging the penalty-killing squad in overtime.

Joshua had come to adore Montreal as never before.

In this city, his Montreal, a few weeks after, the Parti Québécois had bounded into office, surprising themselves more than anybody, their newly elected premier René Lévesque was in a car accident. Sweeping down Côte des Neiges Road, on the flank of Mount Royal, at 4 a.m., he inadvertently hit a derelict who was snoozing on the street and killed him. Montreal's intrepid police, who used to gleefully crack separatist skulls with riot sticks in the days when they were still demonstrating in the streets, quickly adjusted to the new power structure. On the spot almost instantly, they assessed the situation and grasped where their duty lay. They tenderly escorted the distressed premier and his mistress from the scene, out of sight of obnoxious reporters, and booked the offending corpse, removing it to the hospital for a blood test, to establish whether or not it had been drunk.

On Joshua's daily stroll to a favored downtown bar, where he met informally for late-afternoon drinks with cronies, sometimes including visiting members of the William Lyon Mackenzie King Memorial Society, he had taken to counting the moving vans. They seemed to be here, there, and everywhere. The bar he frequented was ensconced in a veritable Victorian pile, a hotel that had once been grand, but was now dilapidated. It was still known to its *habitues* as The King's Arms, but in deference to unfavorable vibrations, it now boasted a garish new sign, *Bras de Roi*. One of the regulars, sour Robbie MacIntyre, a hefty man in his early sixties, his blue eyes truculent, churned out a monthly newsletter for an insurance company. A sedentary type, Robbie was filled with such scorn for all physical fitness freaks that he kept a scrapbook on them, a doomsday book, entering the obituaries of those who had died an untimely death. When Lloyd Percival, the head of Canada's Physical Fitness College, was struck down by a heart attack while out jogging one morning, the usually parsimonious MacIntyre bought drinks all around, literally hopping about with glee.

Another regular, the gentle Roger Goyer, a cherished chum, was back with them after an absence of more than a week, his hands trembling, having outlasted an antabuse course, even as he

Fiction



had once triumphed over two weeks in a clinic, sent there to dry out. Roger, a desk man in the *Star's* city room, confronted the world that confounded him on a diet of ale, the first one consumed at a late breakfast in Toe Blake's Tavern. Once, invited out to lunch by him, Joshua noticed a mutual acquaintance bent into the sleet on the other side of St. James's Street. "Hey, there's Finley," he said. "Should we ask him to join us?"

Roger regarded Joshua with a look of utter distaste. "He eats," he said.

Among the regular clientele at The King's Arms, there were also many upwardly mobile corporation lawyers, advertising men and brokers, many of whom had sported digital wristwatches long before they were generally available in Canada. Their chatter, largely about stereo equipment or commodity futures, baffled Joshua. Dylan meant Bob, not Thomas, to them. They were too young to remember Maurice Richard cutting it over the blue line or to have heard Oscar Peterson play at the Alberta Lounge. But it was their bustling presence that flushed out liberated young secretaries from the surrounding office towers, especially during the Happy Hour. A number of these nifty girls, The Flopper assured Joshua, provided nooky free, though never for the likes of Mac-

Intyre, Goyer, or the rest of their bunch, whom they appreciated were going nowhere. It was the beer-bellied Flopper, of course, who drew the sporting crowd to The King's Arms.

The legendary Flopper, so-called because of the inimitable manner in which he had once minded the nets for the Boston Bruins, was a child of Prairie penury, sprung from the Peace River country. Pug-nosed, his grey eyes hard as pebbles, his impudent moon face scored with more than a hundred stitches, he still wore his steely grey brush-cut, a momento of the days when he had been sent down to Springfield to play for the great Eddie Shore. The Flopper, born into a sod hut, the fifth of seven children, had worn a flour sack, holes scissored out for his arms, until he was nine years old. He was pulling carrots for ten cents an hour before he learnt how to read and even now his English was enriched by felicities all his own. Once, flipping through a book about the Holocaust Joshua had just bought, The Flopper was startled to come across photographs of Dachau's survivors. "They sure as shit didn't get much to eat," he said. "I mean lookit how emancipated they look." A hard-nosed conservative, The Flopper was vehemently opposed to abortion-on-demand, spearing on ice, or an independent Quebec. "I condone it," he had said again and again. "I absolutely condone that kinda shit."

The bartender, George, an otherwise amiable Griffintown boy, was also a firm advocate of Canadian unity. He had taken to keeping a baseball bat, a Louisville Slugger, in full view of the clientele. It lay on his rear counter, intimidating, underneath a framed photograph of Queen Elizabeth. George, who called his bat "my Pepsi-tamer," had also developed a line of jokes about French Canadians. "Hey, did you hear that the Bercovitz boy, you know, Son of Sam, has got himself a Pepsi lawyer?"

"Is that so?"

"Yeah, he's going to plead guilty to the six murders, but fight the parking ticket."

But when Joshua was standing in the bar, George restrained himself for his sake. Pauline, on her mother's side, was a Gaspé Benoit. The blood of seigneurs coursed through her exquisite veins. George, even as all the regulars in The King's Arms, was inordinately fond of Pauline, and inquired after her daily, now that she was in the psychiatric ward of the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Wasting.

Bolstered on scotch, usually two quick ones, sometimes more, Joshua visited Pauline every afternoon. He read

to her. Treading carefully, he talked to her about the children. Their love, their happiness. The seemingly impregnable fortress they had made for themselves, before her brother's intrusion. But Pauline, once so fastidious, better than beautiful, an excitement, no longer even combed her soft honey-colored hair. It was tangled, dirty. He combed it out for her. Then he noticed that her once faultless fingernails were broken here, bitten there. There were foodstains on her negligée. Joshua protested to the nurses, but he knew there was nothing they could do. She didn't care. His wife languished in bed, selfishly adrift on valium, her blue eyes listless, her face a sickly white. Staring at him. Once, he had angrily tried to shock her out of her comatose state. "She insists on coming to see you. She won't let go."

Pauline didn't even stir.

"I'll bring her tomorrow."

Nothing.

"She wants to explain everything to you."

Still, she didn't ask who.

"Jane Trimble."

Pauline began to weep without sound, her lips quivering, and he leaped up to take her surprisingly cold hand and say, "Oh, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, my darling."

Only a week after Pauline had been admitted to the Royal Victoria, Joshua was summoned to the psychiatrist's office.

The esteemed Dr. Jonathan Cole, author of *My Kind, Your Kind, Mankind*, a rotund man, brown eyes mournful, turned out to be Yossel Kugelman, of all people. When they had been kids together on St. Urbain Street, Yossel had already catalogued his library of Big Little Books. If you borrowed one, you signed for it. To be fair, they had all collected salvage door-to-door for the war effort, but only Yossel hadn't carted his junk to Debrofsky's yard on St. Dominique, selling it there. No sir, that fink was no war-profiteer. He actually turned in his take at school. And now, Joshua could see, Yossel was still a collector. From salvage, he had graduated to art. Canadiana. A Pellan hung on one wall, a William Ronald on another.

Cole, or Kugelman, acknowledged Joshua's sly grin of recognition with an awkward offering of pleasantries. But Joshua wasn't listening. He was trying to remember if Yossel had been the one to turn up at Bea Rosen's sweet-sixteen party wearing a fedora, when he was suddenly startled by a direct question. "Has she any reason to resent you?" Yossel inquired in a soothing voice.

Affronted, Joshua snapped back. "I leave a rim round the bathtub. No mat-

ter how hard I wipe, there are stains on my underwear."

Yossel, obviously unshockable, continued, "Now tell me, what was your sex life like before—"

"None of your fucking business, Kugelman."

Yossel flung his pen on the desk. "You're not taking this seriously. I'm trying to help."

"You're full of shit, you always were. You turned up at Bea Rosen's sweet sixteen wearing a fedora. Ha, ha. Prick."

Yossel sighed wearily, he slicked back his hair with a plump hand, and asked Joshua what his feelings were about electric shock treatment.

Lunging, Joshua grabbed him by the tie, yanking hard. "You just come near her with those electrodes, you even think of it, and I'll kill you."

Breaking free, his face stinging red, Yossel demanded, "Are you crazy?"

"What's crazy these days? You tell me, Dr. Cole."

"It wasn't me who changed the name. It was my mother. My son has reverted to Kugelman."

"He has?"

"He's studying piano. He's at Juilliard. And while we're at it, it wasn't me with the fedora at Bea's sweet sixteen. It was Izzy."

Izzy Singer, who was already into the stock market, using his war-saving certificates as collateral.

"And please," Yossel continued, "if we are going to get anywhere here, you must stop being so hostile."

Joshua thought he could explain. "I saw you once at the airport," he said. "Waiting by the carousell. When your suitcase came, it had little wheels underneath and a handle. You pulled it like a wagon."

"So what?" Yossel asked, baffled.

"So you're a twit."

"I've got a bad back," he protested, incredulous. "I mustn't carry."

"Look here, Yossel, I want my wife back. I want her well. I don't want any electrodes or primal scream therapy or any other shit you fakers are into. And you can take her off those drugs starting right now."

"I tell you what. We'll put her on yogurt every morning. You think that will do the trick?"

"You sure it was Izzy with the fedora?"

"Yes, I'm sure. And did you know that Bea Rosen's dead?"

No, he didn't.

"Cancer of the uterus. Last May.

She left three children. The youngest's autistic."

"Hey, Yossel, you're a real barrel of fun, aren't you? How old are you now?"

"Forty-seven. Same as you."

"What's wrong with your back?"

"Nothing. A disc."

"I've got stretch marks on my ass now. I thought that only happened to women."

"Oy vey, Joshua, what a wreck you are. Do you always drink like this?"

"We've got to start taking care, Yossel. These are dangerous times for our old bunch. Forty-seven. Shit. I don't care for what's happening to us."

A perplexed Yossel suddenly regarded Joshua with something like real alarm. "What did he tell you, that blabbermouth?"

"Who?"

"Moish."

Moish had to be Morty Zipper, who had sat two rows away from him in Room 42 and was now his physician. "I didn't even know you were one of his patients."

Yossel rubbed his tired eyes.

"I thought you said it was only a disc."

Sighing, he allowed, "Recently I also suffer from shortness of breath after I have enjoyed intercourse."

Joshua couldn't help himself. He giggled.

"Laugh," Yossel said. "Feel free."

"With everybody or only your wife?"

"Oh, clever! Witty! Noel Coward must be spinning with envy in his grave. I'll have you know that Bessie and I," he said tightly, "have always had a one-on-one relationship."

Now Joshua was laughing out loud. Without restraint. "Oh, my God," he said, "don't tell me that you married Bessie Orbach?"

"I am happy to be able to answer that in the affirmative."

Quaking again, scooping tears out of the corners of his eyes, Joshua said, "I took her out once. Outremont. Her father was a dentist. A poor loser. Her mother used to cover the sofas with plastic. You necked with her, it stuck to your back."



Fiction

"Big talker, you never touched her."

"Aw, come on, Yossel, everybody in the Macabees had their innings with Bessie."

"The hell they did and anyway you struck out at the plate. Looking."

"Oh yeah?"

"You think you're really something, don't you, Joshua, and that the rest of us are fools? You, and the others in that idiotic MacKenzie King Memorial Society. Well, let me enlighten you. Your spurious articles may have won you some kind of reputation outside of the country, but we know who you are. I remember your father's picture on the front page of the *Herald*. Wearing handcuffs. I was at your bar mitzvah and I still remember what happened there. We know you and what you come from. And I've got news for you. Bessie told me about her *one* date with the great Mr. Shapiro. Pretending to be a McGill student. Calling yourself Robert Jordan. She thought you were pathetic, that's what."

Remembering, Joshua blushed.

"She dines out on that one to this day," Yossel continued.

"I remember," Joshua said in a faltering voice, "that her mother also left cellophane on the lampshades. As a matter of interest, does Bessie—"

"My Bessie is an exemplary home-maker."

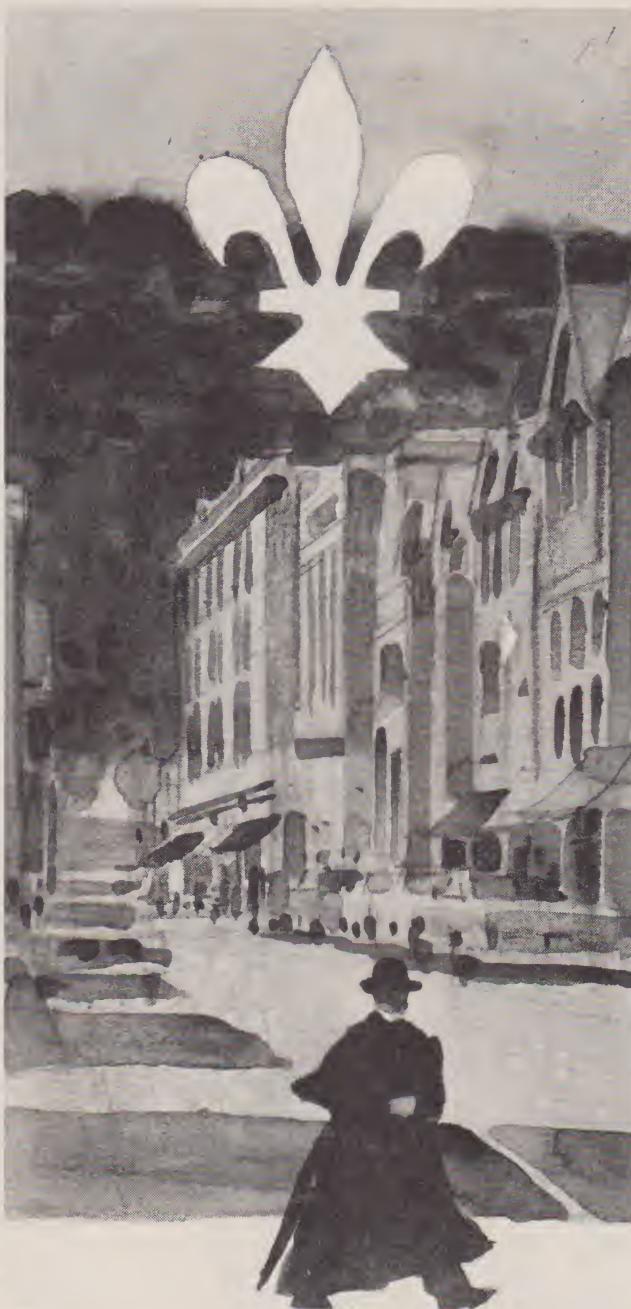
"But a wanton, eh, Yossel? I mean she leaves you breathless," he said, erupting in laughter again. Forced laughter this time.

"My marriage works wonderfully well. But your wife is in the hospital, isn't she?"

Joshua didn't say a word.

"I'm sorry," Yossel said, retreating.

Joshua took out a package of cigarettes and broke the cellophane. Then he fished into one pocket after another for a match, refusing the lighter Yossel held out to him. Finally, he lighted up, dropping the spent match on the carpet. Then he shot Yossel his most pitying look. "I didn't want to say anything, but Moish is worried about your heart."



"You're lying through your teeth." "I wish I were."

"Sit here and I'll phone him."

"But you don't understand. He won't say a word to you."

"Liar, liar, liar."

"Overexcitement's bad for you. He won't say anything because he doesn't want you popping right in the middle

of a one-on-one with Bessie. See you around, Yossel."

That was in February, only a week after Pauline had entered the hospital.

Disgruntled, nervy, but absolutely unable to contend with his bunch at The King's Arms, Joshua wandered all the way down to St. Denis Street after quitting Yossel's office. The first bar he came to was called Chez O'Neil. Chrome everywhere. Plastic plants, the leaves dusty. Above crossed Québécois flags, a poster of René Lévesque. *Un vrai chef*. The imitation brick walls were plastered with posters of local *vedettes*. Pauline Julien, Gilles Vigneault, Yvon Deschamps. The new Trinity. Joshua found some solace in a double scotch, he ordered another, and then he phoned Morty Zipper's office. "Shame on you. I hear you talk about your patients outside of office hours."

"Sure. But only the juicier cases. I tell everybody I'm treating you for syph."

"Did you know that Yossel Kugelman was at the Royal Vic?"

"Yes. Certainly. He's called me twice in the last hour."

"Of course he has. You're worried about his heart."

"I am?"

"Yes indeed. Now tell me how good he is at his suspect trade."

"Some patients swear by him."

"He wears elevator heels. There's a fucking golf trophy in his office. And he's married to Bessie Orbach. Remember Bessie?"

"Hubba hubba."

"Would you trust him to take care of your wife?"

"Yes. No. Maybe."

"I want you to tell me if there's anything wrong with me that I don't know about."

"The way you carry on, your liver should be bloated to twice its normal size. But so far so good. Now if you don't mind—"

"Wait. Hold it. Remember Bea Rosen's sweet-sixteen party? We were all there. Pratt Avenue."

"Her father kept zipping down to the basement to make sure we hadn't dimmed the lights."

"Yeah. Right."

"OK. I was there."

"Now I want you to think carefully. This is important. Didn't Yossel turn up wearing a fedora?"

"I've got a patient waiting, Josh."

"There was a sort of brush nipped into the band. Multicolored. Like a fishing fly."

"Call me at home tonight. Goodbye, Josh."

A "passionate" defence of men who kill seals

Pol Chantraine, *The Living Ice*, translated by David Lobell, McClelland & Stewart, \$12.95

Since the beginning of time, the harp seals have travelled annually from the polar regions to the more temperate waters of the North Atlantic and back again, a great legion of life in pursuit of its mobile habitat, circumnavigating a course of some 12,000 marine miles each year." Prehistoric men did not drastically alter this picture of teeming abundance. These nomadic peoples took only what they needed for their survival. "Only the intervention of the 'civilized' white man, driven by excessive ambitions, could tip the ecological scales in favor of impoverishment, propel the entire ecosystem of the Gulf [of St. Lawrence] into a spiral of destruction and annihilation from which it may never recover."

No, these are not the words of a Brian Davies or any other member of the strident anti-sealing movement, nor are they the doomsday warnings of an ecologist. They come, instead, from an award-winning journalist who is also a Magdalen Islands fisherman and sealer. Pol Chantraine's *The Living Ice* is a remarkable, multifaceted achievement. It's primarily an eloquent defence, even eulogy, of the cruelly maligned men who risk their lives each spring on the ice off the Magdalens and Newfoundland to bring back the whitecoats, and a scathing indictment of the greed and misery that have characterized "the swining game" during the last four centuries. But it's also a vivid, first-hand account of "the bond of fraternity between the seals and the men, symbolized by the blood we had drunk that morning from the heart of our first kill"; a capsule history of the indomitable Acadians who settled the Magdalens after years of wandering following the Expulsion of 1755; a natural history of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and an elegy to a simpler age when man lived in harmony with nature.

To Chantraine, not even such feudal lords as Colonel Richard Gridley and Admiral Isaac Coffin, who held the Magdaleners in virtual serfdom until well into this century, could rival the rapacity of the merchants of Newfound-

land: "Of all the races of misers, extortionists and usurers that have distinguished themselves throughout history, few have so completely embodied the concept of bloodthirstiness..." Though often told, Chantraine's account of the *Newfoundland* and *Southern Cross* disasters of 1914, when incredible callousness led to the deaths of 251 Newfoundland sealers, still makes for harrowing reading. Truly, "the skin of a man was worth less than that of a seal."

Well down the list of villains are the "ecological crusaders who...see nature as a vast parkland that must be protected at all costs from the contemptible negligence of man and preserved in its virgin state simply to satisfy the voyeuristic tastes of vacationers." And despite "all the slander and abuse showered upon the sealers," Chantraine is indulgent toward the abolitionists who turned the "baby" seal into an international celebrity and "sucked the Magdaleners deeper and deeper into the quagmire of sensational journalism." What if the abolitionists even went so far at times to equate the "baby" seal with Vietnamese and Biafran infants? The fact is that in 1971 there remained no more than 1,255,000 seals in the great herds that, two centuries earlier, had numbered 10 times that many, and were still being slaughtered at the rate of more than 200,000 a year. "Seen in retrospect, the crusade to abolish the seal hunt had results that were, at best, paradoxical. Ironically, it made it possible for the hunt to continue by saving the seals."

Chantraine is less charitable toward the Canadian government which, more for political than ecological reasons,

ensured the survival of the harp seals. In 1969 Ottawa outlawed the use of airplanes in the hunt and banished the big commercial sealing vessels from the Gulf, confining them to the Newfoundland Front where they were subject to strict quotas. Still, some of the laws for the protection of seals "defy all logic" and the sealers' destitution has given way to something worse: "The misery of being the plaything of technocrats and bureaucrats, of being dragged endlessly through the labyrinth of administrative intrigue."

Rather than selling the raw pelts for a pittance to Norwegian interests, the Magdaleners planned to process them themselves. First, they would build a small factory where the fat would be removed. Then, they would construct cottage-industry tanneries; and, eventually, they would establish a network of workshops to manufacture articles from the processed pelts. In this way, the profits from the hunt would remain on the Islands, while stimulating employment and creativity.

For nearly five years now, Chantraine says, the Magdaleners' project for the indigenous development of the sealing industry has remained up in the air. "Like a ball, it has been passed from one government department to another....In 1977, it took no less than two dozen civil servants to come to the Magdalen Islands to announce to the sealers that the Gulf of St. Lawrence was to be reopened to large sealing vessels."

Thus, "the wheel came full circle: Scarcely 10 years after having been banished from the Gulf for the abuses they had committed there, the big sealing vessels found themselves once again ruling the roost, this time with the blessing of the Canadian government. The inshore sealers had no choice but to crawl back into their holes, taking with them their dreams and their stillborn projects..."

The seal hunt wasn't the usual circus this year. The aging movie stars have discovered new diversions and the well-heeled leaders of the protest organizations apparently have found the law of diminishing financial returns setting in. The "massacre" of "baby" seals is becoming stale beer for the news media. But still the controversy goes on. Are too many whitecoats being slaughtered? Too few? Are the seals depleting the fishery? Is Canada's international image waxing or waning? It's been left to Pol Chantraine to plead the case for the men who have had more accusers than defenders, who have been more sinned against than sinning. He's a passionate, persuasive advocate. —Harry Flemming



Author-sealer Chantraine

Ray Guy's column

The new Newfoundland: "Absolutely disgusting"

And that's a promise. Sorry about that, central Canada

With our first gas-and-oil billions we really must hop right out and buy ourselves a Canary. Or an Azore, or a housebroken Antille. It's high time we had some balmy adjunct in which we might escape the vernal excesses of the northwest Atlantic. April blizzards were always hard to take but now they're mixed with the chilling slush of Canadian sanctimony.

We need the break. A toasty isle must go at the top of our shopping list. I can see us now...keeled off on our own Canary, eating scrambled Faberge' eggs for breakfast, being fetched pineapplesful of iced Screech by former directors of Air Canada. Ahhhh. Four centuries wasn't *that* long to wait. All we had to do was fear God, honor the King and wait until our ship came in.

We are going to be absolutely disgusting. Here comes Jack with his three years' pay! There won't be a single unrevolted puritanical set of guts in all of Upper Canada. I think I've heard my first dry heave already. A fellow from a Toronto magazine rang me up the other day and asked how Newfoundlanders were handling their guilt. What guilt was he talking about?

"Most Canadians think Newfoundlanders are being greedy," said he. "Doesn't that make them feel guilty? How are they handling it? With the usual wit, humor and booze?"

"Naw, bye," I said, lapsing into the requisite lingo. "Shure, the money is made for to go 'round. When 'tis all gone, what odds? We'll have all the enjoyment squeezed out of it and that's the main t'ing."

I heard a faint sound like a sculpin being squeezed to death in a presbyter's armpit. They expect us, you see, to pass all the loot over to those who are trained to handle the filthy stuff without becoming polluted. In other words, them. But they'll never shame it out of us. Newfoundlanders most certainly are *not* greedy. Even in our normal state—that is to say, poverty-stricken—we were always generous.

I remember my own granny, night after night, working her poor scurvy fingers to the bone knitting bedsocks for Asia's starving millions. Or my

grandpa, his little berri-berried knees scarce able to support him, canvassing the village for toothbrush-kits to ship off to Africa's teeming destitute so that they might at least maintain the equipment with which they worried their toasted locust larvae.

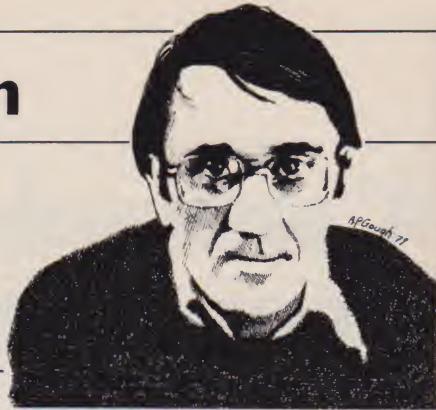
Great God in Heaven! We, ungenerous? Shall not the same race which gave—that the poor Hottentot might enjoy his shish-ka-bug—also contribute lest the microwave ovens of Etobicoke grow dim or the Cuisinarts of Scarborough grind slow? Ours'll be the first hand into the back pocket when the cry goes out on behalf of the boat people of Richelieu Manor or Mrs. Fred Davis does a telethon in aid of Rosedale poodle clinics.

During the late campaigns Mr. Trudeau passed among us on a guilt-mongering foray. Miserable wretches, during the 30 years of Confederation had we not been in receipt of \$6 billion in Canadian charity? Yet, now we could clasp those undersea riches to our parsimonious bosoms. Thus spake the gunslinging collector for the Cross-Canada Credit Bureau. Would he dump the baby into the ditch and chuck the repossessed perambulator into the back of his van? Not this time...but he would return.

We had the guilt laid on us, and then the threat. Disco Daddy did the Petro CanCan. Without a federal God-father to our backs, Newfoundlanders would be rooked, bilked, deked and diddled by the petro-megacorps. In short, if God had not meant us to be fleeced he would not have made us so woolly.

Our great Imperial dream of getting our hooks on a Canary dimmed. On the one hand prowled a ravenous Exxon and, on the other, lurked Trudeau's Ottawa, handmaiden of—and purveyor to—an insatiable Ontario and Quebec. We were doomed, as usual, to the unhygienic end of the stick.

But hist! List! Pssst! Out of the gloom when all seemed lost bounced mettlesome young Alfie Peckford. He grasped that selfsame stick and raised it aloft with a new Newfoundland flag



billowing from the top of it. Needless to say, this will completely defuse Ottawa. Federal pressure will be lifted from us. We'll be free to take our better chances with the megacorps. For the terrible threat to central Canada was not the chance of freezing in the dark. It was a far more terrible spectre. That of 500,000 persons carousing about the globe, committing the most appalling gaucheries and plastered fore and aft with Maple Leaves.

Now that we're getting our own emblem to stitch on our outer garments and affix to our traps and baggage, the precious National Identity of Canada abroad will be spared the horrendous besmirching that Ottawa could never hope to repair, not even by smuggling 600 Republicans out of New Jersey.

Clever Alfie! There's the deal which gets the feds off our backs. They'll let us keep Hibernia if we'll do our guilt-free un-Canadian roistering under our own colors. Now, then: "Wanted to Buy—One medium-sized Canary, all mod. cons., southn. exposr., bathrooms optional. Apply to 500,000 of God's ragamuffin children who have waited 400 years for a place in the sun." When we have first brightened the corner where we are, alms-box-shaking will be wholeheartedly entertained. As ever, Granny could have told you that. ☑

Feedback

Bouquets from sunny Cal

Almost a year ago my nephew gave us a charter subscription to *Atlantic Insight*. What a magazine. Every issue full of interesting and newsy articles about people who have no equal anywhere. And the printing is great. I am a printer and the president of the Los Angeles Typographical Union and can appreciate the quality of your publication. It gets passed on to a friend of ours from Newfoundland. She passes it on to other Maritimers and everyone just raves about it. Keep up the great publication and yes, yes, do renew my subscription.

C.B. Hughes
Calabasas, Ca., U.S.A.



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